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The
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Monthly

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THE
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

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No. 1

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IVY DAY ORATION—THE VALUE OF EXCEPTIONS

HANNAH HASTINGS WHITE

For four splendid years college has been teaching us, showing us how to develop ourselves. From freshman math and bacon bats to senior finals, hoop-rolling, sings and stunts, in kaleidoscopic array, college has offered us all sorts of educational experiences; each of them different from all the rest and yet after all merely another cloak for that ever-present essence of college spirit, our eager zest for life. Now all this teaching may be divided into two parts; one the direct and obvious, the sort of teaching that can be put down in an annual bulletin, on page 238, see footnote; and the other, the indirect, the subtle, but the all-pervading teaching that comes to us almost unconsciously in the everyday affairs of college, but which in some

moment of understanding acquires a deep and abiding significance. The freshman who is just coming to college has her imagination fired by the pictures of this first class. The alumna, reminiscently speaking of what college meant to her, dwells happily on the second. Between them stands the senior, who may, we hope, judge impartially of all these viewpoints. For under these two categories we may fit those two varieties of events that we meet most often here in our college life; rules and exceptions.

The rules are obvious enough, very direct and clear, and quite often forced none too subtly upon our attention. The clang of the ten o'clock bell we cannot evade. And the inflexibility of our social regulations admits of no question. Rules are and do direct. But of course we recognize their value and we fall back upon their guidance with a feeling of comfortable security. And we even find them often necessary to us. Witness our eager efforts in behalf of the permission system, that perfect paradox of rules, a regulation of exceptions. That we do need rules no one can doubt. But the rules are seldom stimulating; they are the results rather than the incitements of experiences and so they teach us to understand the past, and not the future. They must exist as the outline for our sketch of life; most of us have learned that. But the better half of our education comes when we learn the value of exceptions.

All life is full of illustrations of this fact. Even the law of gravitation does not always hold. For our marks may go either up or down. And the cost of living and the temperature rise constantly. Every day we can see noteworthy exceptions and if we are thoughtful we realize that as we look at them we may be reading between the lines, seeing deep into the heart of things as they are, instead of things as we try to make them. Herbert Spencer is said to have remarked to his fellow scientist Thomas Huxley, "I nearly wrote a tragedy once." And Huxley answered "Yes, I know that tragedy, too. It was the story of a grand, beautiful theory, killed by an ugly, little fact." Yet it ought to be easy to put hope into that tragedy. Why not welcome the exception, even though it destroy a favorite theory, for in seeing it we may be laying the foundation for a truer and more glorious idea. Darwin's whole theory of evolution was founded on an exception to the rules then known. And Darwin himself summed up his lifetime's

work with the laconic phrase, "fool experiments." Do you think that Darwin failed to appreciate the value of his years of patient research? He alone truly understood them, but he saw that value not in the great theory he formulated, but in the exceptions he discovered by his fool experiments. If it were not for exceptions opening up new vistas for advance, the progress of the world would stop. And if we fail to see exceptions we can become nothing more than automatic machines.

One of the commonest examples of the value of exceptions is given us by the apple blossoms. For the ordinary blossom does not become an apple. It dies before the fruit can develop. But the exceptional, the unusual blossom, refusing to obey the rule of the majority, stays on the tree and becomes in time the end for which the blossoms all exist, the perfect fruit. The seniors, I suppose, will at once retort that "the flowers that bloom in the spring have nothing to do with the case." But, seriously, we must grant that here in college interest and commendation go for the most part to exceptions. And do we not all recognize that, in that vague and after-college sphere, the world, it is the exception that counts? The infallibility of this theory may, I admit, be questioned. But one of its special charms lies in its readiness to recognize exceptions even to itself.

For us there may be a wide practical application of this idea. For though few of us may be unusual and though no one can achieve distinction by saying, "Go to, now, I will be an exception"; yet all of us can learn to recognize the value of exceptions and make them help us to guide our lives successfully. Too often we misplace our emphasis when we are judging life in these two phases of rules and exceptions. We are too prone to agree with the old proverb, "Exceptions prove the rule," and so think of that as their chief value. Let us rather shift our emphasis. Since our rules, being human, are often faulty, the exceptions to them may be fundamentals after all. We cannot tell. So it behooves us all to take care that we do not condemn them as mere deviations from the lawful path.

To us, as college girls, this suggestion is peculiarly applicable. We are comparatively young and therefore narrow in our judgments; over-eager to test all life by given formulas and to carelessly discard whatever does not fit. We need to see things in a larger scheme and to get the proper perspective; to be more tolerant and less sure. College girls have the reputation

of being categorically imperative. But let us prove that we are all exceptions to this generalization by being broad minded and by appreciating the value of exceptions, even though they do not fall in line with our pet theories.

We must not discard our habit of living by rules, but we must emphasize it by gaining the ability to live in exceptions, too. And so we may at last acquire

“The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon’s grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death,
The life that maketh all things new.”

IVY SONG

LEONORA BRANCH

Out of a rainbow mist of dreams,
Over a wind-blown, star-strewn way,
Wrought of the sunlight’s golden gleams,
Shot with the shadow’s twilight grey,—
Youth and Laughter and Love and Song
Following in our paths along,
Flushed with the joy of our work and play,
Come we,—Children of Yesterday.

Here at Future’s casement sill
Set we a mystic sign,
Sunlight and shower shall work their will
Tending our Ivy Vine.
Fruitage of Summer from Seeds of Spring
Glimpsed through the opening of the gate,
Promise of Life and Love’s blossoming
Out where the glad To-morrows wait.

ACADEMIC ATMOSPHERE

MARGARET LOUISE FARRAND

Each one of you, I suppose, has at some time thought that you would like to see a ghost ; have you ever thought that you would like to be a ghost ? Some day you may, and it is a kind of fame, a kind of immortality earnestly to be desired. Have you ever wandered through the library of an Oxford college ; one of those libraries whose oak wood-work is dark with time, where the ancient volumes are chained to the shelves, where the very sunlight which streams in long shafts through the diamond window-panes seems to come from some far-distant century ? And did you not see, bending over one of those ponderous volumes, a scholar of days gone by, his eyes, his mind, his very being, intent upon the page before him ? You saw him there as clearly as you saw the sunlight and the open shelves, and you went away with a deeper knowledge in your soul of the meaning of true scholarship.

Suppose that four centuries from now a visitor were to pass through the Smith College Library, would he see any ghosts ? Would there be a maiden in a blue sport-coat, passing lemon drops to her neighbor ? An inky damsel taking frantic notes with a leaking fountain pen ? No, for such figures are not immortal, they lack that dignity and purpose which are essential elements of a ghost.

Can this lack be supplied ? Is this a matter which can be reformed ? Are we not Americans and college students ? Where, then, lies the difference between these readers of reference books and true scholars ? One of the first things we notice is the contrast in costume. Please do not flout this as an external, unworthy of notice. Remember that externals are not merely superficial. To-morrow, oh friends and families of Smith College, you will have an opportunity of seeing our faculty in their caps and gowns. We have already seen them once. It was on the morning of that day which we earnestly strive to designate as Washington's Birthday. At noon on that day, at a luncheon table in a certain campus house, an animated discussion took place concerning the requirements for a doctor's degree. In four years that I have been here that was the first

time that I had ever heard Smith College students consider what goes to the making of a doctor of philosophy. Some seniors speak quite openly and brazenly of A. M.'s, but after being given the opportunity of noting the infinite superiority of the sleeves of a doctor's gown to those of a master's, and after learning that by the expenditure of only one dollar the privilege of wearing a gold tassel on one's mortar board may be obtained, after having such facts as these clearly demonstrated, who would not, I say, aim at the higher star, even if it does require more effort to hit it? Undoubtedly a desirable psychological effect is produced by academic costumes. I make this statement with confidence, for I find that in it I have been anticipated by LaBruyere, Mr. William Howard Taft and Miss Jordan.

There is another difference between the Mediæval and the modern scholar, more fundamental perhaps,—certainly it seems so. The scholars of olden days studied in solitude, to-day we study in crowds. We often observe one ghost poring over the leaves of two phantom tomes; we never see two ghosts bending over the same volume. I am not arguing against companionship in study; against long walks in the woods on fresh autumn days, when one discusses all the philosophical doubts in the universe simply because one is so full of life and joy that no amount of questioning can make one really doubt the essential goodness of things; winter evenings before an open fire, when a book read that morning is criticised, praised, condemned, until in the end each, perhaps, holds the same opinion as before, but broadened and enriched with instances, examples, and a wider knowledge of human nature. I am not, I repeat, arguing against companionship in study, merely against companionship as a substitute for study. It is easy to see the value of crowds in a recitation room, from an academic, not a hygienic point of view. Crowds in a recitation room arouse the spirit of competition, they inspire one to one's best efforts, they also comfort one with a sense of the security which lies in numbers. The crowds in the Library? Interesting, perhaps, from a psychological, certainly from a social point of view, but real study, the best study, is done alone.

Again, the Mediæval scholar knew what he was working for—the reading of as many books as the days of a man's life would permit, the acquiring of all the knowledge which a single mind

could hold. The average college student of the present day has no conception of his purpose. Even the pupil in the preparatory school has a clearer idea. He is trying to get into college. We ask ourselves, "After college, what?" But do we ever query "In college, why?" What are we working towards other than that roll of white paper designated as a diploma? What is the relation of one course which we are taking to the others? What even is the relation of one course to itself? Why, for example, do we perform twenty experiments in physics? Why not twenty-one? Or better yet, nineteen? The conetic weight of silicon is determined by an experiment in sound, and yet the average student considers chemistry and physics as mutually exclusive, because the requirement is usually chemistry *or* physics. I am not arguing for "vocational training." On the contrary. I sincerely believe with President Hibben in the superfluous in education—but one really ought to know what the superfluous is superfluous to. The Mediæval scholars knew. There was a reason for the things they studied. Purpose and dignity—they had the essentials and therefore they became ghosts, those scholars of the past.

With our modern love of progress we are so fond of saying that the world moves forward, that we are apt to forget that in reality it goes round. The past must merge with the future. It is only through their union that the circle becomes complete. The scholarship of the future has much, very much, to learn from the scholarship of the past. And though we may not all wish to be scholars, yet to become an academic ghost—alluring thought! Every one should have in his life something of true scholarship which is one of the noblest and most beautiful things in the world. Four years of it will give one the opportunity to become a ghost, even if a very little ghost. Academic atmosphere is something we should seek, not as an end in itself, but as a means to an end, and it is that end which American scholarship should set before itself as an ideal—the creation of the perfect academic ghost.

“TOWN AND GOWN”

(A Chapter from Nine Cent Novels of Eva Peacock]

ROSAMOND DREXEL HOLMES

To all friends—relatives—standers and especially passers-by who like me have lived almost through the many perils of Commencement week, I wish to hand impressions as pearls, or should I say with Daudet “pills.” I am original. By that I do not mean to boast, but merely to warn you that I shall not begin by saying that I do not know why it is called Commencement. I do know. But I shall not explain to you. It is one of those things that each of us must find out alone. I was alone. Some of my friends had from two and a half to six pairs of connections to “see them graduate.” This is a term wrongly used ; no one can see another one graduate ; few can see themselves ; few want to. It is an inner process.

I told my room-mate who has eighteen relatives here that quantity would not worry me. Then she asked me what did, and when I said their question marks, she reminded me of other marks that I had let pass, or that had barely let me pass.

Women of the world think it important to be in love—to marry—to die—or divorce—or drown—but such are the ideas of the masses who have never had a college education. When I think that in two days—but I forget the laws of the seasons about pride goeth before the fall, but in spring there is many a slip. I must think of that on my way up to get my diploma. I’ve been told I should mind my step, but it always seems more sensible to me to mind that of the girl in front—if she doesn’t mind. I chose Smith as the worthy background of my future on account of the name. Something in its poetry and romantic suggestion appealed to me. When I inquired its significance I learned that it was because there were fewer girls of that name than any other and it’s hard enough to keep them straight. When I asked a senior friend what would happen if more Smiths came, she replied that Logic was way back in junior year, and she couldn’t tell me. One fact is worthy of note. I am surer of it than I am now of my diploma, and that is the superiority of Smith to all other colleges. Smith does not need adver-

tisements, but if it did we could use the old and well-known ones. They are great ads. For instance, "Let the Gold Dust Twins Do Your Work—and Come to Smith."

I can't see why the Smith girls, so aware of their superiority, bother to sing the old classic about Vassar,—“men, men, men, are her delight.” There are men and men, as any one who has traveled much will tell you—chess men and Prom men and Amherst men. I never before heard of Vassar men.

Omitting the first view of Paradise, where the lone swan's song was the one note of local color—yellow—my greatest surprise was the harmony, without discord, of “town and gown.” First a word or two about the town. From my earliest days I had heard of this place as a spot so dead as to be known by its neighbors as “the late Northampton.” Aside from the fact that any room empty on the hour was well filled at ten minutes past things seem to be on time.

Let me define my terms—this particular “town and gown.” These have altered greatly during the last six years—and we must be up-to-date. A town is a geometrical figure none of whose sides are equal or parallel. All points are equally far from the unknown point within called the center. The value of the whole is infinity if it equals the sum of all its parts.

From this the gown differs slightly. All points are known and two parts are equal. A very few are on the square and none have plain figures. Town minus gown has for value zero. Gown minus town equals an incomprehensible variable fast approaching the limit. Perhaps you have seen towns you liked better than Northampton—more or less. Surely you have seen none like it. It is not the old-fashioned town where the parlors are shut up full of hair furniture and faded miniatures. Nor is it the typical town you read of in Arnold Bennett's five-minute trips to America, where there is only one old inhabitant, who can remember nothing. It is just Northampton—a word that can bring the tears to thousands of men and women and children all over the world if you whisper it, write it or telegraph it to them. It is no such deceitful name as Springfield, which is neither truthful nor symbolic.

I rode up from the station in a car—not even a taxi—the taxi, I believe they say here—but this was a plain trolley, not even a horse car like ours in New York. Father says the reason we like to go car-riding is that the fares are six cents and in

college we have learned the meaning of the sixth sense. But it is not fair. We are far more apt to say "let's go car-riding" than "let's go motoring."

The inhabitants of the town are proud of it, and express their appreciation in a spirit of compromise. Realizing that girls between—let us say fifteen and thirty so that no one will feel neglected or omitted—girls have no manners, only a few customs and traditions, they excuse much, not as improper but informal. Compromise is a great factor of life. It rhymes with "wise." Seeing a be-maidened cycle-bi-try-or-high, the citizen of Northampton immediately sidesteps—or what is one of the later steps—not too late—say "half and half"—he ducks aside, congratulating himself or his town on five dollars more for a new library, and a new skirt sold to the girl who has just found out that all tar is not on the tar walk.

Having skirted the town, we must turn to the gown. You must have heard of the independent spirit of Smith College. To begin with the architecture. No two buildings agree, from the Italian villa, at the entrance of Paradise, to the old mill that marks its exit to lower regions. In this declaration of independence we should consider both town and gown. Not that the gowns have any more connections than the town—on the contrary. But possibly you are familiar, in literature, with the habits of some colleges of using the gown as sort of disguise. From the appearance, each student is as intelligent looking as his neighbor, but we need no such mask. We invite contemplation. We try to live up to our town, and one of the best ways is to show the grade of our gowns.

So appreciative are we that we have a formality of never approaching a town nearer than a certain point without a hat. The limit is marked on the one hand by a shop; on the other it is our right to show the town that we can go one more square. Below these exclamation marks—I call them these because there is no question about them—the town takes its hat off to us. Soon, they say, the domino gown will predominate. At present it merely seems to distinguish the faculty from the student during graduation exercises. These are so called because they are apt to be so gradual. After all, we do have to graduate by degrees.

All gowns come in classes. I have mentioned those of the student body. Between these is a great space, for the third

class contains "The Northampton Players." This is the term for those who act best. Another unique feature of our town and gown is our stock company, so called because we take one hundred per cent. stock in them in every line—and their lines change every week. The only players in college are those who haunt Allen Field or Music Hall. This was originally called Amusic, but it soon outgrew the joke. Its strains strained it, till there was no stranger.

Perhaps you have never considered the psychology of the gown. Come with me to the yellow sands of the Connecticut and bank your opinions with me there. Psychology, as you know, deals with consciousness. We learned that in junior year. "Ethics," I think the course was. The more self-conscious you look in class, the more unconscious you are apt to be afterward. So the gown is conscious—if you try to run in an up-to-date dress. The gown unconscious—these are out of date—is one louder than aloud in Paris circles or South Deerfield—and the sub-conscious. These are named for the subway, or underpass, on the way out to Easthampton. It is dangerous and to be avoided.

Personally, I like variety. As an entirely unprejudiced observer, I like Smith College. It's the one place in the world—of the seven states I've visited now—where quantity and quality live in harmony. Some one asked me the other day just how many we are and all I could think of was that poem about "We are Seven," but I said it wasn't a fair question, as I'd never been good at subtraction anyway. But every one agrees with me that there are too many to have one gown suffice. Economically, it might be necessary, but as I have said, the people and the students live and let live.

Often, late at night, anywhere between nine and ten, you can hear, if you close your eyes, the about-college spirit cussing and discussing things in general with the spirits of round-about-town, and you remember from your mathematics, if there weren't too many June bugs in the Library when you tried to learn theorem two, that two positives make a negative. They agree. It is no myth up at Smith.

THE FOG LADY

MARION MARGARET BOYD

Have you never met her wandering o'er the hills at break o' day,
While the heather catches at her floating veil of gray,
And holds her, half a prisoner, as all along the way
She dances o'er the hill-land in her wilful kind of play?

Have you never felt her kiss you with her soft, moist lips of dew,
Till a shock of chilling sweetness seemed to thrill your heart anew,
And when you turned to look for her the sun had pierced her through,
And the Fog Lady had vanished without a smile for you?

AT THE YEAR'S HARVEST

KATHARINE MARY GROESBECK

Mystic purple twilight,
Mellow harvest haze,
Ashen rose of sunset
Closing wond'rous days.

Hill crests all a-glory,
Wash of burnished gold,
Sudden veil of darkness—
And the world is old.

NOON IN THE FIELDS

HELEN VIOLETTE TOOKER

The summer fragrance of sun-warmed vines
That mingles with the balmy scent of pines ;
A languid breeze that idly stirs the wings
Of pale road-butterflies, and gently swings
A daisy's drooping head ; the drowsy drone
Of murm'ring bees that round the flowers intone.
Here hath the world no place, and weary Day
In lonely pleasure lingers on her way.

“BETTER LATE”

DOROTHY BERRY

One of the compensations of years of discretion is the finger a middle-aged lady, upwards of fifty, is allowed to have in a romantic pie now and then. Though sometimes it is more of a burden than a privilege—I know I nearly lost my mind over Dick Hawley two years ago !

He was an army boy, stationed down on Angel Island when we were in San Francisco. We saw quite a lot of Dick that year. The evening boat from the post got up to town at half-past six, and he used to run out to the house several times a week to kill an hour or so before theatre or calling time. It was better for him than dropping into the club, so I encouraged it—made Ned let him win at chess once in a while, always had some of his favorite candy on hand, and let him talk and smoke to his heart's content.

Dick was an attractive boy—tall, athletic, and good-looking, though I doubt if even his mother could have called him handsome. He talked interestingly, too—had some hair-raising experiences, and told them cleverly, bringing out the humorous sides which it is so hard for people to see—particularly when the things have happened to themselves. But he was most amusing to me when he launched forth concerning women.

His twenty-seven or eight years of life had been spent in sounding her—and she had no depth ; in sizing her up—and she had no size. Marriage ? Not for him, and for various reasons which he set forth at great length, always ending conclusively :

“ Nobody but a fool would have me, anyway, and I'm sure I don't want a fool ! ”

I would laugh and reply, “ That's what they all say just before it happens ! You're about ripe now, young man, and pretty soon some girl's going to come along and pick you off before you know it ! ”

And sure enough, one evening he burst in with the electrifying statement :

“ I've met her ! ”

“ Met whom ? ” I asked.

"The girl I'm going to marry," he replied. "She's asked me to call—how soon can I go to see her?"

I advised waiting a week, but that was much too long, so we compromised on three days. I suspect he went before that, though, for the next time he dropped in he had already called on her twice.

"Do you know," he answered, "I think I'll ask her to go to the theatre!"

"All right," said I, "the 'phone's in the hall."

He came back jubilant.

"She asked me to come to dinner beforehand! Say—I think I'll send her some roses to wear—would two dozen be enough?"

I guessed two dozen would do to start with!

Dick was on the top of the wave when he appeared some days later. "She" had been "stunning" that night—yes, she liked the roses—had only worn two of them, though, because she hated to see them die.

"I like 'em tender hearted," exulted Dick. Then after a pause he continued modestly, "Do you know, I think she sort o' likes me!"

I suppressed a smile. I couldn't imagine a girl who wouldn't fall head over heels in love with him on the instant.

"Why?" I inquired.

"Well," he said, rather shamefacedly, "in all the love parts she didn't look at the stage at all—she looked at me!"

"How did you know?"

He chuckled.

"Oh, I was looking at her!"

A pause—then—

"How long do you have to know a girl before you ask her?"

"At least a month," I said decidedly. "Ned asked me in three weeks, but it isn't safe—most girls won't admit that they can be caught so soon."

"Make it three weeks," said Dick. He counted on his fingers and groaned. "Eleven days before I'll know!" A pause. "But Jehosophat, I've got to do something,—guess I'll send her some candy. Will ten pounds be enough?"

The next time he came he was desperate.

"I can't stand it any longer," he announced. "I've got to know."

"It's too soon," I began. "No girl—"

He cut me short.

"Can't help it—it's killing me, this uncertainty—rather be turned down than on the rack."

"Well, she will turn you down. No girl—"

"She isn't like other girls," he snapped, "and anyway, I've got to *know*."

"All right. God be with you," I said, "but I advise against it."

He came over and squeezed my hand hard.

"You're a good sport," he said, "but you see I've just got to take the chance."

As he ran down the steps I called after him :

"I'll ring you up there at nine o'clock and find out about it!"

He flung back over his shoulder :

"No use, by that time I'll either be busy—or gone!"

We didn't see anything of Dick for over a week. Then one evening, when I'd about decided that he was either married or dead, he came in. All the buoyancy was gone. After a quiet greeting he threw himself into a big leather chair and stared at the pattern of the rug. I telegraphed to Ned, who, for a wonder, got the point, murmured something about bottles and ice, and went out.

"Well?" I asked.

Dick shifted his fixed gaze to the toe of his boot.

"She threw me," he said simply.

I went over to him and put my hand on one of his.

"You poor boy!" I said. "But no girl—"

"It isn't that," he cut in listlessly. "She's going to marry another man."

I gasped, and then flared up.

"Of *all* things! The idea of leading you on like that, when—"

Dick's mouth hardened and his jaw became very square.

"We won't discuss that," he said. "But the invitations are out and I'm going the limit on a present. Will you have luncheon with me down town to-morrow and help me pick it out?"

After that came another hiatus in his calls, and I neither heard of him nor from him for over a week. When he finally came again there was an element of suppressed excitement about his greeting. I remember being slightly surprised, but very glad that he was getting over it so soon. I even won-

dered if there could be another girl—hearts on the rebound and all that, you know. After a little desultory conversation he remarked quietly, though there was a queer light in his eyes :

“I’ve got something to show you.” He drew from his pocket an envelope and handed it to me. “Exhibit A.”

Inside was a formal note stating that on account of illness in the family Mr. and Mrs. Stephens were recalling the invitations to the wedding of their daughter. Dick smiled slightly as I finished reading and looked up at him, mouth half open with astonishment.

“Exhibit B is yet more interesting,” he remarked, passing over another white envelope.

This contained a note from the girl herself which read :

“The invitations for my wedding are being recalled on account of illness in the family. The real reason is that my engagement is broken. When shall I see you again ?”

My mouth was all the way open by this time, and before I could catch breath enough to say anything he was off at a 2.20 gait.

“You know, when I got those I was just stunned, completely floored — couldn’t take ’em in. I hunted up Anderson and shoved ’em at him. ‘Billy,’ I said, ‘what do those mean ?’ I never saw anybody read so slowly in my life before. ‘What do they *mean* ?’ I cried. Then he looked at me with that slow smile of his. ‘Mean ?’ he drawled, ‘mean ? Why you d—— fool, they mean take the next boat to town !’”

I jumped up, went across the room, and stood in front of him.

“Did you ?” I demanded, breathlessly.

He was suddenly monosyllabic.

“Of course.”

“And is it all right ?”

“I can’t tell you.”

All this addressed to the toe of his boot.

“But did you fix it up with her ?”

“I can’t tell you.”

I gave him a little shake.

“You’re enough to try St. Peter’s patience ! Well, if you *could*, would there be anything to tell ?”

He was silent for a moment, then gave me a wicked look out of the corners of his eyes, and shook his head—up and down.

AFTERMATH

GRACE ANGELA RICHMOND

The flute is broken ; silent is the voice
That sang so happily the livelong day,
That brightened all the shadows of the way,
And made the faint and weary to rejoice.

The village folk that mingled in the dance
And harkened to the music that he played
Their little saddened word of grief have said,
And now they pass his door without a glance.

But though he's gone, the youth that lingered there,
Though they forget his joyous words, his smile,
Though they forget the voice they loved a while,
His music still is throbbing in the air.

Young lovers hear it in the dreamy night,
And toil-worn mothers hear it through the day,
And little children know it in their play,
And all the village, hearing, grows more bright.

VARYING VIEWS

MURIEL KENNEDY

Came a helpless little babe
To this world of good and ill ;
Thinking of the cost of meat,
Thinking of the grocer's bill,
Cried his parents practical,
" Here's another mouth to fill ! "

Thinking of the secret tryst,
Joy which none would want to miss,
Mindful of the moonlight nights,
Thinking of the stolen bliss,
Cried the maiden fanciful,
" Here's another mouth to kiss ! "

Thinking of the flow of words
No device avails to balk,
Shuddering at speeches long
Made in public life and walk,
Cried the person cynical,
" Here's another mouth to talk. "

PERIGOT BUYS A WAISTCOAT

DOROTHY HOMANS

There is an inn on the road to Paris that for wonderful omelets and swift service has not its equal anywhere, and I ought to know, being an artist and a wanderer who has put up at all "the timely inns" of the universe.

Only once did the Green Shoe become worn down at the heel, and that because the world and the devil took lodging there in the shape of a new waistcoat of mine and Rose-Marie.

Perigot of the Green Shoe was an "Admirable Crichton" of an inn-keeper. He had an artistic temperament and a poetic soul. These, in company with the capable and business-like character of his wife, made the inn a paradise for all good artists.

I have a predilection for silks and brilliant colors; away from Paris and giging friends, in the pleasant privacy of the Green Shoe, I wear waistcoats "beautiful and bright," to the edification of myself and Perigot, who has likewise an Arabian Knight's fondness for purple and fine linen, with a leaning towards the purple. I had one waistcoat that was a dream, as our American cousins say. The first day I wore it Perigot looked, saw, and was conquered. From that time on my meals were not served with that exquisite promptness typical of Perigot. He would fall into a reverie at not later than the second course.

"Perigot!" I would cry. Perigot, waking up with a start, would rush to my side and be hyperbolically assiduous the rest of the meal.

"A thousand and one pardons, Monsieur," he would say. Then heaving a sigh, "But that waistcoat!"

I should have given it to him long ago but that he had a fiery pride. In fact, rumor had it that Perigot could claim seven duels to his credit, and I believe in universal peace!

About this time a coldness sprang up between Perigot and the beloved of his heart, his wife Fifine. It was some time before I discovered the reason.

One day when the blue sky was swept by white clouds, when the grassy meadows about the Green Shoe rolled and lifted in the west wind like the sea, and the marshes along the river were a mass of purple flags, I was passing through the courtyard of the Green Shoe. Rose-Marie, the gray goose, was standing in a corner, in maiden meditation. Perigot came suddenly out of the kitchen, and glanced wrathfully around the yard. He saw Rose-Marie.

He rushed at her, tossing his arms about in admirable imitation of the wings of a windmill on a windy day, and puffing out his cheeks, shouted at the top of his lungs :

“Imbécile !”

Rose-Marie, figuratively speaking, picked up her skirts and fled the courtyard.

Fifine, white-capped and charming, passed on her way to the kitchen.

“Imbécile,” she said coldly and clearly, apparently directing her remark to the fat clouds skimming through the sky, but Perigot blushed scarlet. Then he saw me and a few moments later unburdened the woes of his soul to me.

Rose-Marie had been left to the Green Shoe by a visitor, who later on died with the lurking wish that omelets like Fifine’s, served with the deftness of Perigot, would be found in heaven.

“All went well, Monsieur,” said Perigot. “We shared Rose-Marie between us with loving hearts, until I saw your glorious, your so delicious waistcoat. Monsieur, I am but human, and I had such inexpressible longings for a waistcoat such as Monsieur’s ! So I say to Fifine :

“ ‘ My love, Rose-Marie nevaire lays an egg. She is useless. All she does is to eat. I shall sell her and buy a waistcoat like Monsieur’s. It will bring customers, such a waistcoat.’ ”

“But she, cruel Fifine, Fifine who said she loved me, said it would more likely drive them away and that a new churn was needed. Monsieur,” his voice sounded tearful, “a new churn in the same breath with that waistcoat ! I talked, I implored. Fifine has the soul of a rock. But then, I know we all have a little of what you call the sport in us. So Fifine consented that the one who should be the first to find an egg laid by Rose-Marie might have the goose. Now we pet Rose-Marie, and spy on each other. We coax Rose-Marie, and pass in the corridor with cold looks, but no egg does Rose-Marie lay. Nevaire shall

I pet that goose again, waistcoat or no waistcoat," and Perigot left me, striding angrily, his white apron fluttering. But half an hour later Perigot returned. Perigot looked joyous, and he was grasping by the neck Rose-Marie, who looked sad.

"Monsieur!" he cried, "I have discovered a new characteristic of a goose. A goose is like a woman or a dog. Pet them, they laugh at you; call them names, they are your slaves. For weeks I pampered Rose-Marie. Now I shout 'Imbécile!' and voilà!" He opened his hand; in it was a goose egg. A small whirlwind swept by us, and the door shut with a crash. Perigot shrugged. As some one says, a woman slams the door, and a man swears.

At dawn Perigot and Rose-Marie set off to the Paris market. A faint color was spreading in the east and against the sky were etched the slim poplars that bordered the road. Between the trees were silver glimpses of the singing river. But Perigot was no longer joyous. In the fresh, clear morning, the unfriendly competition with his wife, the harsh words and glances exchanged, took on an ugly look.

The sky, now a tender yellow with here and there glowing pink clouds, had the look of a glorified tea rose, and Perigot thought of the time when he first saw Fifine, a yellow rose in her bodice and one lying against her black hair. He unthinkingly glanced at the hedge-rows, although it was April and tea roses lived only in Paris shops.

A girl passed on the road, a few daffodils in her hands; she had black hair. Her youthfulness and the faint likeness to his wife opened Perigot's heart and his love came back warm and tender.

It was evening when Perigot returned to the inn. He went into the kitchen, and I, in the next room, prayed over a hideous supper, which Fifine had prepared, that all ill-feeling would be gone between the two of them.

"Fifine," said Perigot, "I sold Rose-Marie."

"Yes?" I heard Fifine say with coldness.

"And they are out of waistcoats in Paris."

"Truly, the Lord loveth a cheerful liar," I thought.

I sauntered shamelessly to the kitchen. It was time for me to interfere.

"So I bought this for you," said Perigot carelessly, and stripped off the cover of a box he was carrying. A glorious

fragrance filled the room, a mass of velvety, mossy, creamy yellow with touch of pink on their curling petals, fell upon the table.

I retreated hurriedly. There was a moment's silence.

"Imbécile!" said Fifine, but her voice was no longer cold. I heaved a sigh of relief.

To-morrow I shall have a respectable omelet for breakfast.

I KEN A LASSIE

MARIE D. S. GRAFF

I ken a lassie, wi' big eyes o' blue,
 I ken a lassie—and you ken her, too.
 I ken a lass—(why that bit of a smile?
 Do ye ken wha' I'm thinkin' o' the while?)
 I ken the lassie, I hope sae will be
 Walking the aisle o' the kirk soon wi' me.
 I ken a lass—my luvie is sae true
 I luvie a lass—and that lass is—you!

PERCEPTION

HYLA STOWELL WATERS

Where you see a glimmer you're apt to see a star,
 So don't be always looking at the biggest ones there are,
 But watch the blue-gray spaces where they're very few and far,
 And first you'll see a glimmer—and then you'll see a star.

AUTUMN

KATHERINE BOUTELLE

Blue, cold, deep blue of autumn sky,
 And yellow leaves tossing free,
 As the noisy wind whips to and fro
 Through the lace of the white birch tree.

IN SUN AND RAIN

KATHLEEN BYAM

The castle's venerable guards, the age-old cypresses that make unending gloom about the winding way that leads to it, exact a tribute of silence for their charge even before you see the heavy stone walls. Walk through these silent, green-leaved tunnels and the sense of littleness that intrudes upon the lesser beings in the presence of greatness, creeps over you. These trees are majestically silent; their years of life in service to the imposing castle have left memories too stirring, too momentous for trivial whisperings. But you emerge from the climbing road that circles the cliff, into the light and air of the summit before the great iron gates and see the heavy stone pile, staring down upon a cosy, gayly smiling valley.

The iron gates swing slowly open for you and, startled, you hear your steps ring out upon the rough stones of the courtyard and fling themselves in echo against the impervious walls. Eucalyptus trees stretch their slim height outside the stone balustrade that borders the court from the steep hillside; they sway and murmur in the fresh air that plays about this height, joining, like an under tone, with your clanging steps, to break the silence. Cross over to the broad stone barrier. Far off, on a level with your gaze, soft clouds merge with the whiteness of "Old Popo's" snowy brow; and other peaks slope away, now slipping into the mazy clouds, now standing clear against the blue. But the snow peaks, leaving the infinities of cloud and sky, roll down and billow into softly curving hills, blue-gray with distance, and nearer, a fresh green. Then they dip lower, and reaching out long sweeping stretches to their neighbor hills, cradle a smiling valley in the cool, green depths. All unconscious of the frowning of the darkling cliff above it, castle crowned, the valley sparkles and twinkles in the sun. Silver threads, that may be rivers, crystalline from their birth in the crystalline snows, glimmer through clumps of waving trees that shade warm brown adobe houses. And, as though inviting the dignified castle to partake of its happy peace and sunny well-being, the clustering villages send up slim, beckoning spires,

glinting gold at the tip with their hallowed cross. Where the swelling land again creeps up toward the cliff, where stands the castle, gardens blaze in tropic loveliness ; up the steep side, just below the stone balustrade, a cluster of color clings like a resting butterfly and on each wandering wind that strays across it on its way above, the fragrance of myriad flowers mounts. The castle still looks gray ; but its windows, like bright eyes in a worn old face, reflect the blue intensity of sky and golden brightness of the sun.

I think it knows and loves the little valley, for all its scowling ; for where the shining spires are dimmed with clouds and rain, the tired, old window-eyes look dull and sad. You come in through the heavy swinging gates while the wind moans round the gray stone walls and through the tortured branches of the eucalypti ; they bend and toss against the thick gray of the sky. Leaves swirl down and settle drearily in muddy pools between the stones. " Old Popo's " crest is lost behind a curtain of mist that hangs low over the valley, sodden with rain and fog. The shimmering streams are lost ; the freshness of green and sunshine has changed to gray like the cliff and castle above. And the chill wind that sweeps over the quivering brightness of the garden on the hillside, scatters fragrant petals, and, mounting, strikes a chill into your soul.

SKETCHES

ON THE ISLAND OF CRUSOE THE SECOND

MADELEINE FULLER MCDOWELL

It was an exquisitely, alluringly, incredibly beautiful day. The blue water sparkled and quivered, the mountains loomed large and green against a sapphire sky, and great heaps of foaming clouds reared splendid high-piled castles for the sun. A poet, an artist or a musician would have suffered under the glory of the day, conscious of the impossibility of voicing it through the medium of words, colors or notes; an ordinary mortal would have thrilled with a passionate sense of the necessity of "doing something about it."

The girl standing on the bungalow porch and shielding her eyes with her hand was distinctly of the latter class. She had no troublesome longings for the unattainable, but the wide stretch of water called to her and restlessly, she felt a sudden, imperative need for action. She hurried down to the water's edge, jumped into a canoe and pushed off. Under her strong, even strokes the canoe shot out into the lake, little waves playfully slapping the bow. To the girl's ears the sound was in the same key as the joy-song in her heart. She exulted in it, exulted too in the consciousness of her own strength and in the Indian-brown tint of her bared arms as they pushed the paddle through the water, and she quivered under the sun's hot kiss on her tanned skin and her wind-ruffled hair, as she raised her face to the sky, thirstily, flower-fashion. She paddled on and on as if in a dream, wide awake to the beauty of earth and sky, with all her senses tingling and yet half-unconscious of what she was doing, passing point after point along the shore, and leaving the settlement and civilization far behind her. In about an hour she came upon a group of islands and paddled around ex-

ploring fascinating little coves and inlets. The water was glassy smooth and so clear that the moss and a litter of fallen trees on the lake-bottom could be plainly seen and a stillness as of early morning contradicted the hour set by the sun in the western sky. Not a sound broke the silence but the soft drip of the paddle, or now and then the crack of a twig and over everything brooded the wild, virginal spirit of untrammelled places. On the lee side of one of the islands, a lichen-covered rock looked particularly inviting so she landed, pulled up the the canoe and stretched out in the sun, first to dream a bit and then to read. The sun slipped lower in the western sky and the blue, breeze-ruffled water darkened and roughened under a strong north wind, but the girl was lost to everything but the thread of her story. Gradually, however, the air grew colder, the wind blew her hair into her eyes, a long finger of shadow fell across her book, and she looked up just in time to see the sun disappear behind an exceptionally large and extraordinarily black cloud. One look at the water was enough. In a moment she was on her feet and making for the canoe, in another moment she had pushed off and, throwing the bow homeward, was paddling with all her might. At first the cool north wind in her face, the struggle with the rough, foam-flecked water and the thrill of coming danger fairly intoxicated her. She felt the storm steadily creeping upon her. Fearlessly, her spirit rose to meet it, insolently confident, backed by her proud, young strength. Then suddenly glancing backward over her shoulder she saw that the patch of thunder-clouds had darkened and thickened and spread, the wind veered and a long dark-greyish patch of water stained the surface of the lake—that first dread signal of a coming squall. Olive Mason had never been accused of being a coward and she could manage her canoe with the skill of a rapids-shooting Indian, but she was no fool and she knew the lake well. A thick, throbbing lump like a sob out of place rose in her throat and blocked her breath and her head felt oddly dizzy and light.

“Panic,” she thought to herself, “I can’t afford that,” and she caught her lower lip in her teeth striving to sting herself into self-possession.

A scant minute gave her time to consider her position. She was almost in the middle of the lake. The western shore, which was the further off, was uninhabited for miles and the eastern

shore rose up before her eyes, a long, tree-topped stretch of cliff, unbroken by a single possible landing place until just before the settlement. There were two things to do, either to try and beat the storm home, a four-mile race with the wind dead against her, or to make for the nearest island, which was about a quarter of a mile off. A sudden, mental picture of the storm-racked lake and of herself caught in the grip of the wind and the waves sickened her, and without another second's delay she knelt on the floor of the canoe, gritted her teeth and made for the island, paddling as she had never paddled before.

The storm had almost come, and it seemed to Olive as if even to reach her destination, apparently so near and yet ever retreating, was utterly impossible. Blindly, desperately, dauntlessly she paddled on. Her mouth was dry and her heart beat furiously. She lost track of time and space, and of everything but that patch of earth on which her eyes were focused and of the ache in her straining arms.

Just as she got within a few feet of the island the storm broke. With a wild sob that was half a prayer, half a wail of terror, she slipped down further into the canoe, and summoned all her strength for a final spurt. Somehow she covered the distance, pulled up the canoe and turned it over, but as she faced the lake and watched two black, ominous stretches of wind-driven water sweep along and meet and great, greedy waves rise and curl and break, and then a white sheet of rain shut out the mad rage of the storm from sight, she wondered how she had ever managed to land. Every minute it was growing darker and great growls sounded from the surrounding mountains, prefaced by zigzag slivers of lightning, which the coming darkness was rapidly making more visible. Olive hated electric storms, and the thought of facing one alone on a small island thickly covered with fairly tall trees made her sick with terror, so when a sudden, stupefyingly bright flash was almost instantly followed by an earth-rending roar of thunder that echoed from mountain to mountain, her sadly-strained self-control gave way, and she threw herself upon the ground, screaming with fright and striving to shut out the sight of the lightning with her folded arms.

* * * * *

Mr. John Cushman Robinson, the only other occupant of the island, was sitting at the door of his tent, smoking a pipe and

watching the storm with the complacent serenity of one who knows that his canoe is overturned, that his blankets are in and that his tent is water-tight.

"Jove, but this is a peach," he ejaculated as a sudden crash of thunder roared in his ears, and then he leapt to his feet as screams of terror sounded above the howl of the storm. With very creditable speed considering that, unlike most well-regulated heroes, he had *not* been "All-American quarterback in his 'varsity days," he plunged through soaking underbrush toward that part of the island from which the screams seemed to come. In less than two minutes he had discovered Olive's canoe, and beside it Olive herself, a small, huddled figure, writhing with fright and screaming with quite unabated vigor.

Robinson had three sisters and was consequently well brought up, so he took in the situation at a glance.

"The poor kid! Why, she's scared to death," he thought to himself. Then he raised his voice, endeavoring to make himself heard above the noise of the wind and the waves.

"Oh I say!" he shouted, "it isn't as bad as all that! Don't stay there! You're getting soaked. I've got a tent over on the other side of the Island. You'd better come along."

Olive raised her head, revealing one wild eye and perceiving a human being who offered shelter and protection, she stopped screaming, stumbled to her feet and followed in mute obedience. Now and then she winced at a bright flash of lightning and cowered for a second waiting for the subsequent thunder but, for the most part, she trudged steadily ahead keeping up fairly well with her companion's long strides.

When they reached the tent, having accepted a big, thick sweater which he offered her, she dropped down on a heap of blankets and again buried her head in her arms, that she might not see the constantly recurring flashes of lightning. Robinson looked at her for a moment with the eternal bewilderment of mere man at things feminine, and then shaking himself after the manner of a wet puppy and relighting his pipe with some difficulty, he resumed his seat on the soap-box and his interrupted contemplation of the storm.

For over an hour the two were silent. Now and then the man made some remark which the storm rendered almost inaudible but receiving only muffled monosyllables in reply he soon gave it up. Finally, however, when his dollar watch told him

that it was nearly seven o'clock, he got up, lit a big, oil lantern, and stood looking at the girl rather anxiously.

"How far away do you live, little girl?" he asked, by way of a beginning.

Olive uncurled her terror-twisted self and sat up.

"Burgess Landing, four miles down, on the eastern shore," she informed him. "Isn't the storm letting up any?"

"It's worse, if anything."

"How soon can I start home?"

"I'm awfully afraid that there's practically no chance of your getting off the island before morning. I'm terribly sorry, kid, but a canoe couldn't keep right side up two seconds in that seething stuff out there," he motioned toward the lake. "You see that yourself."

She *did* see. He was right, without a shadow of a doubt, she decided. Then her mind swung rapidly from the important and startling realization of being marooned over night on a small island, to the comparatively unimportant but nevertheless equally surprising fact of his manner towards her. Pray, how old did he think she was, that he should speak to her in so insultingly patronizing a fashion? Even at college, where she had the misfortune of being the class baby, her small, dimpled self was invariably treated with proper dignity. After all, she was nineteen years old! The man must be put in his place! Then with overwhelming suddenness, she realized that she was wearing, as was her habit when camping out, a middy blouse and her old "gym" bloomers, and—she put up an exploring hand to her head—yes, her short, curly hair had slipped its moorings and hung loose about her shoulders. Swiftly, she saw a picture of herself as she indubitably appeared in his eyes, a sturdy child of twelve or thirteen at the most, tear-stained, disheveled and evidently in need of comforting. At first amusement and surprise kept her speechless. Then a flash of inspiration warned her that, as she must inevitably spend the night where she was, matters would be decidedly simplified and the situation would prove much less embarrassing for both of them if Robinson continued to believe her only a child. Here was a chance to show that her reputation as an actress was not unfounded. Fortunately the man had been watching the lake for a minute, but now he was facing her again.

"You're right, I suppose," she admitted, her lip quivering artistically, "but I want to get home to Mother!"

Robinson winced with apprehension. Good Heavens! The kid was going to cry. He dreaded a child's tears more than anything imaginable, far more than those of a woman, which he could survey with comparative equanimity, deeming them in most cases to be merely a means to an end, and he cast about in his mind for something to dam the coming flood. Remembering what had been the unfailing panacea of his boyhood, he knelt down and began hunting among his store of provisions.

"See here! What do you say to some supper? If you're as hungry as I am, you're about ready to eat tacks," he exclaimed in a slightly nervous tone which he strove valiently to make genial and hearty.

Olive was starving, so she tightened the artistically quivering lips, smiled shyly and fell upon the food with a convincingly child-like heartiness. Opening boxes of Uneeda Biscuits and tins of sardines broke the ice most effectually. In ten minutes the two were sitting tailor-fashion on the tent's wooden floor, consuming hastily improvised sandwiches and talking like old friends. The worst of the thunder and lightning was over and the sighing of the pines at the attack of the still-raging wind, together with the steady drum of rain on the canvas roof, was singularly soothing and greatly heightened a cozy sense of security which filled both the man and the girl. Robinson had been alone just long enough to be thirsty for human companionship and this friendly child with her wide eyes and her wind-flushed face was infinitely refreshing to him. As for Olive, as she sat listening to his stories and watching his lean, bronzed face in the lantern-light, she forgot the horror of the storm and the strangeness of her present situation and even forgot to worry about her mother's anxiety. Everything seemed perfectly natural and right, and all else unconnected with this curious adventure seemed dream-like and unreal. She liked the big man opposite her. Everything about him filled her with a soothing sense of security. There was a strength about his wide, humorous mouth that made her feel comfortably confident that he *could* take care of her, and a kindly look in his brown eyes that convinced her that he *would*. They were such nice eyes! Velvet brown and soft, with a network of tiny wrinkles at the corners, the sign of the sailor or the woodsman and that little wistful look that one sees in the eyes of a companionable dog, she thought whimsically. She

liked his deep voice and his strong, capable-looking hands and the sudden lightning of his smile. He wasn't really good-looking, she decided, studying him critically. He was getting bald, and his nose, although a good enough nose, as noses go, was not precisely classic, but he had splendid teeth, and his chin jutted out in the approved fashion. She wondered sleepily how old he was and where he had been to college.

The story of a thrilling experience with a bear cub which Robinson had been telling, and to which Olive had paid very little attention, had just come to an end, and she roused herself to ask a few questions, hoping to start him on another. It had been an inspiration of hers to demand a story in the first place. Any twelve-year-old girl would have done so, feeling story-telling to be the natural sequel to supper and the equally natural preface to sleep, and Olive had been quick to see that by this method conversation could be avoided. She had had a taste of cross-questioning before the story-telling idea had occurred to her and she had found it awkward.

"Where do you go to school?" he had asked, manfully striving to make conversation.

"In Northampton."

"Do you live there?"

"No."

"Aren't you rather young for boarding-school?"

"Oh, no."

"What is the name of your school?"

Olive frantically searched for something which should at once sound plausible and yet effect a compromise with truth.

"The J. M. Greene Academy for Girls," she murmured as glibly as possible. She would have liked to have risked "Miss Smith's Female Seminary," but her courage failed her.

"Funny I've never heard of it. I've a sister at Smith."

Here Olive changed the subject wildly, but her choice was misguided. She asked him if he had read Galsworthy's "Dark Flower," books being the conversational spar to which she invariably clung when in hot water, to indulge in a slightly mixed simile.

"What on earth do you know about that? You don't mean to say that an infant like you reads Galsworthy?"

"I'm not an infant! I'm thirteen and three-quarters, going on fourteen," she didn't dare risk twelve after such a "break,"

"and I haven't read the old book," she continued, lying vigorously now that she was started on the downward path, "I just saw it hanging around. It's something about botany, isn't it?" she added, with the artist's desire for an extra touch of realism. The "touch" was a clumsy one, but it passed, and while he indulged in a gurgle of amusement at her expense, the story-telling idea had occurred to her and the day had been saved.

Now a new crisis had come, for he refused to tell any more stories. Then, providentially, he consulted his watch.

"Good Heavens! It's nearly eleven," he exclaimed. "It must be 'way past your usual bed-time, child, so you'd better turn in."

Olive yawned promptly.

"I feel *awfully* sleepy," she murmured in an appropriately drowsy tone, and in a few minutes he had rolled up a blanket for a pillow, rolled her up in another one, followed suit himself and blown out the lantern.

For a while the girl lay wide-eyed and still, staring into the darkness. There was so much to think about that her head whirled, and the excitement of the whole adventure was so upsetting that sleep seemed miles away. Gradually, however, the warmth of the tent and the cradle-song of the rain on the roof did their work, and she fell asleep long before she had decided whether, if she had been in grown-up clothes, and had met him at a "Prom," he would have—

* * * * *

When she opened her eyes the next morning she was utterly at a loss to know where she was. For a minute she looked around the tent with sleep-dazed eyes, and out at the wonder-world which gleamed glittering and dew-tinged in the glamour of the dawn. Then, overpowering the delicate scents of early morning, came the sudden fragrance of coffee, and, raising herself on her elbow, she saw a man balancing a somewhat battered tin coffee-pot on a cheerful little fire. Instantly her adventure of yesterday, and all the sensations and the memories that were connected with it, swept over her with a rush. Disentangling herself from the blanket in which she was wrapped, she stood up, stretched herself luxuriously, and having succeeded in doing something to her rumpled hair with the help of a cracked looking-glass, she left the tent and rather timidly approached the man as he stooped over the coffee-pot. Every-

thing seemed a little different in the clear light of day, and much of her self-possession of the night before had deserted her.

"Good morning," she said softly.

Robinson looked up, his face flushed from the heat of the fire.

"Why, good morning," he exclaimed genially. "My, you look as fresh as a daisy! Sleep well?"

"Like a bug in a rug," she replied gaily, her courage coming back with a rush before his unembarrassed cordiality.

"Isn't it a lovely morning? You wouldn't think that the lake had even thought of misbehaving," he exclaimed with enthusiasm, drinking up the beauty of the blue, sparkling water with thirsty eyes. "Looks as innocent as a kitten that has just lapped up all the cream," he continued, and they both laughed joyously, not because there was anything particularly funny to laugh at, but merely because the wine-like tang of the early morning made them both a little mad with the joy of living.

"Just as soon as you've had some breakfast I must take you home," he told her as she sat watching him make flap-jacks with the skill of the practiced woodsman.

"Oh, but you're not going home with me," she exclaimed with conviction.

"Why, I really want to, child," he insisted, but, as she was evidently anxious to go home alone, he gave in finally and contented himself with fetching her canoe.

It was while he had gone to the other end of the island to get it that Olive made her thrilling discovery, turning an already perfectly good adventure into a wholly unbelievable fairy tale. It was a book, of course, that led her to make her discovery, just as it always is in stories, a well-worn copy of "Treasure Island." She glanced over it rather carelessly, reading a paragraph here and there, and then looked absently at the fly-leaf. What she read there was almost too much for her credulity. She pinched herself vigorously, and discovered with an involuntary "ouch" that she was wide-awake, yet there in one of her best friends' unmistakable hand-writing were the following words:

"John Cushman Robinson, from his sister Mally."

As a matter of fact, now that she knew, her chief cause for surprise was the fact that she had not recognized him at once. Of course she had only seen snap-shots, but his eyes were so

unusual, and Mally had said that one of her brothers was going to spend his vacation camping out somewhere on the lake. Of course the reason that it *hadn't* occurred to her was because it was all so wildly, absurdly impossible! Why, no one would believe it! If she told it after the ten o'clock bell, when the lights were out, they'd say she was "fibbing," and if she wrote it up for English 13 Miss Jordan would write on the margin, "Plot weak and improbable." It was that rare thing—too good a story to be marketable!

And then Mr. John Cushman Robinson rounded the point of the island in Olive's canoe, and she dropped the book with a guilty flush.

She had just settled herself in the stern when *he* made *his* discovery. A branch had caught her sailor tie, pulling it askew, and there, gleaming in the morning sun, was a small, diamond-shaped section of white and gold enamel, holding together the edge of her "middy."

"What on earth are you wearing a senior pin for?" he demanded blankly.

Olive became suddenly engrossed in a shoe-lacing.

"It's my sister's," she lied calmly, having already perjured her immortal soul on at least six subsequent occasions, but a sudden pinkness crept up towards the roots of her hair.

"I don't believe it," he asserted, with a lamentable lack of politeness. "Look here, are you a kid or aren't you?"

Olive sat up very straight and dipped in her paddle.

"Please push me off," she commanded with dignity.

He kept his hand on the canoe.

"Please answer my question," he replied.

"I—I will if you'll let me go."

Silently, he gave the boat a gentle push, releasing it from the sand which held it. She took a few strokes provokingly.

"I am waiting," he reminded her.

She turned, adorably flushed, but emboldened by the rapidly widening strip of water which separated them.

"No, I'm not—not exactly a kid," she confessed, meeting his eyes bravely, "and I know your sister. I'll tell her how good you've been to me. We're rooming together next winter." And smiling half-mischievously and half-triumphantly, with just a tinge of wistfulness that seemed to say good-bye, and more than a tinge of liking that seemed to say "Thank you,"—

and perhaps even more,—she turned, and paddled steadily out into the blue lake.

Mr. John Cushman Robinson sat down on the soap-box very hard, and gazed steadily after the vanishing canoe.

“Well, I’ll be damned !” he observed to whomever it might concern, but the prospect did not seem to trouble him, for his eyes were glad.

AT EVENING

GRACE ANGELA RICHMOND

Against the golden glory of the sky
Stand two dark firs ; the hills in shadow lie,
And only on their summits is it light.
The slim white beeches on the wooded slope
Are maidens starting forward in the hope
That they may meet their lovers in the night.
The shrowding mist enwraps their purity,
And in the heavens rises, fair to see,
The lady moon in robes of shimm’ring white.
So, like the beeches, do I wait thy call,
So feel thy love, my heart, my all in all ;
So does thy presence make the darkness bright,
Till having thee, I do forget the night.

SYLVIA

DOROTHY STOCKMAN KEELEY

The mysteries of skies are in her face
And in her eyes a softened glory gleams
As though she looked on God through tears ; her grace
Is wistful in its loveliness. It seems
As though with her there came a certain peace,
A restfulness from human hurts and cries.
I am rebellious ; seeing her I cease
And think on slumb’ring seas and summer skies.
The greatness of her wondrous woman soul
Stills all my cares. I am content to feel
The sun upon my head, to know the whole
Round earth is good ; and in my mind I kneel
Before her quiet joyousness. Oh she
Is sane and loving in her mystery !

THE CAREER OF STUPIDITY IN ENGLAND DURING THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

KATHARINE DORMER KENDIG

Stupidity was cross and peevish. Being so, he wept wrathfully, holding his fat face in his fat hands and making such a noise that his father, Time, who had tried in vain to accomplish some work near by, at length became exasperated and announced angrily that Stupidity was old enough to know better than to make such a baby of himself. This was strictly true as Stupidity was eons and eons old, Time's eldest son in fact, but the statement instead of pacifying him set him to blubbering anew, until his distracted father, who knew that a slipper dexteriously applied would work more harm than good, at last had a brilliant inspiration. Maybe Stupidity did not have enough to do. Maybe he had outgrown his toys. Maybe if he were given something that would occupy his brain more, as he had been given those few old cities years ago—ah! that was it.

"Listen, my son," he said, and pulling Stupidity's hands away from his wet face he whispered such a wonderful whisper that the boy utterly forgot to be sulky any longer. After one or two final sniffs,

"Honestly, father?" he cried. "Oh let me begin right away, will you?" (It must be observed that Stupidity's speech is always modern as he never grows up.)

Time smiled. He was much used to humoring this son of his.

"Yes, right away," he promised and sighed with relief because at this Stupidity became so blissfully happy that peace was restored and his father could start again on his neglected work, for it is most important that Time should be free to work.

The secret which had caused such a transformation was this: Stupidity had been promised England in which to have a career during the whole of the eighteenth century.

* * * * *

A few years after his arrival in London, Stupidity was as enthusiastic as on that first day when his father had given him the gift of England. Everybody there thought he was a splendid fellow—such good company, you know!—and they accepted

his plans with alacrity—that is, almost all did. In such places as Grub Street and other out-of-the-way corners, possibly in one or two rich homes, lived a group of men whom Stupidity hated quite instinctively. He had a queer feeling that they were not admiring him.

First, there was one tiny, crippled man whom he would have detested if he had not found him so very insignificant. This creature, while he was being wheeled about in his chair, had a way of looking at Stupidity with the politest manners in the world but at the same time with black eyes that flashed such fire that Stupidity felt all goose-flesh.

There was another man, too, who said nasty things about Stupidity—quick, rude, bitter, brilliant things that hurt for days after. However, he could see that he was annoying this enemy, turning him savage and half mad. That gave some satisfaction, particularly when he succeeded in exiling the rude man in Ireland.

Other men in the same group he could sometimes handle beautifully, and sometimes not manage at all. Often he could make them do the most absurd things, but he had a sneaking suspicion that they knew he was doing it, that they followed his bidding only to tease him and were laughing at him incessantly, warning other people against him and making a joke of him. Even when bailiffs were acting as butlers behind the chairs at one of their big dinners, or when they were in prison, he had a vague apprehension that they were snapping their fingers at him.

With one of these men was often seen a tall, haughty gentleman with stern eyes and a serene face, who looked at the ladies Stupidity had instructed—looked at them and through them, and then smiled a peculiar, quiet smile which said as plainly as words :

“Yes—very pretty and—er—harmless.”

A huge, awkward, homely being ambled across Stupidity's path one day, counting the lamp-posts as he went. He did the most surprising things and moved in the most amazing way. He caused Stupidity many a laugh until once he turned his portly person and looked at the grinning boy. Then—but it was the cripple with the piercing black eyes that he feared the most, although unreasoningly.

His real success lay in other and larger fields. There was the

beautifully dressed dandy who could ogle fair ladies so well. There was the fair lady herself who was quite self-confident and who loved the pretty dandy beyond anything. There was the lord with his two yards of blue ribbon; there was the rich merchant with his swagger; there were—oh! thousands of people who liked Stupidity and paid court to him. Far more important than all of the rest of them were their beautiful adornments—the clothes so splendid, beribboned and betrained (also usually unpaid for); the wigs so bepowdered and pompous; the patches, the paint, the fans, the snuff—all the trappings in fact of true culture.

These pretty people could do pretty things, too. They could play a little and read a little and dance a great deal and laugh at common folk and be very witty. They had a craze for pictures and often there were four or five originals of the same masterpiece, the worth of which different claimants upheld. They could all play cards, too. My, how they could play cards! With what willingness would a fond admirer lose a hundred shillings or so to his best beloved and then pawn his overcoat to pay the debt! They had queer little polite bowings and scrapings and kissing of hands and whisperings of sweet nothings. They had traveled enough in France for Stupidity to show them how far superior were the manners of that country to those of their own land. What peculiar swear-words they could use! Ods bodikens; zounds—how awful they sounded! What huge banquets they could eat (and afterwards perhaps go hungry for days to pay for them). What appetites the gentle ladies had! The gentlemen shopped often, went to the theatre frequently and spent their afternoons in the coffee houses. Here they heard news of wondrous character, and imparted their valuable views on politics and on the last races. Surely they led a jolly life—nothing to do but to swap impressions, nothing to worry over but an occasional hair-breadth escape from an angry bailiff. No wonder Stupidity rejoiced and loved them! No wonder he forgot the Grub Street faction in his delight over his own protégés.

The success of each one of these individuals was so evident that they all hastened to copy each other. They were wonderfully alike, these people, in dress, in manners, in thought. The lords and the fine ladies strutted about and the others imitated them. The poorer the man, the richer were his clothes so as to

hide what was evident to everyone. If "m' lord" one day forgot his gloves, the next day all of his followers went gloveless; if "m' lord" voiced his disapproval of the latest play, so did they. If the rich merchant around the corner had arms emblazoned on his new coach in imitation of a certain lord on another street, the next neighbor would order even more splendid arms to be painted on *his* coach. What a time they all must have had keeping up with the procession!

Naturally this desire to be alike, to do what the others did or thought proper to do, spread from the private to the public life. Everybody placed great faith, because everyone else did, in the noble institutions which had grown up. The workhouses, the prisons, the insane asylums—these were all more or less alike, too. At least the inmates of each were treated in much the same way. Hidden charity for the sake of the individual? Of course not! How could one's neighbor see and admire one's action if it were hidden?

Then, their education led them all towards the same end. The schooling of most of the fashionable ladies was complete when they had acquired a smattering of French, ability in making fancy-work, a small knowledge of music. The average gentleman learned a little Latin and much nonsense; he was thrashed once in a while and so received his gentlemanly education. If he wished, he could go to one of the universities and there improve his mind as much or as little as he chose. It is not hard to imagine which of those two courses the followers of Stupidity chose. If he was a young son of a nobleman he could enter the church, become a divine and live on the money obtained from his sinecure.

Moreover, Stupidity taught them to place all of their faith, all of their interests, all of their thought, on things temporal, such as theatres (with jugglers balancing straws on their noses in the side aisles), the fairs, where such queer creatures as eight-legged cats and horribly deformed men were the chief attraction, the parades, the crowded city streets, the perusal of light novels while the works of Shakspeare, Milton and Spenser lay neglected. Of what use were the unseen things? They did not get a man anywhere.

"Reason out everything," taught Stupidity, "but don't believe anything you cannot reason out by yourself!"

The result of the preaching was instantaneous. Stupidity's

followers tried to reason on things they could only guess at, failed and so refused to believe anything. The church as an institution was a good enough thing, they thought. It helped support some of the poor and its own clergy. Then a dandy could sit in church, admire the beauty of the architecture, criticize the dress of those nearest him and come out at the end of the service quite as dandified as he had entered it.

Stupidity taught them what to work for in this world, too. (Oh! he was a very busy boy, indeed!) In the first place it was important to have as much money as possible. This caused avarice and a love of gambling so that people put all of their money into such sensible projects as the importation of jackasses from Spain, or the making of fresh water from salt. They were apt learners indeed of Stupidity's lessons.

If a man wanted a political position—and he always did, that was what the money was for—he had only to outbid his rival for a seat in Parliament. He who had the most money to give away could be sure of the most votes. If he wanted a position in the army he had only to buy it as he bought a flowered waistcoat. Public offices were very important. A member of the House of Commons—what prestige, and how well it opened to him society's tightest shut doors! No wonder he was willing to give all his money and dodge the bailiffs for ever after! And the army officers with their splendid coats—they were most heartily applauded and were very excellent company indeed.

If officers of the government were universally restricted, can you imagine the satisfaction and enthusiasm the possessor of a title would hold? To be able to say:

“His lordship when he was speaking with me to-day said—” This could give the narrator the warmest of receptions. It was good to be of high estate in those days! One could possess unlimited admiration and unlimited credit.

Stupidity could have revelled in his successes forever if only that little tribe of Grubites and their friends had let him alone. But they did not. At first he did not care. He knew them to be unimportant and he laughed at the grand challenge hurled against him in the name of them all by the black-eyed little cripple, and told him he was too crooked to be of any use. He laughed at their fine threats and he laughed at their first attempts to overthrow him, him whom his followers loved so well. Why, the very idea was absurd.

But soon he began to be less complacent. The Grubites were beginning to collect followers of their own. They wrote one or two short essays or poems and then gathered in numerous friends. These people began to read good old books long forgotten. Then they realized that there had been times when men did not ape their enemy, France, when they did not waste all their money in South Sea Bubbles, when they really did believe in a powerful and all-wise God. Their readers began to grow disgusted with the whole Stupidity-trained crowd.

The savage man whom the boy had banished to Ireland picked the whole world, as he found it, to pieces and discovered when he had finished that it was worthless. (Let us hope he saw only a small part of his world after all.) He began a fierce assault on poor Stupidity which was almost incomprehensible in its madness. Few could keep up with his work. It was too terrible and left too little comfort or self-respect. For instance, one time in speaking of his own country's government he called it "heaps of conspiracies, rebellions, murders, massacres, revolutions, banishments, the very worst effect that avarice, hypocrisy, perfidiousness, cruelty, rage, madness, hatred, envy, lust, malice and ambition could produce."

However, people would and did like to follow the little cripple. All he needed to do was to set forth in two short, compact lines his version of affairs and more of Stupidity's attractions were stripped from him.

The Grubites' first triumph over Stupidity was obtained when they forced him to relinquish his most noticeable attraction—the value of the artificial. It had gained him many followers, but before he knew they had snatched it from under his very nose and had changed it to elegance. How they did it he could never see. The cripple had said one or two pointed things—in the "Rape of the Lock," for instance. The ponderous man with the laughable mannerisms had said some ponderous things with execution. The polite man with the serene face had poked his delicate fun in the politest way in the world. His happy-go-lucky friend had cautioned the world not to do as he did but as he said. Poor, poor Stupidity! His artificiality had indeed become elegance with a vengeance.

The cripple had a distressing habit of appearing to agree with Stupidity, even while he most disagreed. It was with this subtle gift that he persuaded the unsuspecting boy to have his

second great attraction made over into something he had never intended it to be. When he had discovered the transformation he raised a great hue and cry, but it was too late. His beloved conventionality was still conventionality, but only where the greatest things were concerned. It became a love of unity, of good form, of excellent rules, without which nothing could be perfect. But as for Stupidity's advice of following blindly the steps of those higher in society, in the hope of future happiness, "Pshaw!" the cripple had said,

"Order is Heaven's first law; and this confest
Some are and must be greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That rich are happier, shocks all common sense."

Stupidity was enraged. They had taken away his first toy and had substituted a thing he could not use; they had remodeled his second into a hateful, useful tool. He was losing his popularity as he lost the things that his followers admired. However, he still had his third and greatest asset. They loved his fat materialism and he would fight to keep it tooth and nail. He did; he held on to it tight and waited, eying nervously the preparations of the Grubites. He had taught the people to believe only in what they could reason out. But the insistent one, whom he hated more and more as time went on, had his ready answer to this advice:

"Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,"

he cried,

"The proper study of mankind is man."

And he added contemptuously:

"Go, teach eternal Wisdom how to rule,
Then drop into thyself and be a fool!"

Before Stupidity had had time to reply to this there came a sweet song from a rather sickly man who lived his humble, righteous life in the country and who taught the uselessness of earthly delights unless they were enjoyed with the recollection of Him who gave them:

"Oh, Thou bounteous Giver of all good,"

he sang,

"Thou art of all Thy gifts Thyself the crown.
Give what Thou canst, without Thee we are poor
And with Thee rich, take what Thou canst away!"

He along with many of his friends substituted the love of nature, of duty, of sincere belief in God for fat temporalities.

"God made the country ; man the town," he said.

Against such dreams what could prevail ? Even Stupidity's followers, when they saw him stripped of all his attractions, began to desert him. Of what use was money that led only to empty honors ? Of what use were the empty honors themselves ? Of what use delight in frivolity, if there was no deeper connection with the world in which one lived ? Of what use the wasting of this whole, valuable life with another so near in which accounts must be given ? They did not reform at once—all these silly people—indeed they have not fully reformed yet. They had been too well fooled at first. But they were at least set back on the straight path and guided a short way along it, until their eyes were partly recovered from their blindness. And surely a people cannot go far wrong if it remains under the leadership of a man who is great enough to say,

" If I am right, Thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay,
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find the better way."

And what of Stupidity all this time ? Poor, tired, unhappy boy. He went blubbering home to his kind father as soon as he could and told his long, long tale of woe. He wept on Time's shoulder and explained how he would have succeeded if those people had not existed and he demanded another country where there were no cripples with fiercely brilliant eyes, nor half-mad deans, nor haughty, cynical gentlemen, nor inconsiderate jolliers, nor heavy men with queer mannerisms—nor any others of the interfering tribe of Grubites.

Time, wise, deeply experienced Time, smiled and made no formal promises. Ah ! thrifty, old Time—what need ?

ABOUT COLLEGE

FACULTY I HAVE STUDIED

DOROTHY HOMANS

The year is over. The year given me in which to track down and study the uncanny and little known habits of the faculty.

As is the manner of all well-brought-up scientists, I attempted first of all to classify the faculty. Were they animal, vegetable or mineral? I tried the process of elimination. It worked.

At the outset, I decided they were not vegetable. It is not the habit of a vegetable to talk, and faculty do talk. In fact, with faculty, talking is not so much a habit as a state of being.

After a period of "watchful waiting" I found sufficient proof that they were not mineral. It was most confusing, because sister scientists had assured me that at mid-years and June writtens faculty were made of granite. I saw some truth in these statements, but again I used my method of deduction. Faculty walk, stones do not. There is a proverb about *rolling* stones. But who ever noticed a faculty roll?

Then I knew they must be animal. Birds have wings. I put aside at once the supposition that they were birds. Might they not be fish? No. Although the music faculty run to scales, fish live in the sea. Faculty dwell on campus and Dryad's Green. These are the "happy hunting grounds" of our faculty. So, as they were neither "fowl nor good red herring," like me they must be flesh.

Faculty are made, not born. Excepting, of course, a genius faculty. Geniuses are just as likely to be found among the faculty as in small towns in Indiana. One sure proof that faculty are not born is that no one has ever met anyone who has seen or heard of a baby faculty.

Imagine a baby faculty with spectacles perched on its soft little nose, the cartilage of which is not yet hardened. (Babies are like fudge, useless until they have congealed.)

A baby faculty would speak in this manner to its mother, as she sang it to sleep :

“Mother, dear, those so-called lullabies you sing interest me extremely. They are, I fancy, revivals from the Stone Age. I would have you look up the divers articles on this subject, the names of which I shall give you. I understand well that a greater part of your time is spent in attending to my wants, but assuredly you may devote a few moments to the joy of looking up references. If the college library does not have them, I am sure the desired material may be found in the excellent libraries of New York or Washington.” Or—

“Will you have the goodness, Mother, to finish reading the alphabet? We left off, I think, at H. Kindly speak slowly and distinctly. You are apt to mumble and slur over the most important letters.

“Thank you, Mother. Is there anything else you know and I do not? If so please impart to me such information. I am greedy, I might say avid for learning.”

It would be a gruesome sight, a baby faculty. A thing to

“Make my seated heart knock at my ribs
Against the use of nature.”

It is a dangerous game, the study of faculty. But at chapel and in the halls of the college buildings the curious scientist may see them without absolutely imperiling her life.

If you get up with the “rosy-fingered dawn,” you may see a part of the faculty at chapel. Some of the faculty, especially the male members, sit on the platform, arms folded and glaring under beetling brows at the clock beneath the balcony. The freshmen think these “horrid looks” are for them. But, as so often happens with freshmen, they are wrong. The trouble is that chapel is long and patience is fleeting. A few faculty come jauntily and cheerfully to chapel. The faculty who seem to like chapel and are always there have their own particular seats, usually in the front row. The others prefer the back rows and the “dim, religious light” cast by the choir. Either these faculty are ashamed of their transgressions, or they have wild, shy natures. There are several faculty who come to

chapel looking not as if they came by their own free wills, but as if they were brought there by other faculty stronger than they. These weak faculty appear confused, uncomfortable, and yet pleased, like heathen who have been forced to wear stiff, clean collars by a sedulous missionary.

As the faculty go through the halls, some carry nothing, others carry everything. One faculty always carries at least seven tomes and a sheaf of theme papers, yet she scuds along, putting to shame loiterers overburdened with one thin textbook. Other faculty, men faculty, carry black bags of aristocratic appearance. I suppose these bags contain food for the "young barbarians," "food for thought."

The class room is the faculty's native heath. Study them in the class room when they are preparing to devour the students. Notice their several methods of approach to their prey, and after class take notes on the condition of their victims' remains. That is really the only way to know faculty.

Some faculty come to class very late, just at the end of the twenty-minute limit, when the students are sitting on the edges of their chairs, clasping blank leather note-books and leaky fountain pens to their bosoms and saying :

"Is he a professor or only an assistant?" No one knows. They decide on the theory that the gods are good and he is an assistant. It is twenty minutes past the hour; they rise; the door opens; the faculty enters. Then beaming Cheshire-cattishly he starts the lesson with a class so limp from disappointment that it is an easy victim.

Some faculty arrive at their classes looking as if they were coming to a five-o'clock tea, and the students know that they are to take the place of buttered scones and crumpets.

We have the faculty who sits at its desk looking, as Chaucer has it, like a "gim leoun." This faculty glances around the class room with a look which says :

"The class does not know anything. I do not expect the class to know anything. But I shall be overwhelmed with gratitude if you show one grain of common sense." This faculty, also, gets many victims.

There is the faculty to whom the translation of Horace by freshmen is sheer torture. Freshmen are not, as a rule, subtle. They prefer fudge cake to caviar. They do not have a "curious felicity" for phrase-making. To a lover of Horace, it is as

bad as being put on the rack to hear the musical verses chopped and torn. This faculty calls on a freshman to translate. He says firmly and with good intentions :

"No, I will neither prompt you nor interrupt you. Do all the translating yourself." The student starts to translate, she murders a phrase here, destroys a verse there. The faculty throws himself in a corner, and in his effort to keep out of the arena, grasps the radiator, which is fortunately cold, as is the custom of college radiators. Beads of sweat stand out upon his brow ; he curls himself around the steam pipe, giving an admirable imitation of the "Laocoön"; but he cannot endure it any longer. He rushes into the center of the room and translates the ode as it should be translated. The student listens appreciatively and gratefully, but the faculty's nerves

"Are slaughtered
To make a Roman holiday"

for a freshman.

We have faculty who lecture in the latest style, using cards alphabetically arranged with pearls of thought. We have the faculty who lecture, so they think, in outlines. The student's notes of these lectures are untidy and mixed up, like scrambled eggs. And we have the faculty who jots down notes on paper ranging from foolscap to the kind that soaked in vinegar is an excellent thing for bumps. And then we have the faculty who uses no notes. She seems to clutch rough, uneven thoughts from somewhere, to mould and work them and hand you the finished product.

This faculty will start out perhaps with the *Springfield Republican's* criticism of a new book. The reviewer, an exuberant young thing, likens the work to one of George Eliot's. The faculty comments on the hyperbolical tendencies of the critic for a while, but by almost invisible and gradual stages arrives at a discussion of the curliness of chair legs in a certain period of American art. Then she says suddenly, with buccaneer boldness :

"This brings me to the point I wished to make."

This way of lecturing is the best, but it is hard on brains used to walking rather than tangoing. You feel as if you were watching a conjurer who any moment will take oranges, magenta mice or dragons out of nowhere. You are never sure

what she will say, but you are sure it will be interesting—and thrilling.

Then there is the faculty who wishes to cut your soul into the shape of a star or a triangle or a gem. There are others who merely wish to make your soul round and scalloped like a sugar cookie. They are not particular about the shape, but it is the principle of the thing. Your soul must have some sort of a shape to be a “perfectly good” soul.

And last of all we have the rare and wonderful faculty who let one’s soul wander where it lists through the “meadows, groves and streams” of knowledge and only put a warning guide post here and there. These are the patches of sunshine in learning’s rainy day.

PERSONALITY IN COLLEGE

ALICE ELIZABETH RANNEY

There is no place perhaps where personality is of such inestimable value as in college. To the uninitiated many, college consists mainly of girls. To them not a single characteristic is unique; the fact that the mass is made up of individuals is lost in the mere thought of hundreds of girls. After a visit to a woman’s college, however, I believe that even the most hardened disciple of “college is not for girls,” though not wholly approving of the institution, will begin to realize that a strong character is necessary not only to stand out, but even to survive in such a place.

At first individuality seems impossible in the midst of so many different kinds and classes of girls. But soon when some especially witty saying is repeated some one remarks, “Oh yes, Jane R. said that, did n’t she?” not knowing that Jane R. did say it, but thinking that it sounds like her. It is merely a case of,

“Though old the saying and oft exprest
’Tis his at last who says it best.”

Personality in so small a thing as a repeated phrase may seem trivial; but when hundreds of clever sayings are passed over every week then indeed does so small a thing as a “repeated phrase” carry glory because of personality in the making.

I have heard people argue that only the most decided characters have any personality in the college world. I must disagree with this opinion. There is a type, of course, which is always seen and generally heard. Its disciples gain a certain number of followers who quote them and relate their various "deeds of glory"; but there is yet another type which Lowell described more aptly than I could.

"She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone, or despise."

Her praises are unsung as a rule. She does not "do" things in college, but her advice is generally taken, her words always heard with a great deal of respect. Her influence is far-reaching. She is not well-known nor is she often seen batting. She is too busy for that. No doubt if in after years you were to speak to her of her influence she would look at you in complete surprise and say:

"Why no, I did n't 'do' things and no one knows me." She would not be voicing her own opinion only but that of a large part of the college as well.

If girls would only realize in these few years of close companionship that it is not the songs they sing nor the number of social activities in which they take part that will make them better fitted for their after life; if they would only come to understand that running after this hobby or that is empty and purposeless and would know instead that

"No man is born into this world
Whose work is not born with him."

And, may I add, his personality.

MOTHER GOOSE AT COLLEGE

MARY NEWBURY DIXON

I had a little pony,
His name was Horace trot.
I lent him to a lady,
I wish that I had not.
She tore him, she marked him,
She left him in the libe.
I would not lend my pony now
For all that she could bribe.

EMMA KATHERINE

BARBARA CHENEY

Emma Katherine was tired of college. She was tired of the work, tired of the play, tired of the girls and above all, of the many little events that kept her time filled: chapel, class meetings, sings and all the rest of it. She wanted to go home. When Emma Katherine wanted a thing, she always set to work to get it, so she wrote a letter to her mother which was intended to shake the foundations of her home. In one sense it was a success: Mrs. Emma K. was roused to action; but in another sense it was a miserable failure: her action took the form of a firm letter. It enumerated carefully the advantages of a college education, it set forth in glowing terms the blessings for which Emma Katherine owed gratitude if not to the Almighty at least to Mrs. Emma K. as His most convenient representative and ended by asserting in no mild way that Emma Katherine was to remain at college. Gratitude, however, was not the emotion which the letter called forth. Emma Katherine assembled her friends and lectured eloquently on the hardness of her lot. They were bewildered by her comments on the horrors of college life, but were fully convinced that for some reason, which because of their limitations they could not understand, she was indeed an unhappy woman.

During the days that followed, Emma Katherine proceeded to be more and more miserable. She dragged herself languidly about college displaying a tragic face. She "simply could n't study, my dear, just could n't put her mind on a thing," and when her marks began to be uncomplimentary, she told her friends that no matter how hard she tried, she never could please people.

All this time numerous futile letters were being exchanged between mother and daughter. Mr. Emma K., because he was "too busy to be bothered by such things," was not supposed to know that trouble was brewing. Nevertheless, it flavored his morning coffee and his evening soup unpleasantly. At last he decided that the time had come when he need no longer feign ignorance. The result was that mother agreed to leave the difficult matter of keeping their daughter at college in his hands though she predicted disaster.

The next day Emma Katherine received a letter.

"Your mother tells me," it ran, "that you are unhappy at

college. We sent you because we thought the life and learning would bring you happiness. As soon as it begins to have the opposite effect, all reason for your remaining is ended. You may, therefore, come home as soon as you wish. If you can be ready by Monday I shall arrange to meet you in Boston."

The contents were a shock, but Emma Katherine took no time to analyze her emotions. She summoned her friends, described her state as joyful, and declared herself ready for congratulations. While they poured in, she began to collect her books.

"Are you going to *chapel*?" some one asked.

"Why—why yes, I guess I will," said Emma Katherine, surprised at herself. "I might as well, you know," she finished weakly.

As they walked across campus, a strange feeling began to come over her, a tiny, creepy thrill at being a part of this hurrying crowd. Every one seemed busy and cheerful. They were all dressed in white and the queer sound of rubber-soled shoes, flapping skirts and familiar voices in the moist morning air fell pleasantly on her ears. She was part of them; she belonged here. She understood their greetings and nice slang. The bewildered looks of two mothers who were being conducted to the "morning exercises" increased her feeling of apartness from the world. She slammed her books down on the library steps with an extra bang just to hear the time-honored remark.

"I don't see how the girls ever find their own books among so many."

"Yes, Emma Katherine is going home for good," some one was saying.

Was it for good? But she stifled the queer little feeling and manifested joy again, though this time with inward misgivings. In chapel the pang became more definite. A week before the chant "was always just the same, so tiresome," but to-day she loved it for its familiarity. She went to classes "just because," and that night as she hurried home from the library with the stars overhead and gusty little breezes rushing at her from the corners of the Gym she found herself enjoying the fact that she was busy and must rush, too.

A few days later father was informed that she would like to stay if he did not mind. He made no comments but could not avoid a feeling of satisfaction that his experience with Emma Katherine had led him aright. And mother was glad that her letters had at last proved successful.

HEARD ON THE TAR WALK

COMING “Wasn’t it *fun* sitting in the front row?
FROM CHAPEL And don’t you just like being a senior, any-
way?”

“Yes, I *do* hate to think about its being the beginning of the end. But it’s too nice a day to bother about that. Come on, let’s go down that funny new path that’s staked out on the grass back of Hatfield, the one that isn’t really a path at all yet. Why, this is simply superb. I always love going through the back campus, don’t you? You know, I think Mr. Ganong is the cleverest thing about paths, anyway. Most people would just lay out paths where they’d look well, and we’d walk on the grass just the same. But *he* believes in putting them in the places where we walk. And somehow he plans them so that they always look well.”

“That’s just what I was thinking of. There are really lovely vistas where those two wonderful broad walks cross at right angles, between the Student’s Building and the new Biological Laboratory. It’s a pretty good-looking building, too, that new one of ours. Though I don’t mind telling you that I shall be glad when they get the regular seats in the lecture hall, so you don’t have to sit on a slant and hunch your knees up under your chin to take notes.”

“The steps that run all the way across the front of the Students’ Building? I should say I *am* crazy about them. Just think of senior sings! No more scurrying through dinner to get over there and then having to sit on the dirty old brick walk because there’s no room left on the steps, the way other classes have had to do. Can’t you see us, sauntering leisurely over, to find plenty of room for everybody, and most of us in the front row? I can hardly wait!”

“Oh, are you going in to practice? I’ll just run over to the house and see if the mail has come. Thanks for the date—let’s have another soon.”

B.

THE WINNING QUALITY

Jim he couldn't spell,
 An' Jim he couldn't figgah,
 An' the boys called James a bone-head niggah.

But to hear his good ole fiddle
 An' to see that niggah dance—
 The boys were the bone-heads for he won Nance.

RUTH HAWLEY RODGERS 1916.

THE ROAD

Brown and golden fields ahead,
 Red woods behind,
 In the air an opal haze,
 Fresh autumn wind,
 At our feet the beckoning road
 Lead where it will,
 Come let us follow it,
 Over the hill !

Song and laughter in the heart—
 Why should we stay,
 When young blood leaps to be
 Free and away !
 We who are dreaming dreams
 We would fulfil,
 Come let us take the road
 On past the hill.

Surely this road shall lead
 Through wonder-lands,
 Where wondrous treasures lie
 Free to our hands.
 For oh ! our hearts are young,
 Our hope is great,
 And on across the hills
 New ventures wait !

Luck to the travellers
 Whom we may meet,
 Those wandering like ourselves,
 With eager feet !
 Free as the flying leaves
 Swift winds have whirled
 So let us hold the road
 Half 'cross the world !

NELL BATTLE LEWIS 1917.

Ten years have seen many changes in the
THEN AND NOW little country village of New York state
which is my home. It is a place that many
people would hardly designate with the name of village, but it
lies at the crossroads, has a blacksmith shop, two churches, a
store, a graded school, a grange and a mill which saws lumber
at some seasons and makes cider at another. Now a place with
all that has a right to be called a village, even if it hasn't many
people.

It used to have a post office, which was in the ell of Mr. Howland's house. We went after the mail right after school. The stage arrived about that time and the stage driver, a cross old man, always shouted at the top of his voice for us to keep out of the way of his horse that was afraid of "pesky young uns." We always retorted by telling him to be sure to leave the right mail bag and sometimes transferred stones from Mrs. Howland's peony bed to the back of his wagon. Then when he drove away, raging mad, we hung round while the mail was being sorted, amusing ourselves by looking over the stock of calendars, trying the pens on the blotter and bragging to each other if our fathers had lock boxes, or pretending not to care if they didn't. Lock boxes were really no advantage since none of us knew enough to unlock them, but had to have the contents handed out to us at the window. However they raised one in estimation of others just like a big sister with a beau.

Mr. Howland never commented on our mail. In fact, we hardly ever heard him say a word. Sometimes Mrs. Howland did the duties of the post office. She "wrote for the papers," so news in the mail was by no means to be despised. If a newspaper was missed, it was quite probable that Mrs. Howland was reading the Whig Corners news, or what she had written from our own town. It did not seem to occur to her to get her own paper. She just took the nearest one. She would "come to" with a start, saying, "Oh, I didn't know's you was waitin' for this." She never hesitated to ask about the contents of letters. "That letter yesterday was postmarked Toledo. Your Aunt Jessie comin' out this summer?" But once in a while she was very generous with her big, brown, sugary, cart-wheel cookies, so we forgave her her questions and her absent-mindedness.

Since then, as I said, things have changed. Now we get the mail out of a clanking box by the side of the road. The buying

of stamps necessitates watching for the mail man. Often he has no more. "Everybody wants stamps to-day," he says. "Folks always pick out the coldest or rainiest days to want stamps. I don't like to carry more'n five dollars' worth, 'cause 'tain't safe. I'm all out but I'll bring 'em to-morrow." He is very much afraid of going against the "guv'ment," so he will not hand the mail to anyone who is even quite near the mail box, but conscientiously puts it in the box. He hates parcels post because it "clutters up his wagon" to have packages in it.

Ten years has exchanged the postmaster for the mail man. I suppose it is an advance, but sometimes when I think of the time when the little post office was the center of interest once a day and neighbors met, got their mail, and walked home together, it is with a feeling of regret. Perhaps it is for Mrs. Howland's cookies and the fun of teasing the stage driver.

ELSIE GREEN 1916.

PRECEDENT

If nobody ever had eyebrows
 We'd shudder at them, I suppose;
 And no one of us would want noses
 If Adam or Eve had no nose.
 And if all other mortals were earless
 I'm sure I should not like to show
 The least little tiniest sort of a bump
 In the place where our ears now grow.
 And sometimes I pity the devil
 Who's inflicted with horns and a tail,
 I'm sure he must feel most uncomfortably red
 Among other people so pale.
 But if ev'ry one else thought toads lovely,
 And a hideous flower the rose,
 And shrank from the trill of a robin,
 Would we be like that, do you s'pose?
 If they never ate ice-cream or candy,
 If they painted their houses king-blue,
 Well, I fear we should follow them closely,
 But I hate to believe it, don't you?

PHYLLIS EATON 1917.

EDITORIAL

YOUNG SMITH

AND

OLD NORTHAMPTON

There is something about Northampton which is distinctly different from the typical "old historic town." Its streets do not "breathe tradition," they rather conceal it, and as a rule it is only the patient and hardy explorer who "discovers" Northampton. Day after day, month after month, we hurry up and down its streets, intent on our own affairs, self-important and arrogantly young, and it never occurs to us that Northampton has an existence of its own, and a history, quite independent of our sometimes noisy presence, and even of our traditions. But if, under the guidance of a successful explorer, or perhaps through a door left by happy chance ajar, we do get a glimpse of Old Northampton, we have an experience quite unparalleled in our self-satisfied little lives. We feel a subtle rebuke, as when Grandmother, gently but with adamant firmness, is "putting us in our place."

We do not need the satiric comments of our critics overseas to teach us the faults of Young America. We have but to become acquainted with Old Northampton if we would feel the crudity of our youth, its arrogance and its self-importance. Of course we may escape our reckoning with Old Northampton. The clamor of enthusiasm over our new walks, our new Biological building and our none-too-ancient selves may drown out its quiet voice, may keep at a distance its worthy and unobtrusive ghosts. But if we once seek it out and choose to listen, Northampton can fulfil for us a grandmotherly office. It can discerningly and inevitably put us in our place, both individually and as an institution.

We were made to feel the youth of our college, not long ago, when we talked with a man who "used to go fishing in Para-

dise Pond before there was any college here." It seemed incredible to us at first, and then when we knew that it was true, we were inclined to think it decidedly impertinent of Paradise to have been there, in the same place, without our boat-house, our signed-up-for boats or the necessity of paddling tests. That of old in this same Paradise one could get drowned in one's own way, without signing up or getting permission from home—preposterous! A dormant sense of justice presently awakes to champion Paradise in its right to a past, and in the readjustment which follows we find ourselves listening to the voice of Old Northampton.

The grandmotherly office of Northampton is not ended when we have been "put in our place." There is something constructive, always, in our treatment at the hands of the grandmother who administers correction, for in her prophetic finger-tips she has a feeling of what we may yet become. So as we go about in the streets of Old Northampton, where the Marquis de Lafayette once stood as an interested guest, and where Jonathan Edwards walked with God, a subtle influence is working on our souls, building up in the place of our bustling self-importance the virtues that we so sorely need—reverence, quietness of spirit, and that perspective which makes us see our little world and our relation to it in their true proportions.

It is a rare privilege to live as we do on the meeting-ground of the new and the old. On the one hand is our college, to fill to the brim the present, and to point with unerring finger down the yet untrodden ways of the future. On the other hand is Old Northampton, to put us in our place in "Time's whiter series." Let us not, then, permit the past to escape us, but while we are privileged to live in Northampton, let us seek it out and listen for a season to its quiet voice. Perhaps we may be able to hunt down one of its retiring ghosts, who will have much that is profitable to say to us.

On the fifth of November, at four o'clock, there will be a lecture by Barry Pain, the English author. Mr. Pain will probably speak on the writing of short stories. So as a glimpse into an author's workshop, the lecture should be one of unusual interest.

EDITOR'S TABLE

"Faith, Hope and Charity ; and the greatest of these is Charity." Not the charity that we thoughtlessly drop in the form of a coin into a beggar's cap, wondering if perhaps he is not more blessed with the coin of the realm than we ; but the charity that offers heart and hands as well as purse, the charity that bears the sufferings of others in its heart and makes them the subject of prayer. That is the Charity that surpasses Faith and Hope. It is that charity that we are called upon to give to the people who are fighting and falling at the call of their country or the ambition of a king.

Our lives are so full in college that the life and death struggle for existence waged outside our little world may awaken little response in us, but this is one of the tests of our college life ; outsiders watch to see if our interests are selfish, if our response to world matters is sluggish. In a sense we who are enjoying the advantages of a great woman's college are fighting, though silently and subtly, against some of the oldest preconceptions of woman's place in the world. As champions of a cherished cause we should feel a bond of sympathy with the soldiers across the water who are struggling for a more vital cause, life, the right to live and love and die in their own homes. As women we should feel for those courageous women who fight silently, too, who leave horrors we cannot imagine and send their men away from them to fight.

What form shall our charity to the war-stricken people take ? We cannot equip and launch a mercy ship. But we can do our part in such an undertaking. We can make manifest our sympathy with the noble nurses and doctors upon the battlefields, who minister alike to Slav and Teuton. Those people who live through days and nights of horror in their service to mankind, would thank us for the humblest gift we could offer ; a gift not

for themselves but for the furtherance of their mercy work. We are far removed from the scene of their activities; but out of our land of peace, and the happy environment of our college life, let there come the charity of our earnest sympathy.

K. B.

One very important factor in the college magazine is what is technically known as the "heavy." As a rule this is one of the best parts of the magazine and often shows quite remarkable critical ability. In the last *Yale Literary Magazine* there is an exceedingly able comparison of Goethe and Bergson. It shows how parallel is the thought of the two authors as they depict their "Merlins who follow the gleam." In the *Wells Literary Chronicle* is a treatment of "The Beauty of John Masefield's Poetry." It is a very important but is at the same time a decided justification of the "rough expression and coarse speech of his poetry," a justification on the grounds that "he has caught the vision of our modern spirit."

There is a tendency among college students to write things deep and subtle, to do something "different," with often rather disastrous results. A poem in the *Yale Literary Magazine*, "The Peacock," would seem to be illustrative of this attempt at subtlety while "The Distracting Note," *William and Mary Literary Magazine*, "Lights and Shadows," *Bowdoin Quill*, and two plays, "Blinders," in the *Vassar Miscellany*, and "The Queen," in the *Yale Literary Magazine*, show that, in the struggle after the unusual, the authors had to resort to scenes of seemingly needless, shall we say brutality?—at least vulgarity.

Poetry should be one of the strongest forces in a college magazine. The *Vassar Miscellany* offers "Interim," a quite remarkable, long poem. It is the heart-broken cry of a bereaved husband through which runs the deep, pathetic strain, "I had you and I have you now no more." "Strange cancelings," he says, "must ink th' eternal books when love crossed out will bring the answer right." There is an especially happy choice of words in "The Parting," a description of night receding before the rising sun, in the *Wells College Chronicle*.

But the story, of course, constitutes the main body of the magazine, so on it rests the chief responsibility. There are some this month which have charm because of their unpreten-

tious, natural style. "Spring Vacation at Aunt Phœbe's" and "Finding a Farm," in the *Vassar Miscellany*, are in this category, though the latter hints at many consequences which are never fulfilled.

Detective stories are, as a rule, not very successful, but the *University of Virginia Magazine* offers "The Mysterious Castle Case," which is very well sustained. In the effort to accentuate the supernatural effect, however, several unnecessary thrills are introduced which are hard to unravel in the denouement. "For Her Sake," in *The College Spokesman*, is an exceptionally strong story which, because of its underlying motive, avoids being brutal.

E. G.

AFTER COLLEGE

SENIOR DRAMATICS

Applications for Senior Dramatics may be sent to Miss Florence H. Snow, General Secretary of the Alumnae Association, College Hall, Northampton. Details as to the day of the performance and the price of tickets will be given later.

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be addressed to Lilian Peters, Dickinson House, Northampton, Massachusetts.

- '13. Gertrude Coit is working in the College Settlement, 95 Rivington Street, New York, and studying at the New York School of Philanthropy.
- '14. Barbara Addis is teaching English, History, Geography and Nature Study in the Cornish School, New Canaan, Conn.

Sarah Ainsworth is at home. Address: 1025 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ Street, Moline, Illinois.

Margaret Alexander is a Reader in History at Smith College and is also doing graduate work in History.

Elsie Alpaugh is at home. Address: 41 Hawthorne Avenue, South Orange, New Jersey.

Gertrude Andrews is studying at the Los Angeles Business College in preparation for secretarial work.

Gladys Anslow is assistant to the President of the Home Correspondence School, Springfield, Massachusetts. She has charge of the office force and is instructor in Mathematics and Sciences.

Margaret Ashley is teaching English in the High School, Toledo, Ohio.

Louise Baker is at home. Address: Chesterfield, Massachusetts.

Louise Ball is studying singing in Chicago, Illinois.

Mary Barber is at home. Address: Polo, Illinois.

Elson Barnes is at home. Address: 843 State Street, Jacksonville, Illinois.

Elizabeth Barney is at home. Address: 346 Whitney Avenue, New Haven, Connecticut.

Margaret Baylis is at home. Address: 112 West Spruce Street, Titensville, Pennsylvania.

- '14. Ruth Beecher is teaching in the Coitsville High School, Youngstown, Ohio.
- Ora Belden is at home. Address; 130 Appleton Avenue, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.
- Helen Bell is a Settlement Worker at The Lighthouse, Philadelphia, and is also studying at the Pennsylvania School for Social Service.
- Edith Bennett is studying music in New York. Address: 35 East 62nd Street.
- Dorothy Berry is at home. Address: 111 Farwell Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
- Ruth Bicknell is at home. Address: 1025 Wildwood Avenue, Fort Wayne, Indiana.
- Wanda Best is teaching French and German in the Thomas School, Memphis, Tennessee.
- Margaret Bloom is studying at the Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy.
- Katharine Bowen is teaching at Oak Grove Seminary, Vassalboro, Maine.
- Leonora Branch is at Denison House, Boston, as College Settlement Association Fellow for the year 1914-1915.
- Louise Breier is at home. Address: 305 Crescent Avenue, Peoria, Illinois.
- Helen Brooks is at home. Address: Norman, Oklahoma.
- Harriet Brown is studying for three months at the Normal School, Cleveland, Ohio.
- Ruth Brown is studying at the New York State Library School, Albany, New York.
- Dorothy Browne is at home. Address: 3654 Belleview, Kansas City, Missouri.
- Genevieve Browne has had her winter plans upset by an operation for appendicitis.
- Madeleine Brydon is teaching French and English in the High School, Walpole, Massachusetts.
- Carolyn Buckhout is teaching in the High School, State College, Pennsylvania.
- Louise Cady is studying at Bliss Business College, North Adams, Massachusetts, in preparation for secretarial work.
- Martha Chadbourne is doing graduate work in Mathematics at Radcliffe.
- Ruth Chester is teaching Chemistry, Physics, Algebra and Geometry in the High School, Chester, New York.
- Helen Choate is at home, Address: 92 Tudor Street, Chelsea, Massachusetts.
- Lillian Clapp is at home. Address: Lexington, Massachusetts.
- Helen Clark is studying at Gibbs' Stenographic School, Providence, Rhode Island.

- '14. Ruth Cleaver is working in the Mathematical Department of The Provident Life and Trust Co. of Philadelphia.
- Bessie Clum is at home.
- Adele Coddington is at home. Address: 545 Boulevard, Westfield, New Jersey.
- Bertha Conn is at home. Address: 167 High Street, Middletown, Connecticut.
- Dorothy Conrad is taking a course in Social Service at Simmons and an English course at Boston University.
- Marion Corey is teaching in the High School, Portland, Maine, and doing Social Settlement work in connection.
- Louise Coulton is an apprentice in a men's garment factory. She expects to be a forelady and then work into the welfare department of the Joseph & Feis Co., Cleveland, Ohio.
- Gertrude Cranston is teaching Algebra, History, Latin and English at Sardinia, New York.
- Esther Cutter is teaching Latin and Biology at Shelter Island, New York.
- Ruth Cutting is attending business school in preparation for secretarial work.
- Evelyn Dalrymple is a preceptress in the High School, Felts Mills, New York.
- Marguerite Daniell is taking a secretarial course at Simmons.
- Blanche Darling is a social service worker at Lincoln Center and is taking special courses at the Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy.
- Alice Darrow is studying singing.
- Dorothy Daugherty is at home. Address: 1013 Church Street, Indiana, Pennsylvania.
- Carolyn Davis is at home. Address: 18 Harrison Avenue, Holyoke, Massachusetts.
- Josephine Douglass is taking a Kindergarten course at Miss Wheelock's School, Boston.
- Mildred Edgerton is taking a course at the Garland School of Homemaking, Boston.
- Edith Egbert is at home. Address: Altadena, California.
- Nellie Elgutter is substituting in the High School, Omaha, and teaching Italian at the Y. W. C. A. She is secretary of the Smith College Club of Nebraska.
- Helen Ellis is teaching English in the High School, Liverpool, New York.
- Margaret Farrand is at home. Address: 157 Ralston Avenue, South Orange, New Jersey.
- Mary Fay is Children's Librarian at Forbes Library, Northampton.
- Marion Freeman is in Tryon, North Carolina.
- Julia Hamblett is Principal of High and Grammar Schools, Raymond, New Hampshire.

'14. Harriet Hitchcock is tutoring two girls in all subjects.

Miriam Howard is teaching History and English in Spaulding High School, Barre, Vermont.

Louise Howe is taking a gymnastic course at Wellesley in preparation for teaching.

Isabel Hudnut is at home. Address: 6 Beaufort Road, Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts.

Vivian Humphrey is teaching at the Jacob Tome Institute, Port Deposit, Maryland.

ENGAGEMENTS

'09. Annie Crim to Clarence Eldridge Leavenworth, Hamilton College '09.

Jeanne Perry to Carlton Spencer Severance.

MARRIAGES

ex-'95. Mrs. Helen Davis Burgess to George Henry Lamb. Address: 6 London Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.

'03. Anna C. Holden to Leicester Warren, July 18, 1914. Address: 83 St. James Avenue, Springfield, Massachusetts.

'07. Mary Kerr Blaikie to James W. Nelson. Address: 36 Livingston Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Lilian D. Major to Geoffrey Bare, September 16, 1914, in Brooklyn, New York.

'08. Elizabeth Parker to Roland W. Mersereau, July 28, 1914. Address: Doty, Washington.

'09. Carol Anderson to William T. Steinsieck, September 19, 1914.

Ruth E. Burdett to Vaughan Dabney, September 22, 1914.

Laura K. Darling to Edward Payson True, September 14, 1914. Address: 19 Dell Avenue, Hyde Park, Massachusetts.

Leah Dempsey to William Hughes Earle, June 20, 1914.

Olive Forbes to Henry Odin Tilton, September 30, 1914.

Florence Forbes to Samuel Douglas Killam, June 9, 1914.

Margaret Hatfield to Stuart Chase, July 5, 1914.

Helen Seymour to Clive S. Newcomb, September 22, 1914.

ex-'09. Jessica Marshall to George H. Spencer, September 16, 1914.

Pauline D. Johnson to Claude Gillette Beardslee, August 26, 1914.

'11. Mary Elizabeth Stevens to Dr. Howard Spencer Colwell, August 29, 1914. Address: 231 Rawson Road, Brookline, Massachusetts.

'12. Clara Weidler to Andrew Dickinson Norris, June 25, 1914. Address: 400 North 31st Street, Portland, Oregon.

'14. Lillian Holferty to Royal Ferman. Address: 302 North Kenilworth Avenue, Oak Park, Illinois.

Ernestine Robbins to Samuel M. Sharkey, June 17, 1914. Address: 47 Prospect Street, Trenton, New Jersey.

ear'14. Ida Holcomb to William J. Ehrichs. Address: 25 Fort Washington Avenue, New York City.

BIRTHS

- '09. Mrs. Edmund W. Foote (Lucy Esther Swift), a son, Edmund N. Foote, born July 14, 1914.
 Mrs. G. N. Davis (Bessie Fuller), a daughter, Barbara Jewell Davis, born July 26, 1914.
 Mrs. Leslie Lyle Allen (Sara Sims), a son, Thomas Willcox Allen, born June 13, 1914.
 '10. Mrs. John Montague Ely (Laurel Sullivan), a daughter, Helen Weare Ely, born September 24, 1914.

CALENDAR

- | | | |
|-----------------|-----|--|
| October | 17. | Meetings of Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies. |
| " | 24. | Group Dance.
Baldwin House Reception. |
| " | 28. | First Concert in the Smith College Concert Course. |
| Oct. 31-Nov. 1. | | Connecticut Valley Student Volunteer Conference. |
| November | 5. | Lecture by Mr. Barry Pain. |
| " | 7. | Meetings of Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies. |
| " | 9. | Second Concert of Smith College Concert Course. |
| " | 14. | Division D Play. |

The
Smith College
Monthly

November - 1914

Owned and Published by the Senior Class

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No. 2

EDITORS:

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A LETTER FROM A SELF-MADE PLAYWRIGHT TO
HIS DAUGHTER

MY DEAREST CANDIDA :—Nineteen years ago it was, this very fall, your mother and I were in London, desperate in the search for new ideas in the theatre. "The Prisoner of Zenda" was racing through a tremendous season; "Trilby" had set the fashions of the year in speech and dress. We were looking for something else. In a manager's dingy office on the avenue, where the Shaftesbury trails down into Piccadilly latitudes, we found it. It was a little play-manuscript called—you know well enough, don't you, Candida?—and the much-thumbed copy had been the rounds of the London stage, rejected always. And wisely, too, no doubt; for the sausages and cabbages of a Philistine public would have annihilated its first performance.

But we loved it, we folks who lived for the theatre. And so you, Wee 'Un, who had been trembling on the brink of "Martha Ann", found the name you have grumbled at so much, and became a document in literary history.

For it was long years later—ten, to be true—that the first night of "Candida" came. There were, perhaps, fifty persons in the house. Then it was that your mother and I, and some excited souls of a kindred spirit, fell into frenzy between acts; and on the pavement outside the old Garden Theatre in New York laid hands upon innocent passers-by, adjuring them to enter and see this new phenomenon in the theatre, a playwright with ideas. Most of them laughed at us and shook us off, the Philistines! Some came, and so the play found its public, and the stage leaped abreast of the age. That was ten years ago, and times have changed, indeed. Here is our Miss Candida, who only last month was hesitating whether her call lay in a missionary tour to the New Hebrides, government service in the Philippines, or prison reform at Bedford, calmly announcing to a wondering world that she is to be a playwright, because she can help the world most that way! I'm not laughing at you, Candida; you know that. I'm only thinking of that night ten years ago, and now.

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So it's to be playwright, is it? And the decision, of course, irrevocable; just as irrevocable as all the other choices of a life work our girl has made since she went to college, and the college serum took. A playwright! Speaking of that, by the by, I was crushed to see you spelled it "playwrite." Is that Spelling Reform, or a specimen of the New Small-Talk, or just your own head-work? Your mother has asked me not to snort so loud, as it makes her lose count, so I'll say no more.

And yet why not? For back of your bad spelling, Candida, there's the buzz of a pernicious idea, and I'm going to swat it. A playwright is a play-builder, first and always, and a writer last. That is my creed. No play ever succeeded just because it was well written; success came because its structure was sound. Good writing may help the book of the play on your library shelves. It takes more than that to hold the boards.

Sounds like a Philistine, doesn't it? But I do not mean it that way. I am only suggesting that Edwina, your room-mate, who is going to be an architect, is fully aware that she must

learn the practice of the building trades, and she knows she will not learn that by sitting down and thinking. Whether Edwina influenced your decision or not, Candida, the profession you have chosen has more in common with hers than any other of the arts. There is the practice of many trades to learn, and it takes time. Not the kind of time, either, that is spent by the crowd of onlookers who spring from the ground whenever there's building, and who seem to have eternity on their hands for observation. No, I mean real time, with concentrated powers storing up the laws under which men and women work.

Edwina, of course, is lucky. She is going to save much of this time in the school of architecture, where there is competent instruction. All that can ever be said by way of forewarning and counsel will be hers for the asking. You will not have her chance. You could, of course, go to Pittsburgh. In that catalogue bound in the Carnegie plaid you will find a practical drama department among the other arts; but the equipment for learning play-building makes but a poor showing among the rival professions.

Could play-writing be taught, with the right equipment? Surely; just as easily as architectural design. But success is another matter, and a personal one. There is an opening as draughtsman for the young fellow who hasn't imagination enough to be an architect; but who wants an unimaginative playwright? The would-be maker of dreams will do well to pick up some trade of the theatre, while success is lingering in the distance. Your mother had a knack of designing costumes that startled not only the audiences, but the wolf that had been hungry about the stage-door. I played "stock" in many a slack season, when you were a youngster. And it's not by accident that our dramatists have been recruited from "the" profession, or from journalists and novelists. Writers have always been willing to leave other fields for that of the theatre; but there are few illusions left about the years of waiting with no return. Rachel Crothers was an actress; Eleanor Gates a journalist; Jean Webster wrote stories short and long. Yet each of them, after an apprenticeship at the safe trade, has struck luck with a play that you know.

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This may, in some way, answer the burning question that you asked me so boldly: "Is there really a *career* for one who

writes plays?" The fact is, Candida, I cannot answer that. When I see the word "career" in the offing I douse all lights and steer for the good gray fog. Talk about careers belongs to afternoon teas, and you're college girl enough to know your Gelett Burgess:

There's nothing in afternoon tea
That appeals to a person like me;
Polite conversation
Evokes the elation
A cow might enjoy in a tree!

People with "careers" are always building up their character, and talking about the dominance of culture until they sound like a European war missionary on a lecture tour. So I dodge your career; but I can assure you there is plenty of work, if that is what you mean, and of all kinds. You have never seen my workshop in the dingy side-street in New York; your Dad has always been somebody who came to see you at school, or went fishing in summer; and I don't wonder you ask about the career of a playwright. But in these last years I have trained companies in other men's plays, telescoped the lawyer and the secret villain into one Walking Gentleman; pasted a new act in front of one play, and at the end of another, sandwiched in new parts, translated Russian farces (*via* the German route), adapted French *vaudevilles*, transported English labor plays from Wales to Pittsburgh, put some ginger in the lachrymose and some punch in the sentimental, tinkered, patched, vamped and revamped other men's work—and my own—until the words before me had no more meaning to me than delirium to the night-nurse. When other work was wanting I have written interviews with leading ladies and sold them to the dramatic critics under whose names they have appeared. Hack-work, nearly all of it, I am afraid; it has been hard work, I know. And when I could, I have labored on my own work, hoping always for the happy time in the future when I should have a free hand.

Doesn't sound much like a career, does it? But then I'm only an average play-writer. I never graduated—I speak without envy—from a university course and found my name blazing next fall on Broadway and every year since. Some playwrights have, I hear, and have set thousands of others trying. But it's rare, their luck, and they, most of them, fail to "repeat."

Two young men, Beaumont and Fletcher, put their heads together once, and wrote "The Maid's Tragedy." They never matched that first joint play with which they had leaped into fame. They had nothing more to say. On the whole, the long, slow road of advancement has been the wise one, and those who have grown veterans in the service have stood the campaigns best.

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There's another sentence of yours that gives me some concern. You have "made the drama your chosen work, because you believe in uplift, and you can teach best, and in the most appealing way, through the play." Now you must excuse my theater-slang, but you're wrong, Girl, you're all wrong. In the first place, fashions on the stage have a way of changing. By the time you will have learned your trade, and are ready to enlist in the Sacred Cause, the public will probably have rediscovered *The Three Musketeers* and *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and want more like them. When that fashion wanes, French farce may return to its own. Where will your propaganda be?

And again, suppose your play of lofty purpose does succeed, because its story is appealing. The man who wept last night as he beheld your victim of social wrong is laughing to-night at the man who thought he was Napoleon, and he will be revelling to-morrow with the Salamander. He has gone in search of life's sensation, and he knows there is more in it than your story only.

Not that thesis plays, and purpose plays, and problems, have not a good right to exist. Whenever they can draw attention to a new need, teach us some new thing about ourselves, they will be welcome. But there are so many dangers. The danger of commercializing ideals, of getting to be a kind of hired evangelist, trying to shout louder than your rival across the street, to paint more lurid background, to make your "realism" more real, your wrongs more devilish, your woe more horrible, than those of any competitor. Or, if you could not do these things, believe me, your manager will.

See what has happened to the army of social reformers on the stage this year. Here is Shaw writing "Pygmalion," a phonetic romance; Barker puts on "Prunella," and goes to clothing Titania in gold leaf; Knoblauch drops the social satire of "The Fawn" for the glow of "Kismet;" Sheldon forgets "The Nigger" and "The Boss," and starts in dramatizing Hans

Andersen's fairy tales. Powerful purpose dramas like Francis' "Change" and Miss Crothers' "Ourselves" are total failures in New York. It is not merely that they have substituted the contemplation of pain for the realization of life. No, it is the danger of overdoing the good thing. It is the ebb and flow of theatrical idea, reflecting, as it does, more vividly and more immediately than any other medium, the temper of the people whom it serves. There are signs even that "middle-class morality" is growing restive under the perpetual onslaughts of the valiant playwrights. When that enemy turns out to be a windmill, there will be little for our Don Quixote to attack.

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So then, if you want to be a dramatist, do it because you love plays, because you love to solve enigmas set in dramatic form—and for no other reason. If some other desire is your chief concern, find a briefer way, a shorter cut to its satisfaction, than the stage. The drama must come first in your mind. And so far as you are concerned, Candida, I think your heart is in the right place, in spite of your high phrases. After all, you are an actor's daughter; and the stage has a way of getting in the blood. The histrionic dynasties in the theater of England and America are already older than most royal houses. The real reason you want to write plays, my daughter, is that something in you flares up when the theater darkens, and the lights glow at the foot of the curtain, and the orchestra dies away; something that says, "This is a part of me." Isn't it so?

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And you end your letter wistfully: "Do you approve?" Why not, Candida? Shall I say I hoped for it? I am not sure. Down somewhere there probably hid some hope that what I could not do, my daughter should. Every man has had those thoughts. But I have never tried to turn you my way by a single word. You have not been a stage child—generally, it seems to me, the most pathetic of all children. You have had a free mind, and your own associates, and if now you ask to come and share our work, then come, and gladly.

For I see great promise ahead. We Americans have loved the stage for a hundred years, but never has the appeal been so general. We are finding a public of which the old managers never dreamed. The public that always came to "The Old Homestead" and "Rip Van Winkle" is now willing to try new

wares. And when we can shake off the superstitions of the long run and the New York run as the sole guarantees worth while we shall begin to find a critical public. We are starting to find it, even now. And the opportunities have extended greatly, as dramatic pleasure has reached out and touched so many fields. Children's theatres, civic pageants, summer drama festivals, your own college plays, these and a dozen other forms have brought the drama closer to the people.

And what a share in it you women have had ! Some of the most worthy work of to-day has been done by young women, in what seems to me, after a lifetime at it, on the whole the fairest and freest competition on earth. Few of the younger men have equalled the work of Gladys Unger, Githa Sowerby, Elizabeth Baker, Catherine Chisholm Cushing, Mrs. Young and Mrs. Rinehart, and many another. They have proved your case, if it needed proving. But why should it be otherwise ? Already some branches of the theatrical business are almost exclusively in women's hands. The play agencies of New York are conducted by women ; much of the designing and costuming is their work ; and the woman manager has long been familiar. Mrs. Hartley of Stamford, Connecticut, has built her own theater this summer, an enterprise of rare courage in a small suburban town.

In translation and collaboration, too, women seem to be preferred. We see the woman's craft in the careful detail of such productions as " Little Women " and " Years of Discretion." The business of adapting seems to fall naturally into Harriet Ford's hands. So it goes all along the line, from the Harvard prizes which go to Radcliffe girls clear up to the \$10,000 plum which Alice Brown has yet to account for. A free field, and a fair one ; can any other art give more ?

Shall I warn you of the perils and temptations, the hardships and disappointments ? You know them already, so far as words can tell you. Mrs. Hale's novels have told you the truth of stage life, as it is known to one of our most charming actresses. Read Howell's " Story of a Play," compare it with Shipman's " True Adventures of a Play," and then decide whether the playwright has a rosier path now than twenty years ago. I won't disturb your thought with all that. When all is said, the joys of the play-life make up for the disappointments. Else why should play-actors, playwrights, and all the rest of them

be the most optimistic people on earth ? I laugh at myself ; and yet I know this last play I've done is really the best of my life. And your mother agrees with me too. Just wait and see, Candida. Not of course, that it will ever be as good as Candida's First Play. But good enough for an old duffer like

YOUR FATHER.

TINSEL

HELEN FREY

I watched a leaf the fall wind tossed
 Rise lightly, soaring, high in air.
 The sky was blue as Truth's own eyes,
 I felt its strength and breathed a prayer.

A golden speck the leaflet spun,
 Then, slowly sinking, fluttered down,
 In glinting sheen the sun had given
 I saw the leaf was dusty brown.

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My hope, had it but soared to sink,
 To quickly fade and pass from view,
 Or would it hold the magic light
 And reap the promise of the blue ?

SUNSET

MARGARET N. JONES

Could I fill my glass with the sunset,
 The golden wine of the sky,
 Flecked with the glowing purples and reds
 Of clouds that are drifting by,

Just one deep draught of the sunset,
 Then on to the farthest goal,
 I have drunk from an angel's chalice,
 I have quenched the thirst of a soul !

THE BARGAIN

ELEANOR GIBBONS

It was absolutely hopeless. Even Mother gave up, and when Mother admits that her "with-a-little-chiffon-overdrapery-that-will-be-as-good-as-new" formula won't work, a thing is in pretty bad shape. This one had had the "little-chiffon-overdrapery" remedy tried on it three different times already, so it really wasn't its fault that it had gone back on me at this critical time. For it was a critical time, about the most critical I had ever known.

It was this way. Clarence was coming home. But you don't know Clarence, do you? He is tall and dark. No, that won't do. He's a Φ B K and oh, so brilliant, but that won't give you the right idea, either. I know, Dad calls him "a promising young man and Mother says he's "exemplary." Now you can't help seeing him, can you? He's been out of college for three years and is 'way up in his father's firm already. He's made money, too, and is—well, he's exemplary.

As I said he was coming home and had written to ask if I wouldn't go to the theatre with him the one night he was to be in town. Mother was blissful, for she knew how every mother in town had fairly broken her neck to get that particular invitation.

He didn't write until the day before he came, the only unexemplary thing he ever did, so the minute his note came we started in on a mad survey of the wardrobe of the entire family. But both of us knew before we started how absolutely hopeless it was, for all the surveying, or frilly waists, in the world couldn't make my blue Norfolk suit a particle dressy, and my one evening dress—that of the chiffon overdrapery fame—was utterly impossible. Mother had a beautiful blue crepe de chine which would have been all right but she had worn it to just nine card parties that winter and, though Clarence had never seen it, no one in town could help recognizing it. Of course I had lots of clothes—but this was Clarence.

We've had lots of arguments about clothes, Mother and I, but we had just changed sides in this one, for this time it was I

who knew we couldn't afford anything new and Mother who said we must. But I told you that Mother says Clarence is "exemplary," didn't I?

So the next morning we rushed off to the city and ran into a most alluring blue pencil, green ticket bargain sale. It took us most of the morning to decide, but we finally picked out an adorable white serge suit, so with my cute little white hat and that frilly lace waist I'd be highly respectable.

The suit didn't fit and as, "we never make alterations at these sales," we had to take it to a tailor's to be fixed. They promised to have it out by six o'clock and by the time I'd been fitted and we had had luncheon and were home again I had just about time enough to clean my gloves before dinner. Six o'clock came, but no suit. Seven came and still the suit had not appeared; quarter after struck and we were utterly despondent with all hopes of going given up when the door-bell rang. Mother rushed down to receive the package and there was Clarence. Mother brought him in and had just launched on some long explanation about a dreadful sprain I had just given my ankle when the bell rang again. There was still time to dress so Mother twisted her story madly to make him think it was last year it had happened and lugged the big, pink-wrapped package past the living room door and met me as far downstairs as I dared to come. Of course Mother couldn't come up to help me so I fell into it without even stopping but once to look into the mirror. It is part of Clarence's exemplariness that he is never late, so I didn't dare to be.

Mother could only smile at me as I went out, for we had to run for a car so I really didn't know until we got to the mirrored windows down-town.

Clarence was as exemplary as ever, so exceedingly correct and irreproachable, disgustingly so, I thought then, and we were being so conventional when we came to a curb and he took my arm to help me down. It was right under a light so I could see a real, live, slow, amused grin spread over his face. I was so startled that I burst out with:

"What on earth is the matter?" without thinking of convention, propriety or anything like that.

"Do you want me to tell you?" he drawled, and abstracted from somewhere on the sleeve of my coat a pink string with a big white tag fastened on to it, proclaiming that it came from

"Bliss and Welles," was size 36, and cost \$50. If it had been anyone except Clarence I would have laughed, but Clarence is so exemplary that I giggled, and if there's one thing in this world that I abominate it's giggling.

We went down to Diamond Street to take our car and when he had helped me up the car step he stopped for a moment on the platform and sort of fumbled with my arm. I was scandalized, for he is—oh, he's Clarence, you know. But after he had gotten inside he turned to me in the solemnest manner possible and handed me a long red tag. You know the kind they put on when they make alterations on suits; those with the careful little directions about the change in the length of skirt and sleeve, the size of bust and all such nice, little, intimate things. The car was crowded so I didn't have to look at him, which was a great comfort.

The play was a joy, it was the first time I'd seen Maude Adams, so you can imagine how blissful I was. Then, too, I had the delicious consciousness that every girl in the theatre was crazy about Clarence and every mother was speculating as to where I'd gotten the suit and thinking how much better her daughter would look enthroned in the beautiful box we had.

But it was hot, so hot that I could feel the perspiration running down my temples and you know what you look like when you get to that stage. If only I could take off my coat! Then too I had on my one beautiful shadow-lace waist. It was before everyone was wearing them, so I was most mightily proud of mine. But I didn't dare take my coat off, for with two such embarrassing experiences I couldn't tell what might be underneath aforesaid coat.

Finally I couldn't stand it another minute. I watched carefully until I was sure that Clarence wasn't looking and then I slipped one sleeve out but I didn't do it quite furtively enough for immediately the exemplary Clarence was bending over me and taking it off. I held my breath and prayed as hard as I knew how to but I didn't hold my breath or pray hard enough, one or the other, for with one hearty roar he leaned over and laid my coat in my lap, carefully folded so that lying neatly on top and twisted to a little inside button was a staring green tag with the \$50 crossed out with double red lines and \$37.50 written boldly in.

I looked up with an even chance of laughing or crying but

when I saw Clarence's contrite face that decided me. He mustn't feel sorry for me, so I laughed, laughed till everyone in the theatre was looking at us in blank astonishment, for Clarence, exemplary, irreproachable Clarence, was laughing harder than I was. When he could speak he gasped out:

"I'm wicked enough to be glad. You see I've always thought of you as so infinitely superior; that nothing ever was the matter with you or your things; that you never did anything wrong; that you were so, oh, so irreproachable."

"Glad?" I looked up at him in astonishment. "Glad? Well, I'm not. I never was so mortified nor unhappy in my life. What can you think of me?"

"Think of you?" He was quiet now and a look that was neither contrite nor amused came into his eyes, one I'd never seen him wear before. "May I tell you what I think of you?" And he leaned so far toward me that I was glad we had a box with draperies, though I had been sorry when I thought that fewer people could see us because of them.

"May I tell you how glad I am to find out that you're really human? You've always been so superior, so absolutely correct and right, you know, that you've made me dreadfully conscious of my own horrible, glaring faults and mistakes. But to-night you're so human. What is it?"

But I was only murmuring, "Exemplary, irreproachable," and looking with eyes a wee bit misty at the green tag with its red lines crossing off the \$50, and with \$37.50 written below it.

IN THE WORLD OF DREAMS

HELEN V. TOOKER

Sweetheart, if indeed I'm dreaming,
And thy love is naught, but seeming—
Oh, that I may know no waking,
Still the dream for truth mistaking.

May I keep my love and thee
Safe throughout eternity,
May I know no waking sorrow,
Love to-day be love to-morrow.

AND YET—

ANGELA RICHMOND

So, I have served you now a year and more,
Swept out your hearth, or lit a fire there,
And tended in your garden buds that grew
Into a full maturity; have kept your store
Of thyme and lavender replenished. It is fair
Here in your garden, and the sky is blue
That peeps between your elms; the white clouds pass
And throw cool shadows; in the grass
Are buttercups and daisies—bluets too,
And there is you.

But can I be content with four gray walls,
And low, moss-covered roof that prisons me?
Those hollyhocks, so stately, seem to be
A row of gossips; if sometime there falls
An unknown shadow on the gravelled walks
They bend and peer and sway upon their stalks
To see who's there; the very birds are spies
And watch me with their little beady eyes.
Nor can I bear the owl's tu-whit, tu-whoo
Even for you.

So I'll away and seek the wide-flung plains,
The cool white winds that blow from out the west,
The shock of sudden, drifting rains,
And watch the stars when I lie down to rest.
And I must feel the spray against my face,
And taste the saltness of the mighty sea.
No limit will I know of time or space
But be the master of myself, and free.
Yet—if I should be, when the storm winds blew,
Lonely for you?

SIBYL'S LOVE AFFAIR

HELEN WHITMAN

On Board the Louisianic, June 19th.—The great step is taken—here we are, out of sight of land already, and no bridges even to leave behind us. When I try to realize the responsibility I have taken on my shoulders my heart sinks within me, but now that retreat is impossible I trust I shall do my duty faithfully and well. I have seen almost nothing of Sibyl since the month I visited at her home in Chicago nearly nine years ago, and at that time I remember wondering how a daughter of her dear, sweet mother could have such crude manners and hoydenish ways. She seems quiet and ladylike enough now, as she lies beside me in her steamer chair, but she admits her examinations at college have tired her out, and I heard her mother's last injunction at the dock—"Remember to do everything that Aunt Fredericka asks, and try not to be the slightest trouble!" I am fearful of the time when this veneer of docility shall wear off.

She is a pretty girl—there is no doubt of that—and certainly has quite a charming manner, but this only increases my anxiety. My oldest sister, who was not unlike her in her young days, first met her future husband on shipboard, and I dread to think of being responsible for any love affair in which Sibyl may entangle herself. To be sure, she is only twenty and still in college, but you never can tell when the disease may develop. I have looked over our fellow-passengers carefully—especially the young men—as they promenade about the deck, and I have become more and more troubled as I perceive how many attractive ones there are. I ought to have insisted on waiting until after the exodus of college students.

At dinner to-night we took our regularly assigned places for the first time, and I was glad to find that we were at one end of a long table, with a pleasant English couple across from us and two middle-aged women next who are evidently teachers in some Western university. The only young men are two youths at the far end of the table, so conversation with them is fortunately impossible. Sibyl has been so quiet and silent all day I should fear a touch of seasickness if the sea were not as calm.

as the proverbial mill pond. I hope she is not going to be homesick !

June 20th.—The sea became quite choppy during the night—the Gulf Stream, I suppose—and poor Sibyl was quite ill this morning before the stewardess and I succeeded in getting her dressed and out in her deck chair. The deck steward has tried to tempt her with toast and bouillon several times, but she will not touch them, and is dreading bedtime because she will have to go back to the stateroom. Fortunately, I am an old sailor and can give her my undivided time and attention, but she absolutely refuses to eat a piece of dry toast, which I know from long experience is the best possible cure for mal de mer.

Perhaps this is a blessing in disguise, however. If Sibyl is ill for a day or two it will lessen the opportunity of forming any romantic attachment. It is not that I don't wish the child to have a good time—it is my most earnest desire that this first European trip of hers may be all that she dreams of—but I have seen so many love affairs spring up on shipboard, and then there was Sister Lucy who actually became engaged before she landed!—though to be sure it was a three weeks' voyage then, instead of eight days.

I have been talking to the lady who has the next chair to mine, a Mrs. Sidney of Kansas City, who seems very gay and pleasant, though perhaps not especially intellectual. She has traveled about a good deal, and crossed once with my friends, the Parkers.

June 21st.—The ship's orchestra came out on deck this morning and for about an hour played rag-time for the young people to dance, though only a few availed themselves of the opportunity owing to the effects of a rather rough night. I thought that Sibyl watched the performance with some wistfulness, but I was glad she did not offer to leave her chair. I cannot have a protégé of mine making a spectacle of herself in any of these "new dances." This afternoon she seemed a little brighter and I offered to read aloud to her from a most interesting book of French travel which I found in the library, but she was not sufficiently recovered to appreciate it I think. Mrs. Sidney and she discovered several mutual acquaintances, mostly college friends of Sibyl's, and she is a little more enthusiastic over the lady than I should imagine a college-bred girl could be.

She has little insight of human nature, I fear, which will make my task all the more difficult.

Three young men have been walking up and down past our chairs almost constantly this evening, and I am beginning to get nervous. Of course it may have been because this is the leeward side, but I can easily see how Sibyl might be attractive to a rather susceptible youth.

June 22nd.—The sea is perfectly calm this morning and Sibyl seems to have recovered entirely. She accompanied me on my after-breakfast promenade, and later joined Mrs. Sidney, at her request, on an “exploration,” as they called it, to the boat-deck where I understand there is an out-door gymnasium. I was reading my book of French travel (on which I am taking copious notes so that Sibyl may have the benefit of its contents without having to read the entire volume) when the orchestra arrived to repeat yesterday’s performance, and who should appear but Sibyl *without* Mrs. Sidney and *with* one of the young men who promenaded past us so much last night! She presented him to me formally enough, and he seemed very pleasant, but I hope she met him in a perfectly regular manner. They are not so particular about such matters in Chicago, I understand, as we are in Boston. However, my fears on this score were soon swept aside when I heard Mr. Calvert—that is the young man’s name—say :

“Do you tango, Miss Gray?” and Sibyl assented with a demure little smile quite out of keeping with her hoydenish childhood. Then they actually joined that vulgar performance, and “vulgar” is a mild adjective to apply to it too! I should have stopped her, I think, but it took me so by surprise that I hardly knew what to say and I hate to be a “spoil sport.” As I watched them, however, I could see that Sibyl had enough of her mother’s breeding at least not to attempt some of the exaggerated twists and turns that the others did, and she was by far the most graceful of them all,—I should enjoy seeing her waltz in the good, old-fashioned way. But I must find some way of preventing this from happening again.

Afterward she brought up the three young men—Mr. Calvert and his two companions of last night—to introduce them to me, and we had our bouillon together. They are all very respectable, I think, though young men all look so much alike to

me nowadays that I should feel safer if I knew who their families are.

This evening there was a deck dance, at which everyone appeared in full evening dress. I was glad to see that Sibyl's was not so extreme as I had feared a Chicago creation might prove—it was a rather bright pink but nothing like that hideous *cérise* I dreaded, and well-fitting though simple. The dancing was worse if anything than in the morning, and there was more of it, but I was surprised to find I was more worried lest Sibyl should not have a supply of partners than that she should dance unbecomingly. However, her three friends of this morning kept her on the floor all the time, and I must say I enjoyed seeing her so much in demand, especially as I hope for a certain safety in numbers. She certainly has outgrown her hoydenish ways, and now gives one the pleasing impression of a demure little person who is temporarily repressing a great deal of fun and vivacity. I think she will make a very satisfactory traveling companion—if I can only succeed in bringing her back as heartwhole as she started!

June 23rd.—This being the Sabbath day one might have thought dancing would be dispensed with, but it was not. I am only thankful that Sibyl slept so late that she did not appear on deck until after it was over. Mr. Calvert stopped to speak to me as I sat in my chair, and I hope my face expressed my disapproval. At any rate he said:

“Good morning, Miss Tucker! This isn't exactly the way we keep the Sabbath in Boston, is it?”

“No indeed,” I replied, very sweetly. “I am glad my niece is not here to even see such proceedings.”

“How is Miss Grey this morning? I hope we didn't tire her out last night—kept her dancing most of the time, I'm afraid.”

“Oh, she enjoyed it, I'm sure. She says she has formed a habit of sleeping late of a Sunday at college, and wouldn't feel it was a day of rest if she breakfasted before eleven.” He laughed at that, and then said:

“By the way, Miss Tucker, you live in Boston, don't you? I wonder if you happen to know my uncle, Mr. Tremont Holworthy?”

Know the Tremont Holworthys of Mt. Vernon Street! I should think I did. Our families have been intimate for generations, and two of our ancestors came over on the Mayflower

together! I thought Mr. Calvert was an unusually nice-looking young man, and now I feel sure of it. We talked about our families and connections until Sibyl appeared, and soon the young people set off for a promenade which lasted the rest of the forenoon. It seems that Mr. Calvert's mother was the youngest of the Holworthy sisters, the oldest of whom used to attend Miss Seymour's school when I did, and married one of the Baltimore Calverts, so his antecedents are all that could be desired. I am glad of this, as Sibyl has been with him almost constantly this afternoon and this evening, playing shuffle-board or deck quoits with a group of young people, or lying in some deck chairs and conversing, and if there must be an affair of any sort I should feel less anxious if I knew that the young man's forbears were desirable. Mrs. Sidney set my mind at rest on one point this afternoon.

"Your pretty little niece has made quite an impression on that young Calvert, hasn't she! He is at our table, and he seemed such a charming fellow I was sure you wouldn't mind if I introduced him to her." I am relieved, I must confess, though I might have known, I suppose, that no daughter of Sibyl's mother could have become acquainted with a man in any other way even if she does come from the West.

June 24th.—The dancing went on as usual this morning, and I could not find it in my heart to forbid Sibyl's joining it. But I was quite shocked to see that she danced exclusively with Mr. Calvert, and all day long they have been roaming about the ship together, except for an hour or two right after lunch when she insisted on writing letters, to his evident disappointment. I am really quite worried about it. What will her mother and father say if we have to send word as soon as we land that their precious daughter is engaged? I am sure they will hold me responsible, yet I cannot see how to prevent it. I have often read that if a girl is told to give up a man she invariably decides she cannot—or will not, and the effect is the same.

This evening most of the young people collected in a corner of the deck and sang various songs—mostly rag-time I am sorry to say, but a few old favorites too—with an accompaniment of a guitar and one or two mandolins. A few of them had remarkably good voices, and the ensemble—girls in light dresses (for the weather has been almost uncomfortably warm for the last two or three days), young men in white flannels, sentimental

music, moonlight on the water—was all that could be desired in a romantic way. But I fear for the effect on Sibyl.

June 25th.—Again Sibyl danced exclusively with Mr. Calvert, and I even heard him call her by her first name, which in my youth used to betoken an advanced friendship at least. I wish I knew what to do! I do not like to distrust Sibyl's ability to look out for herself in such matters, yet I feel very uncomfortable about it. Still, I suppose she will marry sooner or later, and she certainly could make no better connection than one with the Tremont Holworthys through the Calverts of Baltimore. Perhaps it is an opportunity which Providence has thrown in our way, and I ought to encourage rather than discourage it. However, matters seem to be progressing rapidly without any consideration of my wishes, favorable or otherwise.

This afternoon were held the races and contests of various sorts, without which no voyage is complete. As a rule I do not share in the excitement this occasion creates among other passengers, but to-day Sibyl took part in all the girls' contests without discrimination. I must say it seems a trifle conspicuous for anyone of her age to scramble along the deck after a row of potatoes in what must have been an uncomfortably scant skirt, and to stagger about blindfolded in an attempt to chalk the right spot in the outline of a pig, and it certainly is a little indelicate for girls of eighteen or twenty to run a race with their ankles bound together—the "three-legged race," I think it was called. It may be well enough for boys and young men, but I do not like to see young ladies of gentle birth and breeding indulging in such pastimes, especially before an assembly such as one finds on shipboard. The "thread and needle race" was more to my liking, though Mr. Calvert found it necessary to steady Sibyl's hand by holding her wrist as he threaded the needle. The "egg and spoon race" was the only one in which she came out victorious, for all her attempts, and she won that quite easily because all her opponents dropped their eggs in their nervousness—a shameful waste, and one which I think the ship's authorities ought not to countenance.

In the evening there was an entertainment in the dining saloon—not very good, and the room soon became very stuffy and uncomfortable. There was the usual assortment of amateur "readings" and songs, and as a prolongation of the agony a chorus composed of some of the waiters and stewards who had

misdirected musical ambitions. I attended mainly because Sibyl was one of the young ladies selected to sell tickets—the proceeds to go to the Sailors' Home—and she insisted upon my going. She herself slipped out with Mr. Calvert before it was half over for “a breath of fresh air,” and has not yet returned, although it is eleven o'clock. I can't help wondering—but no, even in this rapid day and generation young people could not commit themselves after so short an acquaintance! I am not sure, though, the more I think of it, that it would not be a good thing. He is unquestionably a splendid fellow, he has just graduated from Harvard, and then he is a Holworthy and a Calvert—a much safer stock than some new Chicago family. In fact, I almost hope they will come to some sort of an understanding to-night—it is their last chance as he lands at Dover to-morrow. But I don't know what her mother will say—

June 26th.—I will set it down in chronological order, just as it came to me—a surprise I must confess. We have run along the southwest of England all day, and I find it as beautiful as ever. Sibyl was as much impressed with it as I could wish, and has spent most of the day snapping pictures as we draw near enough to various promontories. Mr. Calvert has quite a large and business-like kodak which he focuses first on the shore, then on Sibyl, then on one or another of the young people as they pass by, then on Sibyl again. I think he has taken her from every possible angle in every pose, and I could not help looking on it as a hopeful sign, though they did not have the air of a newly engaged couple, certainly.

We put into Dover at about four this afternoon, with the usual bustle and turmoil. Mr. Calvert did not leave the ship until the last possible instant, and indeed I began to be afraid he would be carried off to Antwerp with us, so long was his leave-taking.

“I certainly hope those pictures will turn out well,” he said, as he shook hands with Sibyl for the second time. “You'll send me some of yours, won't you? And”—laughingly—“I'll send all mine to old Bob.”

“Yes, do!” she replied, looking up into his face with dancing eyes—she did not seem to be heart-broken at the parting, certainly! “He'll be so glad to have some of the porpoises, and the first mate, and the deck steward, and Miss Talbot, and the Duncan girls, and Mr.—”

"Oh well, I may leave out a few, of course. But he'd be happy with just a view of the water you'd sailed over you know. And as for that one of you upon the bridge with the captain—"

"Sibyl Gray, do you mean to tell me—" I interrupted, at this disclosure, but was myself cut short by shouts from the gangplank, which caused Mr. Calvert to pick up his suit-case and shake hands with Sibyl for the third time—also with me.

"Good-by, Miss Tucker! I hope I shall see you in Boston some time. Good-by Sibyl! Give my best to Bob and tell him he's a lucky fellow,—and he can have me for best man!" They both laughed, and he dashed across the gangplank amid very reprehensible exclamations from the officers in charge. The engines began to churn and we backed slowly away from the dock. When we could no longer discern Mr. Calvert's waving hat I turned to my niece to verify the only too apparent truth.

"Who is this Bob?"

"Why, it's Robert Jenks, a Chicago man, a great friend of Jack Calvert's at college, you know," Sibyl hesitated and grew quite pink. "He's—well—I guess—that is—I'm engaged to him. But it's a *dead secret*!"

Robert Jenks of Chicago instead of John Holworthy Calvert of Baltimore! But at any rate I am not responsible for it.

SKETCHES

THE SERE, THE YELLOW LEAF

DOROTHY HOMAMS

I think the four best things in the world are friends, books, plays and walks. If friends are afar, if the library shelves are bare of books and if the playhouse does not offer such entertainment as warrants "the play's the thing," I may always take a walk.

Always, I say, and yet, while you may walk in any season, there is one time of all others that is best for walking, the autumn. In the spring it is of small use to walk. Every meadow, every flower-starred hedge puts you out of step, and once you halt you are lost. You will spend hours in one place looking for arbutus or you will go wandering through the woods peering eagerly ahead until you see a splash of flame, pink against black, bare branches and smell the honey-sweet smell that heralds the wild azalea. Spring is no time to take a walk. Summer will do at a pinch. But then there are other pleasures to lure you away from walking; swimming, canoeing and driving, for instance. In the winter you do not walk, you struggle. You battle with the belligerent winds; you push against the snow and step carefully along the ice. This is good fun, but it is not walking. Autumn is the time for a walk. It is then that the air is bracingly cool and the color of the fields a joy to the soul.

There is a road going out to Easthampton that one should take on one of those days in the fall when the wind drives gray clouds across the sky and every little while comes a spatter of cold, swift rain. On just such a day as this I explored the road. It was near dusk and the sky was growing a deeper, smoky gray. Though the rain still fell at intervals, a few

streaks of yellow and silver were in the west. The wind brought the smell of wet earth and the heavy, sharp-sweet odor of apples bruised and broken by the gale of the night before. As I walked along, there were no sounds except the wind racing through the trees and an occasional shot from the most despicable of mankind—a squirrel hunter. A few moments later, one came jauntily out of the woods and went swinging off down the road, quite unashamed. A gun was on his shoulder and hanging out of the capacious pocket of his leather hunting jacket were three fluffy, gray-brown tails, mute and pathetic witnesses of his guilt. I wished with all my heart that the hunter might be a squirrel for five minutes and that I might have a gun and know how to use it. There is some reason in hunting lions, but I cannot imagine how anyone has the heart to track down and kill those little bunches of furry quicksilver! Down in a gully by the side of the road was a gloomy coppice of trees with gnome-like, uncanny branches, the kind you see in W. Heath Robinson's drawings. Ahead of me rose a hill dark and steep. On the top, trees stood out against the bronze slashes in the sky.

“Were they pines among the branches?
Or a giant's ugly shoulders?”

* * * * *

We were only simple seamen,
So, of course, we couldn't know.”

Although I am not a seaman, friends have informed me I am simple. And I confess outright I was not certain about those trees. If it was not a giant standing in the sunset, it was a black bear crouching down, his head between his paws, all ready for his winter's sleep. It was then I decided to start back to Northampton. And I did quite hurriedly.

One day when the sky was clear and bright as, if there were such a thing, turquoise-blue wine and the air was warm and still, I started to walk out to the Pine Grove schoolhouse. The road stretched away into a haze of golden dust, a gray-shingled ice-house stood back from the highway in a grove of birch trees, the pool near the place reflected the blue sky and the yellow and scarlet maples that grew near the edge. The colors in the pond made a pattern worthy of a carpet for Scherazade to sit upon as she told her thousand and one tales. Then I reached the woods. Chestnut trees with their long, slender, golden leaves stood along the road, now and then a burr fell

with a loud crash in the sun-lit silence and far away came the sound of wood-cutters. Here a clump of sumac burned magenta and emerald, there a red maple glowed like a magic tree whose leaves would turn into rubies if you rubbed your wishing ring diligently enough. A team of oxen with blue wooden yokes rumbled by me on their way home. The air grew cooler. The golden haze changed to orange. Long blue shadows crept across the fields and down the road. The hills and trees took on a quaint stiffness of outline like scenery in a toy theatre. It was getting near supper-time, so I turned back. I could see down into the valley. The dim-colored corn-fields were strewn here and there with pumpkins, the Range was a purple-bronze in the sunset and a large orange moon peered over the mountain.

As I reached Northampton there were lights in the houses. The evening silence lay over the streets. From an open window came the sound of some one playing with the splashy touch of a performer in the "movies,"

"This is the Life."

Some girls hurried by on their way home from Allen Field. I felt suddenly hungry. For it is all very well to live on scenery for a while but one needs other things as well to support life. For instance,—soup.

LOG CABINS

HORTENSE LOCKWOOD OLIVER

Mute monuments to labors past they stand,
 Those dwellings of an earlier, sterner day,
 When man first came to claim this rugged land,
 And through a pathless forest fought his way.
 Forgotten by the hands that hewed the logs,
 Nor heeded by the children sheltered there,
 Forsaken for a more pretentious home,
 With prosperous seasons, fortune fav'ring, fair.

And now, amid wide fields of ripening grain,
 Plowed furrows, and broad, rolling pastures green,
 Beside great barns piled full of fragrant hay,
 And modern homes of newer, statlier mien,
 They linger there beneath the sheltring pines,
 Unchanged alike by sun or storm they seem;
 Rude mile-stones of a nation's progress proud,
 They cause us to look back a day—and dream!

IN DEFENSE OF THE MYSTERIOUS

MARY DUNCOMBE

I have lived these twenty years, and I have read Ruskin—therefore I say, let us all join hands and bless our lucky stars for mystery. I am convinced that it is mystery that makes the world go 'round and that without it our poor souls would shrivel up and blow away out of sight.

I will admit that to this day and age mystery is an arch enemy. Nineteen-fourteen is positively annoyed because it cannot settle all its doubts on all subjects—it just detests such words as “why” and “whence” and “how” and loves to say “hence” and “therefore” and “Q. E. D.”

This great failing has, I am sorry to state, been common, in varying degrees, to all ages. First the green-cheese hypothesis concerning the moon was advanced—there was an element of mystery in that; but to-day scientists have denounced the moon as a desert waste, they have divided the vast expanse of void off into sections, they have named, catalogued and filed away in pigeon-holes those sections for future reference. Nobody longs for the moon nowadays, nobody wants it, there is nothing mysterious about it!

Still as I look about me I am consoled by the discovery of a few mysteries. Under the bed is a mystery, or at least my little brother used to consider it as such when at seven-thirty sharp every evening he would take a flying leap from the middle of the floor to the middle of the bed. But how he did enjoy it; and when nurse tried to prove conclusively to him that that dread region beneath the mattress was inhabited solely by one pair of shoes and one hat box, did he want to believe her? No, he was trying to keep a firm grip upon mystery.

To-morrow is a fine, delicious mystery. No one, not even Thomas Edison himself, knows one single, blessed thing about to-morrow. To-morrow baffles the most cock-sure fatalist. To-day is dull and humdrum and drab. Here I sit, listening to the clock, the large, tin, ninety-eight-cent clock, tick off the minutes. While to-morrow at this time, who knows what I will be engaged in? I might be up in an airship. You never can tell.

So, dear Mr. Scientist, I pray you not to solve too many mysteries. Leave a few alluring little extra ones to cheer us on our way. I will be so bold as to warn you that if you advance too far and too deep into the land of the unknown you may come out on the other side into the realm of yawns; and the realm of yawns is a deadly place—it is full of ennui and dullness and certainty. Allow us, I beg, to hold fast to such poetic gems as :

“Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I *wonder* where you are,”

and allow us one or two never, never-to-be-solved mysteries.

HALLOWEEN

NELL BATTLE LEWIS

Under the moon, under the moon !
See the dance of the goblin-folk
In the fairy ring 'neath the charmed oak.
The far-off stars are silver, cold ;
The old oak's leaves flame red and gold.
Ah ! All-Hallows will break too soon !
On the dry turf swift steps and light ;
Brown elves dance through the 'witching night
Under the moon !

Sudden shadows across the sky—
A witch is riding along the wind
With her long cloak streaming black behind
And a bat flies by.

A pixie swings on a blade of grass,
Sly Puck is drinking his bowl of cream,
And an elf slides down to the silent earth
On a thin moonbeam.

Under the moon, under the moon !
The gay, swift dance of the fairy-folk
In the charmed ring, 'neath the fairy oak.
The wind is playing a light dance-tune ;
Elf and pixie and ghoul and sprite
Dance in the spell of the 'witching night
Under the moon !

JACK AND JILL

ANNIE PRESTON BRIDGERS

No, they aren't the ones that went to fetch a pail of water. Jill is far too dignified to tumble and Jack couldn't break her crown if she tried, she's too hard-headed. Yes, they're both feminine, and they have their lodging place in the psychological apparatus of my humble brain, instincts, Mr. Pillsbury would call them. They keep me in a turmoil for they are constantly disputing about what I should do and I never know beforehand which one is going to come out victorious. They make me seem very contradictory—but I'm a woman, you see.

Jill is a direct descendant of my great-grandmother, Prudence Ruffin, and says she should have been named Prudence instead of Jill.

"Why, my dear, Jill is such an undignified, such an ignominious—" she holds up her hands and fairly sputters with indignation.

"Oh, Jill, haven't you *any* sense of humor?" says Jack. You see, Jack isn't descended from anybody. She just grew.

Jack and Jill are close companions but they are troublesome sometimes. Each one wants to look after me in her own special way and the special ways conflict. Jill should have been named Prudence, remember, and Jack is both a Feminist and a Fickle Little Foolish.

I must confess that Jill is awfully old-fashioned and she mortifies Jack half to death with the clothes she wears. She dresses exactly the way Prudence would have dressed and says Modesty is, or should be, the chief virtue of Woman. She looks like a perfect little dear with her hoop skirt and little ruffled pantaloons and her side curls—oh, not spit curls but curls that bob. Even Jack turns up her nose at spit curls, although she adores clinging skirts and tango teas. Jack wears ruffles, too, but they are around the top of her skirt, not around her ankles. She and Jill are always having disputes but they remain polite for Jill is well-bred and Jack has a sense of humor.

"Jack, dear, the woman's place is in the home," says Jill.

"Jill, you dear old-fashioned thing"—and then with oratorical effect—"woman's vote is necessary for the moral good of the country. When I get the vote I'll show the men a thing or two!"

"Oh! Jack! I am shocked to hear you speak so of our dear defenders. We should use our influence to persuade the men to vote for the right thing."

"But s'pose you haven't a man?" Jill blushes and remains silent.

But Jill isn't always defeated. She had a beautiful time at the masquerade ball last week. I was in Boston, a stranger to almost everybody at the dance, but I went dressed exactly like five other girls there who were not strangers. Jack clapped her hands and danced a funny little step when she heard about it, but Jill looked uneasy and extremely dignified.

"Be careful, dear, remember you don't know who these men are," said Jill. Jack almost pushed my elbow out of joint saying:

"Flirt, flirt, flirt!"

And then a handsome unknown youth danced off with me, bestowing a meaning pressure on my hand and saying:

"Hello, Peg, how's my girl to-night?"

Jack and I had succeeded only half-way in returning the pressure when Jill almost fainted and whispered that I was disgracing her. So I halted the pressure half-way and said in tones worthy of Jill in her most dignified moment:

"I beg your pardon, but I'm not Peg."

I never have quite forgiven Jill for that—she was entirely too prim for a masquerade ball. (Don't tell her, but Jack and I got in several little flirts when she wasn't looking.)

Don't misunderstand me and think that I love Jack better than I do Jill. You see when my mood is gay Jack is more congenial, when my mood is serious Jill is the one I love the better. Jill is very serious minded; Jack is fickle. Jill is always courteous and kind; Jack is careless in her manners and sometimes she is too calculating to be really kind. Jill weeps at Jack's misdeeds and then Jack throws her arms around Jill's neck and says:

"You precious little out-of-date thing—if that's the way you feel about it, I'll stop."

Then both of them laugh. Jill even condescends at times to

giggle. Jack often indulges in that undignified form of mirth.

Jack and Jill have very serious disputes over every dress I buy. That dear little grandmother-like Jill says :

"Girls should be modest, dear, and simple in their tastes. That lovely little white dress is the one you should buy."

And then that saucy Jack bobs up and says :

"Why, ridiculous! Nobody wears simple white dresses to dances these days. That green and gold dress that *fits* is the one that will set off your figure and coloring to perfection."

The green dress is ordered immediately. Jill peeps at the slit in the skirt and covers her shocked eyes with her hands. On the way home she whispers :

"Well, 'he' would have liked the white one better."

I turn on Jack with one word :

"Traitor!"

She giggles.

"Well, all the rest of them will like the green."

Jack doesn't like "him"—she's too big a flirt. I turn back to buy the white dress, telling her she will have to devise a means of paying for it. She says :

"Oh, just write mother a pitiful letter."

But Jill replies in her gentle, reproving way :

"Mother would deny herself to give you the dress. I think you'd better not buy the white."

So I put on the green and go to the dance where I shock and hurt poor Jill by being indifferent to "him" and frivolous with everybody else. And I go home angry with Jack because "he" has been nice to another girl and I throw the green dress on the floor. Jill weeps herself to sleep. That horrid Jack says :

"Well, you showed him how popular you could be without his help. Aren't you glad?"

What is one to do? I never know which is going to make me accept her decision and sometimes I accept both. Do you wonder at my contradictoriness? But I am a woman, you see.

THE HILLS

MARIE EMILIE GILCHRIST

They beckon in the distance in their haze of misty green—
The hills, the hills are calling me,
They lure me with their sorcery,
Across the many leagues that lie between.

I know that in the mosses on their rocky, tree-crowned slopes,
The tender young arbutus vine
Is carpeting some woodland shrine,
Where Lady Slipper to the sunlight gropes.

And in the meadows at their foot amid the short, sweet grass,
Are violets all wee and white,
Whose fragrance is a dear delight
To make me pause and worship ere I pass.

I want to watch some morning where the stealthy river mist
Creeps up the greening hillside there
To vanish into golden air—
Touched by the radiant sun-chemist.

Oh, questing heart, unresting heart, we'll leave the narrow street,
And pilgrim-wise will take our way
Unto the hills where we can pray,
And lay our weary burdens at their feet.

ON PRESENTING A BOOK

ELLEN VERONICA MCLAUGHLIN

'Twas a dreary day and a long, hard road
I had to travel. I was all alone
And dreary as the day my spirits were.
I met a cheerful traveller who sang
And whistled his gay tunes, a genial sort.
He made the day more sunny and the road less hard,
And when the crossroads came in sight at eve
I called him friend. I wish you, too,
Could know him, so I'm sending him
To pass a night or two beneath your roof,
First for my friendship's sake and then for his.

TYRANTS

GRACE ANGELA RICHMOND

Youth is an age of tyrants ; and when we begin to perceive that our tyrants are in reality our abject slaves, we have begun to grow up.

Our youth was ruled by two tyrants who exercised over us a power far more severe than the gentle paternal despotism. Polly was the first. It was she who brought us bread and milk and baked apples and in times of great serenity and almost superhuman virtue awarded the meed of sponge cake ; but it was she who made us eat the crusts, too conscientious to sweeten them with the assurance that they would make our hair curl. It was she who put us relentlessly to bed at half-past seven when Mother was away and silenced the long, wailing chants by means of which our souls were wont to commune in the night watches. Then too Polly had that most irritating habit, common to her kind, of answering with the most inane of rhymes our earnest requests for "a story, Polly, just one, *please*." Inevitably her reply was :

"I'll tell you a story
Of Jack o' my Dorie,
And now my story's begun ;
I'll tell you another
About his brother,
And now my story is done."

But even Polly's sway was mild in comparison with that of Mary Neal. Mary was the farmer's daughter. She was two years older than we and her chief characteristic was a will, stern, indomitable, such a will, in fine, as Napoleon must have possessed. Our first experience with that will was our first experience with Mary. We were playing, placidly enough, in the sandpile and we had erected there a mighty castle, a towering edifice, turret-crowned and nobly battlemented. We were surveying it with just pride when Mary came by, nose haughtily in air, on her way to feed the pigs. "H-m-m," said she, "that's not the way to build a castle." And thereupon she jumped into the middle of it, tore it to pieces and proceeded to

rebuild, an air of insufferable condescension playing across her snubby countenance. From that moment we were her abject slaves. Did we venture to assert ourselves unduly, Mary had merely to say firmly, "I won't play," and instantly we yielded.

But even Mary's proud rule was destined to end. She exercised her power once two often and I, wildly indignant, smote her upon the nose. Even then, in the midst of her downfall, she strove to maintain "her rights." "I won't play," she shrieked, clutching the offended organ. But we had discovered that Mary was vulnerable. No longer could she terrorize. "We don't care," we replied coolly and walked away. The days of Mary's tyranny were over.

DUST

BLANCHE FOSTER

I watch you settle on my books,
 You look so soft and light and gray;
 But when I touch you with my hand,
 Impalpable, you fly away.

You are the apple-blossoms sweet
 And all the buds of leafy June,
 The roses and the daffodils,
 Which bloomed and left us much too soon.

You own the walls and pinnacles
 Of cities founded long ago,
 Their treasures wrought with master-skill
 Of which the world will never know;

Their princes and their palaquins,
 And gowns which made their queens seem proud,
 All beauty pleasing to the eye,
 Which had been wrapped up in a shroud.

And soon you'll be these very books,
 A mystery to understand,
 And in a little while, I know,
 You'll lay your claim upon my hand.

ABOUT COLLEGE

VOCATIONAL TRAINING IN COLLEGE

ANNIE PRESTON BRIDGERS

You were taken on the *Weekly* board as a news editor. At first your appreciation of the honor submerged all consideration of the responsibility attached to the office, but at the end of the week you were told by the editor :

"Write up Mr. Noyes's lecture this afternoon. There's a typewriter in the *Weekly* room."

"But I can't—" she was gone and it did no good to inform the birdies that you could not use a typewriter. You were only a sophomore, you had not learned that one never said "can't" at Smith. When the lecture was over you carried your notes to the *Weekly* room. You picked out the words of the lecture with laborious pains and many mistakes. It took you forty minutes. The next day you returned to the *Weekly* room and retyped the lecture, realizing for the first time the significance of the lines,

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

At the end of the year, however, you could use a typewriter with ease and celerity.

You were told to write a criticism for the *Weekly* of "The Little Town of Bethlehem."

"But I don't—yes, I'll try." You spent the afternoon in the library reading somebody's "Principles of Dramatic Criticism." The following year you took two courses bearing on the drama. Now your dramatic criticisms *you*, at least, compare favorably with those in the *Boston Globe*.

You signed up to teach at the People's Institute. You said you could teach American history, English literature, mathe-

matics and French. You were still a sophomore, which explains your bold assurance. You were assigned to a class in grammar. Now that you are a senior you can confess with impunity that you had never studied English grammar, but being a sophomore you smiled a wise smile and bought a grammar. You learned a great deal more about the subject than your class did. You also learned to point your explanations of English parts of speech with illustrations which would convey their meaning to masculine Polish minds. For an hour one night you tried to explain the active and passive voices, but at the end of the hour the words acting and acted upon still remained as deeply shrouded in mystery to Polish comprehension as the political intrigues of the last democratic campaign. The next night you had a brilliant idea.

"If one man let another beat him up in a fight, the one who licked would be acting, the one who got licked would be acted upon." Slang was more effective than the dictionary, you found; their faces fairly beamed with the satisfaction of understanding, and you passed on to the inflection of adjectives.

The following year you gave tutoring lessons in English history. After teaching one voluble maiden that an intelligent outline was a thing more to be desired than the latest gist; after instilling a thirst for the knowledge of English history into the mind of a love-sick girl with dreamy eyes; and after discovering for yourself that the ability to teach was dependent not alone on a clear comprehension of facts, but even more on an earnest enthusiasm for one's work, you felt that you could offer yourself as a teacher not entirely lacking in experience.

The beginning of junior year it fell your lot to be chairman of costumes committee for Division A. When elected you had visions of going to Springfield with a fat pocketbook of Division A money to order silk and velvet from a gorgeous array at the costumer's. You remained in Northampton, however, to sew on cheesecloth and cambric. Division A was financially destitute and there were five dollars with which to get twelve costumes. You begged, borrowed, and sewed: from behind the footlights the costumes were effective if not gorgeous. You had made four of those costumes yourself and you felt duly proud, for you had never before used a needle except to embroider and to darn.

By senior year you had learned to keep your wits about you

when managing several things at once. For instance, one week you were reading plays for a division play committee, writing a paper for Math. Club, painting your furniture white, writing and managing a house play, having a dress made for the next Amherst dance, and entertaining a member of your family. With paint on your dress, math. on your mind, a social smile on your face, and Bernard Shaw in your arms you hurried from Plymouth Inn to the libe, from Morris House to Boyden's. Your family wondered when you ever studied and your roommate wondered when you were going to listen to her love affair.

By senior year you felt willing to attempt anything from teaching basket ball to the raw recruits, to managing the production of an Alpha play. Gradually you had learned the possibilities of "I'll try" and had discarded the word "can't" as unworthy of your college training. College had taught you that confidence and ingenuity spelled success. When you received your diploma in June you felt that you could offer along with your degree a practical training in adaptability and self-reliance which would mean much in conforming with the world's demand for efficiency.

THE LOVELY, LABORIOUS LIBE

NELL BATTLE LEWIS

There 's a rustle and a hustle and a nervous sort of bustle
In the air,
And a clatter and a patter and a low and whispered chatter
Everywhere.
Sally 's walking up and down, up and down, up and down.
Sally's walking up and down,
What can she be seeking?
Why that very worried frown?
Now there 's Hattie peeking
In the door, Jane turns to eye her,
Hattie swoops upon Maria,
Just a word, then both arise,
Wink at Genevieve, look wise,
Exeunt with heads together.
Peg and Ellen wonder whether
It 's a "bond" or some such tether.
Sue spies Ruth and flies to beg her
To tell who went in Omega.

Frances turns one hundred leaves
 Of her history book,
 Helen—oh ! the greasy grind—
 Gives her just one look.
 May emits a little titter,—
 Helen's cutting glance is bitter—
 Lizzie enters with a swoop,
 Soon a most excited group
 Circles Lizzie.
 Is a quiz the
 Subject of this agitation ?
 This decided perturbation
 Means a gist
 Liz has missed.
 Beulah is a nervous girl
 With a nervous wiggle,
 Lula is a silly girl with a silly giggle.
 They are trying to combine
 On their English twenty-nine.
 Charlotte enters with a dash,
 —Ah so hasty—
 Then a sudden awful crash,
 Who has placed the
 Obstacle in Charlotte's way ?
 That, my dear, we cannot say,
 But eleven books or more
 Tumble gently to the floor.
 Something doing always new
 In this charming rendezvous.

WHEN A FRESHMAN DROWSES

HELEN CLAIRE COWGILL

The timorous freshman heard a hollow cough at the foot of her bed. She shaded her eyes to see who was there. Two solemn persons gazed back at her.

"I am Mr. Log, and this is my aunt," came in sepulchral tones from the taller of the two shades.

"Oh yes, Antilog," murmured the timorous freshman. "I think we have been introduced before. But are you not generally a trio?"

"We are a trio now," said Mr. Log. "Up, Deccy," and he assisted a frolicsome and rotund little Decimal Point to a seat on his shoulder. Decimal Point promptly stuck out his tongue at her.

"I guess you're not very fond of our little clique," he said pertly. "If you knew what fun we have teasing you. It is the best sport imaginable."

Whereupon they all laughed boisterously, and just as the timorous freshman was devoutly wishing them gone, they disappeared through the ceiling.

"Good evening," said a strange voice at the side of the bed.

His hostess turned to inspect the newly arrived visitor, her heart beating a rapid tattoo against her ribs.

"Recognize me?" asked the voice. It belonged to a bewhiskered, beaproned gentleman seated on a stool, a knife in his hand and a pan in his lap.

"You look like Louis Sixteenth. We were reading about you this morning in French history."

"I am he," said the voice. "One of your facetious American authors has said that I would have made a good potato peeler if I had n't happened to be king, so I thought I'd give it a trial." He selected a large potato and began paring it rapidly. "I am having capital success," he added, thoroughly pleased with his achievement.

"Yes," agreed the timorous freshman, "talent and technique combine—"

But potato peeler and potatoes had vanished. In their place stood a woman, and a kitten was purring against her gown.

"What in the world," thought the timorous freshman. "A woman and a cat."

"We are friends of yours in poetics," said the lady animatedly. "This is Cat Alexis," she said, stroking him affectionately.

"Oh, of course," responded the freshman. "Alexis is quite a Russian name for him, is n't it? But Catalexis sounds very imposing indeed. And who are you, may I ask?"

She opened her card-case and with a mocking bow handed her a card.

"Miss Anna Creusis," read the timorous freshman. "Why, Anacreusis! Strange I did n't know you instantly."

At this point a small goblin limped across the rail of the bed. One foot dragged behind him.

"Poor little Wrenched Accent," mewed Catalexis as they all melted into thin air.

"This procession is getting exciting," said the timorous freshman sitting bolt upright. Sweet strains of music were heard,

coming nearer and nearer. An antiquated musical instrument entered the room and propped itself up in a corner.

"My Lesbian lyre," quoted the freshman delightedly. "I surmise that we are now to have a visitation from the Latin department."

In danced a beautiful girl, and gave into the freshman's hands a bottle of wine.

"Come and quaff cheap Sabine with me," she said smilingly. Her smile was a bit too expansive.

"Hurry up," she babbled. "Where do you keep your cork-screws?"

"Do you always grin like that?" asked the freshman irrelevantly.

"Certainly," said her guest. "I can't step out of the picture."

"Hooray! You are Lalage — 'sweetly laughing, sweetly prattling Lalage.' I shall drink to you with pleasure."

As the freshman reached for a glass, the scene changed and she found herself in the gymnasium, trying desperately to do apparatus work for a critical committee of Harvard seniors lounging in the gallery.

"Window ladders next," ordered the instructor.

"Must I insinuate myself through the ladders in a general northwesterly direction?" stammered the freshman.

"Yes," replied the instructor. "Drape yourself in and out, and then serpentine down backwards."

She obeyed the command; draped herself gracefully across the rungs, and serpented and ser-pentined and ser-pen-tined and ser-pen — — —

LIGHT AND SHADE

MARGARET SYBIL MELCHER

As I walked home from the Freshman Frolic a few nights ago, and saw the fluttering white dresses of the girls stand out against the blackness of the night, the thought suddenly came to me that the sight typified the charm of college, the play of light and shade, contrast. In this throng of girls straggling homeward, their laughing voices ringing clear upon the silence of the night, were set forth the most opposing elements. There were together the brunette and the blonde, the quiet and the

vivacious, the gentle and the pushing, all individual, yet together making up the unified student body. There is never a lack of variety ; you can find a girl for every mood. Yet in such crowds you feel alone, somehow ; even though you can separate the various personalities there is a feeling that they are absolutely different from you, and that they are many, while you are one.

Again, the whole spirit of the life here is so intense that there is no place for intermediate grades of feelings ; you must perforce jump from one state of mind to the next. During class quiet reigns, all minds seemingly intent on the work in hand, but the instant the bell rings, the spell is broken, and thoughts are turned just as intently to the idea of making the next ten minutes as pleasurable as possible. In the gymnasium one needs to strain every muscle in order to get over the vaulting horses, but a few moments afterwards, crowds of girls are eating sandwiches in the perfect abandon of unhurried well-being. In chapel, the hurried entrance of the girls, who are eagerly telling their dates the latest gists, and stopping here and there to pick up lost threads of conversation with other classmates, makes the entrance of the faculty seem even more dignified. At twenty-one minutes of nine the confusion reaches its climax ; a minute later there is heard only the pealing notes of the organ.

The comfort of a crowd, and yet the exhilaration of aloneness ; the joy of working hard, and of playing hard afterwards ; the ceaseless chatter, and the silent nooks ; the frivolous froth of gossip, and the quiet depths of a friend's heart ; these are the contrasts in college that charm.

HEARD ON THE TAR WALK

SENIOR TRIALS

A shirt-waist sweet and girlish
And hair most neatly bound
Is the garb of every Senior
When her turn at White's comes 'round.

Then it's "Look a bit more pleasant,"
Or—"A smile for this one, please,
With head tilted to one side now,
You'll be very good in these."
Then again in evening splendor,
When you're really at your best,
In queer, unnatural poses
Your beauty meets its test.

"Hands more natural now. This bangle,
Do you wear it up or down?
Left foot forward. This new curtain
Is no background for a frown!"
"Look up, please! Not so soulful,
This will splendid be, I know,"
Till the Senior is quite weary
And her spirits *very* low.

The result of all this labor,
Oh 'tis awfully sad, I hear,
Mother writes, says proofs are pretty,
"But they're not like you, my dear."

ELEANOR HOLLISTER PARK 1915.

YOUR PHOTOGRAPH

There's the photograph that "flatters" you,—
The one that's "much too sad,"
The one that smiles obligingly,
The one that's "not so bad";
There's one that's "taken at your best",—
Oh, if you only knew
How much I long to have just one
That's really, truly *you*!

HELEN WHITMAN 1916.

The vulgar man is always cheerful.
THE VULGAR MAN Perhaps his gaiety is due to the fact that
AS LEIGH HUNT he always meets companionable people
WOULD DO IT wherever he is. He is often to be met
 in trains or stations. He shows you
 pictures of his wife and tells you of his mother who went West.
 When he talks he addresses you as "old man" or "dearie" as
 the case may be. In the latter instance he apologizes directly.

He wears blue serge clothes, what he terms a "swagger" hat,
 and a large seal ring of some secret organization. He likes best
 to read Myrtle Reed's books. He says they "get a man, some-
 how." His ambitions are to have a little place in the country
 sometime, and to know Christy Mathewson.

The vulgar man is the most sublime thing
AS CHESTERTON in the world. He is immense, unconquer-
WOULD DO IT able. He lives, breathes with humanity,
 suffers and is one with it. He of all others
 best knows the world. The great poet, the great philanthropist,
 the great physician are vulgar. None of these is great without
 innate vulgarity.

The vulgar man is the idealist and dreamer. He upholds
 religion. He fled from the Egyptians with Moses, he went on
 the Crusades, he suffered from the Inquisition. His meekness,
 obedience, his sympathy with the world, his glorious selfless-
 ness, make him what he is—divine and vulgar.

FRANCES SHELDON 1918.

LINDA LAUGHED

Linda laughed !
 'Twas in a crowded car,
 I saw a tired woman's face grow bright,
 A man's stern lips curved slowly to a grin,
 A sleepy baby gurgled with delight
 When Linda laughed.

Linda laughed !
 'Twas in the summer woods,
 A small bird chuckled in a near-by tree,
 I heard the mirthful ripple of the stream,
 I thought the leaflets clapped their hands in glee
 When Linda laughed.

PHYLLIS EATON 1917.

TU WHIT! TU WHOO!

An old owl sat in a green bay tree
And he said, "There's a certain monotony
To the song I sing
As I sit and swing,
Tu whit! Tu whoo!

"Though I may have a host of ideas in me,
Though my main trait's originality,
My expression's void
Of a sensible woid,
Tu whit! Tu whoo!"

But a man who was handsome, a maid who was young,
Felt the beautifullest words in the English tongue
Were those of the bird,
He had come, in a word,
To wit, to woo!

NATALIE CARPENTER 1915.

ENGLISH 16

Oh Freshmen, study hard, my dears,
In Math. you must excel,
Its influence the next three years
Certainly will tell.

For though, like you, I hated Math.,
Who would have thought I'd be
Waiting, watching "Bunnie's" path,
A triangle to see!

MARIE GRAFF 1915.

LIMERICKS INSPIRED BY THE POINTED AND PERSONAL COMMENTS OF THE GIRL ACROSS THE HALL

I don't wish to seem to complain,—
I trust that I'm not over-vain,—
But the person who said
"Is that hair on your head?"
Would better come 'round and explain.

I do wish my head had some hair,
Of course it's much tidier bare,
But this having to paint on
The hair where it ain't on
Is really a tedious affair.

MARY LOUISE RAMSDELL 1915.

THE SYMPHONY

I wander through the waving field grass,
Plucking daisies as I go ;
Buttercups and wild Sweet Williams
Ripple as the soft winds blow.

Then I pass into the forest
'Neath the red oak's kindly shade,
Where the waving pine trees scatter
Fragrance filling all the glade.

Down I sit beside a brookside,
Watch the cool, sweet waters flow,
Dancing merrily o'er the pebbles,
Pass wild roses where they go.

Then the music soft grows fainter,
Night and darkness loom so near,
Till there's silence—it's all over
And loud clapping's all I hear.

ROBERTA FRANKLIN 1916.

THE LADY OF THE FOUNTAIN

Ah, lady of the fountain,
So calm and fair to see,
Why can it be that some of us
Shun you so fearfully ?

From your slender hand there comes
A quick, spasmodic flow
Of drops that fall on all around
And spatter as they go.

Why draw we back in horror ?
Ah, can you blame us, when
They spoil our clothes, my lady dear,
You of the fountain pen ?

MILDRED SCHMOLZE 1916.

EDITORIAL

PURPOSE IN
A COLLEGE COURSE

“Is the college making good?” “Does a college education fit the student for life?” “Should the emphasis in a college course be placed on vocational training, rather than on general culture?”

Much has been said in answer to these and kindred questions—and often very badly said. Sweeping generalizations regarding the ignorance and inefficiency of college graduates have been based on the most superficial and unscientifically presented evidence imaginable. Yet in the midst of the flurry of words, beneath the flow of facile criticism there is a true cause for complaint—namely, a certain lack of purpose in many a college course.

We grant that the critics have reason to complain, but we think that they are misdirecting their criticism. They are holding the college responsible for a state of affairs which the individual student alone has the power to remedy. It is the ancient situation again, in which the horse and the water are concerned. The college leads us down to the valley where the stream of knowledge flows ceaselessly onward, but whether we drink where the water sparkles clear in the sunlight, or where it flows cool and dark beneath the willows, concerns ourselves alone. In fact, whether or not we drink at all is our own affair. At least it would seem that we like to think so, judging from the unsatisfactory nature of certain draughts forcibly administered in the shape of required science and mathematics.

If then the critics of the college would turn their attention to college students, would study them in their haunts and observe their ways, they might find out what the trouble really is.

They would find—and perhaps they would encounter them first, for this is a genus of conspicuous habits—a limited number of students with knowledge-proof minds. Of this variety was the student who was heard to complain bitterly because in one of the courses which she had elected it was not possible for her to write letters throughout the hour of recitation. To be

sure, her college course was not lacking in purpose. She evidently was aiming at becoming past master of the art of letter-writing. It is to be hoped that before she received her diploma she became "the complete letter-writer" incarnate—but we do not think she did. Her pursuit must have been subject to frequent distractions.

Though the students with such unconventional ambitions are conspicuous, they are not numerous. A much larger class is open to criticism. It is composed of the students who have fallen under the spell of the fashionable vagueness—a popular malady, fatal to all definiteness of purpose. "Oh, I don't know a thing about it—not a *thing*, my dear!" And "I'm simply petrified!" These are considered peculiarly graceful and appropriate remarks on any occasion which calls for specific information. Now many of the people who slip into this form of expression are far from being as ignorant as they affect to be. But after they have produced the remarks on a few score occasions the chances are that "vain repetition" does its deadly work, and that their state of mind becomes as vacuous as their vocabulary. Then the fashionable vagueness affects their whole mental and spiritual attitude, destroying the possibility of unity of purpose.

If, however, the critic went about his investigations with an open mind, he would discover something that might surprise him—namely, that a great many college students really know what they are about. There is a definite purpose directing the activities of thoughtful students—not, to be sure, a vocational plan, in the limited sense of the term, but one of the greatest significance with reference to vocation—the purpose of training the mind. Because the greater number of students have kept this purpose before them, the managers of vocational bureaus still look to the colleges for leaders when they wish to fill positions where even highly specialized training is not enough.

Nevertheless, if the fashionable vagueness continues in popularity, it will enter even the ranks of those who have a definite purpose. The best thing that can be done about it is to make the opposite quality popular.

Why couldn't someone set a fashion of being definite rather than vague? Could it not be made just as graceful and elegant to know what one is about as "not to have an idea—not the *slightest*, my dear"?

EDITOR'S TABLE

Is college worth while? Is the college making good? Such are the questions constantly propounded and straightway answered by those who ask them, to their own satisfaction. We do not find ourselves ready to answer these questions; but we can and shall consider them and some of the numerous assertions given as evidence of the failure of the college to "make good."

An understanding of terms is necessary. We shall endeavor to translate the journalese "make good" employed by a critic writing to the *Outlook* in order to find out what he means. From the particular article in question and from others upon the same or kindred subjects we have come to the conclusion that "making good" is succeeding materially, making a name for oneself by first making money.

In these criticisms the emphasis seems to be laid entirely upon the vocational aim, or lack of it, in the college course. The discussion of the question of college in relation to after life, found in the *Outlook*, seems to be conducted by a so-called self-made man who despises the things in life of which he knows nothing. His data for determining the value of a college education were a few hundred letters from college seniors written in reply to a request from him to state what college had done for them. The obvious inefficiency of such a method frees us from the necessity of holding it up for adverse criticism. For purposes of argument we shall grant that knowledge so obtained is significant and shall endeavor to find in the judgments which he furnishes, matter for refutation. It is interesting to note that in his attack upon the college he meets in part his own arguments. In the quotations from letters from college seniors, men and women, which he cites in support of his adverse criticism, we find material which shows that the college is "making good."

The writer expresses an hysterical objection to what he calls a "wearying occurrence of the 'broader outlook on life,' 'the molding of character,' the self-evident 'increases your knowledge'" as the result of a college course. "A number," he says, "admit that they have learned nothing of practical value but still contend that the experience was of great benefit. Many insist that 'high ideals' were instilled into them but few lay stress upon moral or spiritual broadening of character." But he does not seem to recognize a causal relation between moral and spiritual development on the one hand and high ideals on the other. Has he not received the answer to his question? We have been led to believe that the aim of the college was to broaden one's outlook and to increase knowledge of the things that may be known. If it has done this, the college must be "making good." The principal purpose of the college is to give to the world a body of men and women who will love knowledge for its own sake and whose ideals will remain lofty among the petty trials of daily living. If the graduates of a college testify to its having instilled high ideals into them, can we not hope to find in them the qualities that make men valuable to the world because they inspire?

However, we must avoid the danger of over-emphasizing the cultural value of a college education. Along this line, Lowell declared that "college should teach nothing useful." We understand him but we do not take his words literally. In our practical and much-salaried age we demand that theoretical and practical knowledge shall work shoulder to shoulder. The college recognizes the necessity of this team-work. The college-trained worker has been taught that there is no royal road to success by any one kind of training. "This must thou do and not leave the other undone" is a formula for larger success. Success cannot be measured entirely by material standards. Material success is desirable; but what is more pathetic than the man who has amassed money and knows not how to spend it?

Let us consider what the above-mentioned writer to the *Outlook* says of a college education for women in particular. Does the training that a girl gets in college prepare her for the duties of a normal life? The writer quotes from the results of an investigation among college-bred women who had been out of college from three to twenty years. As overwhelming proof of the failure of the college to prepare women for life he points

out that seventy per cent. of the women questioned expressed dissatisfaction with a college education as a preparation for their work as wives and mothers; they said that they had not been taught to wash a new-born baby or to cook a meal. But they add that college benefited them physically, culturally, socially and helped them much in mental training. The recorder of this information dismisses it carelessly, with a metaphorical wave of the hand, as unimportant. Has the strength and physical well-being of a woman and the patience and understanding acquired by mental training, any relation to her life as a wife, a mother and the mistress of a home? We believe that it has. Is it unpractical to be cultured enough to instil the love of knowledge and truth into the next generation? Is it an extravagant use of time to be fitted to fill a place in a larger social order as well as in the individual home?

If increasing knowledge of knowledge is failure; if developing individuals' minds and bodies, teaching them patience and self-control, is unpractical; if instilling high ideals is of little importance, to what qualities shall we look for success? We have not become so practical and so slavish that we see only the cobblestones and the mud in life. It is possible to stand on the cobblestones with shoulders squared and head high, doing our work but catching gleams of the light from above.

K. B.

The best exchange we have this month is the *Vassar Miscellany*. In it is an exceptionally large proportion of very able material. One poem, "London Chimney Pots," is as liltingly musical a lyric as one often finds. "A War Prayer," it too a poem, is the best war poem we find among our exchanges, but even it falls short of the excellent "Big Things," a story of the revolt of a carefully protected small boy against authority and his disillusionment after a day of liberty with the "gang," is very well done indeed. Only the delicate touch with which "His Story" is handled saves it from being harrowing. "The Master" is a quite remarkable handling of a necessarily difficult subject, difficult too because of the Biblical language in which it is couched.

In the *Mt. Holyoke* there is a "heavy" on the subject of "Decreasing the Intellectual Death Rate" which is very timely. The idea, however, could be more logically expressed. It is

quite similar to "Looking Forward" in the *Nassau Literary Magazine*, an able arraignment of our college attitude — an arraignment, but at the same time a constructive criticism. In the *Mt. Holyoke* too there is "A Story without a Moral" which would seem, beside a moral, to lack a point. "The Toss" is a very thrilling presentation of that once familiar and keenly pertinent danger, guerilla warfare.

The *Barnard Bear* has several very good things this month. "The House on the Shifting Sands" is perhaps disappointing to minds accustomed to the unnatural, "lived-happy-ever-after" type of story, but the prevailing idea is very well sustained. "Nemesis" has the same sort of realism, which is, however, worked out to the point of being almost disgusting. Very different from it is a poem, "The Pipes of Pan," phrased in most suggestive and rhythmical words. There is a very striking description in "Deaf" of the reaction of a person born deaf when the world of sound was opened to him.

Both the *Harvard Advocate* and *Monthly* have a series of "Nocturnes" by the same author which show a quite wonderful rhythmical power, reminding us of Tagore. There are two very clever sketches in the *Advocate*, "Jump and Be Damned" and "Over the Rail," which are slight but very well done.

"Japan's Case in Kioa Chou," in the *Haverfordian*, is, while not an especially literary, a lucid presentation of a rather abstruse subject. "The Holy War," in the *University of North Carolina Magazine*, is very suggestive in the present crisis, but the moral is almost too evidently thrust upon one. "Needles and Pins," *Nassau Literary Magazine*, is a touching tale of the change wrought in a beautiful, self-sufficient girl by her woman's instinct. In the *Bema*, "Beside a Summer Sea," an unusually sweet love poem, completes the list of good things in the October magazines.

E. G.

AFTER COLLEGE

FROM THE DIARY OF LOUISE NICHOLL 1913

Written in August, 1914

ON BOARD SHIP.

This is a new world and much more wonderful than I can say—stories forever and forever! The phosphorus (or what I hope is phosphorus) in the water, and the boy calling "All's well" from his lookout after the half-hour bells go, are the things which are most unbelievable. It is a miraculous whole new world, all separate from the land and much more full of charm and mystery. The fog-horn woke me every time I slept last night. Then when they swabbed the decks at 4 A. M. I thought it was a tremendous rain-storm, and the dawn coming in the porthole was, I thought, a great, strange lamp they had lighted on deck because of the storm. Now I shall know more and I think I shall love the nights. All night they called "All's well." I wonder if they would anyway, even if all *wasn't*? — — —

After all it is raining again, even after that sunset. The captain says he *has* seen finer, but not many. Colors opening up one behind another like, perhaps, doors of Heaven. Blue sky beyond all. Pinks, opals, all colors—and the sun sinking into the sea. On the other side of the sky a rainbow, all of it, with nothing left to the imagination but the pots of gold. — — —

I have the English accent all through my system now and I want to use it terribly. My head rings with English intonations. I hate to have the trip over—every day the sea gets bluer, the waves more wonderful, the nights more starry. Thank goodness there is another trip on the ocean before I can get home. — — —

A foggy, misty, grey, rainy morning. I just saw the suggestion of the Scilly Islands after we passed them. The gulls in great flocks carried us along with them. In the dining-room they fluttered up against the portholes—one great, flying thing silhouetted against the circle of dead sea grey. Later passed Lizard Point with the glistening, white Lizard Light on it. Still later Plymouth. Rain furious. Many boats of a *different* look in the Channel. This afternoon we saw the nethermost part of the ship—the awful engines and the incredible stokers with their black faces and brawniness, working in the dark suffocation. — — —

Up at 4 A. M. to see Dover, in exquisite pastel colors glinting fairy-like in the first rays of the sun. It rained when we got into the tender at Tillbury Docks after all the customs and baggage was over. London Harbor

is so *different*. Two of our battleships were there. Crafts of all kinds. *Red sails*. As we came up the Channel and the Thames we saw green fields, cows and white flocks of sheep in vague clouds, and red-roofed cottages here and there, alone or in little crowds. From the boat train we saw English cottages, each with its neat and vivid garden. All afternoon and evening on London 'busses getting general atmosphere. Tomorrow morning, we leave to be gone a week in Oxford, Warwick, through the Lake country, and in Edinburgh, the Trossachs and Glasgow. Before lunch we drove through Hyde and Regents Parks and after lunch to Hampton Court Palace. Gardens and groves and rooms dating back to unthinkable times. We stopped at Westminster Abbey on our way out. The Poets' Corner and the wax figures of the kings and queens, and the immense vastness of it all, the dim vistas, the windows, Scott's bust in particular, and the old, old cloister places around the quadrangle! We are going to British Museum and St. Paul's in the day we have here next week before going to France. We have seen Buckingham Palace with the streets full of people waiting at the big gates to see the eight great men who were in convening with George about Home Rule, roll out in their carriages. Saw Victoria's monument and St. James and Royal Guards. Best of all, perhaps, are the 'bus rides to see London as it is in all parts. It is much more varied and alive and really beautiful than I had expected. Have seen Big Ben, of course, Parliament and St.-Martin-in-the-Field. — — —

Am writing by candlelight in the "Elizabethan House," Warwick. We left Paddington Station at 8.40 and went through poppy and wheat fields to Oxford. The first quadrangle—but somehow I cannot find any words at all for Oxford. We saw a great deal and had lunch at the Mitre Hotel, the oldest one, 1400 plus, which is a bewitching place. Oxford is in my mind forever but cannot write about it. To Warwick and this most ideal house, kept by an American woman. I have often seen pictures of it. It stays light until 9 or 9.30, and we walked through the town to the bridge over the Avon and saw Warwick Castle at a distance, big and old against the sunset. — — —

Now it is Friday morning and we are in the train for Windermere. Then by steamer to Ambleside where we spend the night. Yesterday morning we went to Kenilworth, then to Warwick Castle and in afternoon to Stratford. Kenilworth is so *old*! I cannot describe any of it, but that little room with the deep windows and the tiny dressing-room which belonged to Amy is a joy. It is a dream come true. All my frequent dreams which I used to have when I was a little girl are real here. The nightmare one is the London traffic, all shooting on the wrong sides of the street, and the 'busses never stopping long enough. The nice dream is the houses with steps winding here and there and everywhere. Stratford impressed me not at all. The incense has all been sniffed up long ago by one million or so Cook's tourists! But, aside from Stratford, how can I ever make known to anyone the charm of this England! I always knew it was like this, and still it surprises me.

The boat ride on Windermere from Lakeside to Ambleside was stunning in the wind and rain, with the craggy hills all around, to the music of snap-

ping violin strings, for the orchestra, led by a veiled lady, was dauntless. We could not have the room we wrote ahead for and had a funny and somewhat awful time getting settled. Slept finally in a regular throne room under a red canopy with a woman in the next room having some specie of nightmare. My recently acquired knowledge of historical horrors haunted me. I felt like a murdered queen. This morning on coach through the Lake country to Keswick. Now we are going to Edinburgh. — — —

It is Tuesday A. M. and we are in the train starting from Glasgow to London, and I haven't written since Saturday. We spent Saturday and Sunday nights in Edinburgh, the most beautiful city I have ever seen, coached and steamed through the Trossachs yesterday, and spent last night in Glasgow. We could have stayed in Edinburgh indefinitely. We saw only one-one-hundredth of what we should have. It is the only place from which we have come away feeling really dissatisfied with ourselves. It is a grey, old city with little alleys and closes, many spires and monuments, and the resplendent Princess Street with the Castle on high at one side, dominating things, and the Calton Hill ahead. The view from that is of the city and the blue-gray Forth going out into the distance, crossed by the bridge. We went to Queensferry where the bridge and a quaint old town are. (I am sorry to introduce the word quaint, but I am hard put to it.) Went to morning service at St. Giles, where the decorations are thistles and the old Scottish banners float on high from the pillars. I love Scotland and felt at home there. We came to it first through dreary, rainy moorland, where I could have tramped forever and found the most exquisite things. The bell-heather is all out now and the finer, real heather or *heath* will soon be out in bloom. Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond lie in the hills like blue mirrors of magic glass, and when one looks into them it is fairy happiness forever for a mortal. The shadows on the hills, the tints of the water, the splashes of heather—Oh, it is perfect and not to be described! I have always looked for just that. And no one ever told me!

Trossachs means the "bristling regions," so said the very Scotch guide who conducted our tour yesterday, for, for the first time we followed the man from Cook's for a day. It was rather fun to see how they do it and to eat dinner and tea along with the rest of the hungry herd who seemed to have collected from the oddest corners of the earth to view the bristling regions. Glasgow is just commercial and shipping—dirtyish and black and not lovely. In the hall of our hotel, though, are pictures of Burns, Scott, and the others, all with autographs and letters framed under them. Scott's monument in Edinburgh I forgot to mention—the most beautiful one I know—slender spires and beautiful lines, set among the parks. The coaching was through mountains and valleys, bays and lochs. The hills are brown and green, mottled, with purplish-blue shadows everywhere. sheep grazing, now and then a hut or house, and heather in great pink patches. The green of the hills is fine and close like moss and fits like a hunting-jacket. The whole is what I should have planned for mine ain countree, had I had the planning. Now we are going back to London and will stop at York Cathedral.

AMERICAN EXPRESS CO. OFFICE, PARIS.

Perhaps this will not reach home until I do, as the boats are being held up. Anyway I will write for it will calm me down a little. I must confess I am awfully excited. We arrived in Paris, on Saturday afternoon, and things are in bad shape. War will be declared either to-day or to-morrow, they say. We came right to the American Express Company and steamship place for money, for we have hardly a cent left, as they would not take a check in Rouen anywhere. The banks absolutely refuse them on account of the war. Everyone is in a panic. French soldiers are leaving their homes by the dozens. They came, many of them, on our train. At least we are in a good hotel where they speak English. At the steamship place they say my boat will surely go on Wednesday and that I can get to Cherbourg all right and that they will take a check for my ticket there. However, neither they nor American Express are parting with any money otherwise. I may be able to change the American money I have for French, though I doubt it. This is, of course, the strangest, weirdest thing of my life. This city would be queer enough without all this. Oh, it is all so barbarous, so brutish and unreasoning and middle-age-like—the whole of Europe taking sides for a fight! This is the time for me to keep calm and hang on, but it's very hard to do. The tremendous interestingness of it and the adventure is only a theory at present, and I wish I had some money and a man to take care of me. If I couldn't get home on that boat I should be almost desperate. But I surely can. I haven't written since last Tuesday and I would have written on the train to-day but it was so crowded we had to sit on suit-cases in the corridor. In Rouen we were in a fine old house with garden. We love the French country. It seems totally different from England. It is fair and sunny and full of poplar trees. As yet we have seen nothing of Paris. I feel now as if I truly didn't want to. If American money is of use we can get out and see something to-morrow. This whole thing is absolutely unbelievable. Someway it takes a lot of faith to see the simple, never-ending, dominant Goodness which I really believe in, in all this. I'll try to be glad of the adventure, but now I'm *not* glad.

SENIOR DRAMATICS

Applications for Senior Dramatics may be sent to Miss Florence H. Snow, General Secretary of the Alumnae Association, College Hall, Northampton. Details as to the day of the performance and the price of tickets will be given later.

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be addressed to Lilian Peters, Dickinson House, Northampton, Massachusetts.

'08. Louise Stevens Bryant received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Medical Sciences from the University of Pennsylvania, in June.

May S. Kissock is Instructor in the Department of Physical Education for Women at the University of Minnesota. Address: 1309 S. E. 7th Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

'08. New Addresses:

Elinor M. Goodridge—543 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Margaret J. King—10 Kay Street, Newport, Rhode Island.

Mrs. Charles Woodard Atwater (Polly Merriam)—36 West 93d Street, New York, N. Y.

Mrs. Warren Holmes Arnold (Ethel Page)—181 Highwood Avenue, Leonia, New Jersey.

Mrs. Harold P. Newton (Gwendolen R. Wight)—124 Milbank Avenue, Greenwich, Connecticut.

'11. Mrs. Huntington Adams (Elsie Baskin) is living in Iquique, Chile. Address: Care of White, Weld & Co., 14 Wall Street, New York City.

Florence Bartert is teaching History in the High School in Quincy, Illinois.

Mrs. Fred J. Biele (Bertha Bender). Address: 261 61st Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Florence Blodgett is studying Trained Nursing in Chicago, Illinois.

Gladys Burlingame is Librarian at Kingston, Rhode Island.

Jean Cahoon is running the Noonday Tea Room in New York, and starting work at Teachers' College for a M. A. degree.

Ola Corbin is teaching English in the Delaware Literary Institute, Franklin, New York.

Virginia Coyle is Assistant in the Hygiene Department of the Brearley School, New York.

ex'11. Ruth Guy is a Medical Student at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Maryland.

Elizabeth Macdougall is teaching Domestic Science in Mt. Vernon, New York.

ENGAGEMENTS

'11. Margery Brady to Captain William A. Mitchell, U. S. A.

Mary Camp to Ernest A. Hoston of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Julia Chapin to Lewis Jamieson of Warren, Pennsylvania.

Ethel Cox to James Bennett Lowell of Worcester, Massachusetts.

Eleanor Goddard to F. Harold Daniels of Worcester, Massachusetts.

Ruth Hawley to Harold W. Brown.

ex'11. Katharine Keeler to Dr. Arthur C. Pearman.

Kathryn Powell to Burton Richards.

'12. Katharine Bailey to Howard D. Dozier.

Lucie Barber to A. K. Barber.

Elizabeth Curtiss to Pitt Covert.

Mabel Curtiss to Dr. Roscius I. Downs.

Hilda Edwards to Talbot Faulkner Hamlin.

Elaine Foster to Harold Livingston Cross.

- '12. Elsie Frederiksen to Paul B. Williams.
 Beatrice Horne to Ralph E. Runels.
 Peg Nickerson to Edward H. Osgood.
ex'12. Margery Dohrman to Hunter L. Delatour.

MARRIAGES

- '08. Helen Barr to Edward Chauncey Smith, August 6, 1914. Address :
 2 Abbott Street, Nashua, New Hampshire.
 Bess Parker to Roland W. Mersereau, July 28, 1914. Address ; Doty,
 Washington.
- '11. Edith Angell to Harold Brown Cranshaw, October 15, 1914.
 Ruth Barnes to James C. Gorman, Jr., September 30, 1914. Address :
 The Ridge Apartments, Evanston, Illinois.
 Helen Brown to Raymond Corbin Barrows, April 11, 1914. Address :
 Stafford Springs, Connecticut.
 Annah Butler to Arthur B. Richardson, May 27, 1914. Address : 44
 Morningside Drive, New York City.
 Marion Ditman to Frederic B. Clark, October 15, 1914. Address : Bray-
 ton Street, Englewood, New Jersey.
 Helen French to George C. Graham, September 24, 1914.
 Agnes Heintz to William H. Kennedy, September 16, 1914.
 Vena Robinson to Edwin Austin Soule, June 25, 1914.
 Mary Stevens to Dr. Howard Spencer Colwell, August 29, 1914. Ad-
 dress : 231 Rawson Road, Brookline, Massachusetts.
- ex*'11. E. Amelia Riedel to Traugott William Vatterling, September 22, 1914.
 Wynnifred Wheeler to Clarence Arthur Lord of Providence, Rhode
 Island.
- '12. Ruth Baldwin to John Fulton Folinsbee, September 26, 1914. Address :
 Washington, Connecticut.
 Harriet Coddington to Wellwood Hugh Maxwell, October 10, 1914. Ad-
 dress : 539 Boulevard, Westfield, New Jersey.
 Emily Coye to Norton Ellsworth Wood, August 5, 1914.
 Margaret Doyle to Francis Ambrose Wallace, August 25, 1914. Address :
 618 Robeson Street, Fall River, Massachusetts.
 Edith Fitzgerald to Wallace E. Dibble, October 24, 1914. Address : 41
 Essex Street, Holyoke, Massachusetts.
 Mary Goodnow to Lincoln Emerson Norton, September 7, 1914.
 Helen Houghton to Raphael Johnson Shortlidge, September 2, 1914.
 Laura Lattner to Walter Cary, July 6, 1914.
 Ruth Lewin to Graham Foster, June 27, 1914.
 Helen Marcy to Oliver Cromwell Lombard, June 29, 1914.
 Lucy Robbins to William McNear Rand, September 17, 1914.
 Myrtle Seamans to George Schermerhorn Seward, June 4, 1914.

- '12. Ethel Seamans to Edward Stephen Gillette, October 3, 1914.
 Ada Simpson to Dr. Edward Hammond Risley, August 4, 1914.
 Ruth Watts to John Newman, September 5, 1914.
 Margaret Weatherston to Albert Adams Haskell, September 16, 1914.
 Ruth Wood to Harold Jasper Cadmus, June 10, 1914.
- '13. Phoebe Arbuckle to John H. Russell, July 2, 1914.
 Helen Bayles to Dr. Frank S. Child, October 22, 1914.
 Caroline Dougherty to Ernest Stewart, September 15, 1914.
 Margaret Eno to Dr. Karlton G. Percy, September 10, 1914. Address :
 259 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts.
 Eileen McMillan to Frederick Lee, September 15, 1914.
 Clara Ottman to Richard Crosby Brown, September 29, 1914.
 Edith Warner to Hamilton Patton, October 15, 1914. Address : Medford,
 Oregon.
 Rachel Whidden to Roy R. Merchant, October 3, 1914. Address : 31
 Sewall Street, West Newton, Massachusetts.

CALENDAR

- November 12-16. Series of Lectures by Laurence Binyon.
- “ 21. Chapin House Reception.
- “ 25-27. Thanksgiving Recess.
- December 5. Sophomore Reception.
- “ 9. Third Concert of Smith College Concert
 Course.
- “ 12. Division A Play.

The
Smith College
Monthly



December - 1914

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SHAKESPEARE'S TREATMENT OF HUMAN DEFORMITY

[The Helen Kate Furness Prize Essay]

MIRIAM FRINK

The study of human deformity to-day is left largely to men of science, who consider it with reference to bettering humanity. No phase of human life, however, was without interest to Shakespeare, and in the world which he created, human deformity plays a part, small, indeed, in comparison to the whole, as in real life, but still of decided importance to those whom it touches. Out of the hundreds of Shakespeare's characters, there are but three who are deformed from birth, but of these three at least two are important characters, one of them, Richard III, speaking more lines than any other character of Shake-

speare. Aside from these characters, references are frequently made to deformity, and there are a large number of incidents in which it figures.

The attitude of the average person to-day toward deformity is affected largely by science. He would have two questions in mind in considering a particular instance of deformity, namely, what caused it, and what can be done to remedy it? If the case cannot be remedied, the next thought would be, what can be done to prevent a repetition of this? With such questions as this last one eugenics is wrestling. In addition to these intellectual considerations of deformity, the average person of to-day feels pity for those afflicted with deformity. Frequently also, there is a feeling of physical repulsion for a deformed person. Occasionally there may be an element of contempt and ridicule, but this, as a rule, is not so.

Through Shakespeare's work we can get an idea at least of the average Elizabethan's attitude toward human deformity and a still better idea of Shakespeare's conception of it and of the results of his reflections on the subject.

In order to understand the attitude toward human deformity in Elizabethan times, it is necessary to consider some fundamental differences between that age and this. First, in place of scientific knowledge was ignorance of many of the best-known truths of to-day, and on top of that ignorance, a superstition, widespread among all classes. It was an age of physical hardships and as a result there was an open facing of physical facts which often seems strange and sometimes coarse to us, living in a day of so-called "refined sensibility." No representative audience of to-day could find amusement in physical deformity, and yet there are instances in Shakespeare where deformity is used for comic relief. In our time emphasis upon abnormality is considered morbid; we turn from it almost instinctively. On the stage in particular do we dislike to be confronted with unpleasant physical sights, although we have no objection to the presentation of unpleasant ideas so long as they come through the medium of people of pleasing appearance. But the Elizabethan expected and looked for an unequivocal handling of physical facts on the stage. This, as has been said, was partly the result of the life of the time, and partly the result of the classical influence upon the drama. The

Senecan tragedy with its plot of hereditary sin and unnatural crime contributed to the Elizabethan drama a predilection for physical horrors and gruesome incidents. The famous Elizabethan tragedy of blood, marked by sanguinary events and murders which were carried out with vivid realism, accustomed the people to the presentation of physical horrors. So it can be seen that to an audience which had witnessed such scenes as one in which a man is flayed with "a false skin," the appearance of a "savage and deformed slave" would cause no repulsion, but rather a quickened interest and the expectation of some amusement.

In several plays of Shakespeare there are incidents characteristic of the tragedy of blood, which result in human deformity. In *Titus Andronicus*, one of Shakespeare's earliest plays and one showing clearly the influence of the Kydian tragedy of blood, there is an incident in which the hands and tongue of a girl are cut off to prevent her from betraying the identity of her assailants. Again, in *King Lear*, Gloucester's eyes are put out. But, while such incidents as these resulted in what was, strictly speaking, human deformity, Shakespeare's interest in them seems to be in the motives which led up to the acts and the results upon the working out of the plot, rather than in the deformity itself. No one would think of presenting upon the stage to-day such incidents as the blinding of Gloucester or the maiming of Lavinia, and Shakespeare's use of them, we feel, reflected the influence of the contemporary dramatic conventions rather than his own ideas on the subject of human deformity. Of course it might also be said that in making Richard III and Thersites deformed, Shakespeare was only following history. However, in these characters, as we shall see, he has considered carefully the effect of this deformity upon the two characters, themselves, and upon those with whom they came in contact.

Before considering the three cases in which Shakespeare has given particular attention to human deformity, let us look at some of the scattered references to it. There are a number of instances where it is referred to figuratively for the sake of vivid expression. For example, one of the minor characters, in speaking of Macbeth, says, "Now does he feel his title hang loose about him, like a giant's robe upon a dwarfish thief."

Again, in *Richard III*, Gloucester, in speaking of two messengers, calls the first "a winged Mercury," and the other "a tardy cripple."

There are also references to human deformity which reflect the popular superstition of the day. In *King Lear*, Edgar, disguised as a Bedlam beggar, raves of the "foul fiend Flitter-tigibbet," who gives "the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the harelip." In *The Comedy of Errors* there is a reference to "soul-killing witches that deform the body." At the end of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Oberon, king of the fairies, in blessing the three couples whose troubles seem now to be over, says :

"So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be ;
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand :
Never mole, harelip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be."

Frequently deformity figures in speeches of abuse or cursing. Sometimes, as in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* when Lysander, in anger, calls Hermia "a dwarf," it is simply a case of exaggeration, based on some normal physical tendency, as in this case the fact that Hermia was of small stature. Another instance of this is to be found in "*The Comedy of Errors*," when Adriana, speaking of her husband, whom at the time she believes to be false to her, says angrily :

"He is deformed, crooked, old and sere,
Ill-faced, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere ;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind."

And yet her husband is a young man of pleasing appearance, without any physical deformity. The wife, in her jealousy and wounded pride, simply attributes to him physical qualities which seem to her to match his moral nature.

A somewhat similar use of human deformity is to be found in *Richard III*, when Anne, whose husband and father-in-law Richard has killed, follows the corpse of Henry and curses the murderer.

"Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes !

* * * * *

If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view."

These scattered references to human deformity to be found in Shakespeare's plays illustrate the popular attitude toward it and the conventional dramatic use of it, rather than throw any great light on the dramatist's reflections concerning the subject. It is to the three characters of Thersites in *Troilus and Cressida*, Richard III, and Caliban in *The Tempest*, that we must turn to get a deeper insight into Shakespeare's conception of physical deformity. *Richard III* is one of the earliest of Shakespeare's historical plays. *Troilus and Cressida* was written about ten years later, while *The Tempest* was one of his last plays. However, it seems best not to take these characters up chronologically, but, inasmuch as less attention has been given by Shakespeare to the character of Thersites than to that of Richard, to consider Thersites first.

In the *dramatis personæ*, Thersites is designated as "a deformed and scurrilous Grecian." By various characters in the play, he is called a slave and a fool, and abused with such terms as "dog," "cur," and worse. When asked by Hector, "What art thou, Greek? Art for Hector's match? Art thou of blood and honor?" Thersites answers with surprising frankness, "No, no, I am a rascal, a scurvy, railing knave, a very filthy rogue." Such a character, it can readily be seen, would be viewed as decidedly humorous by an Elizabethan audience. The scene in which he first appears, with Ajax beating him to the tune of foul abuse on the part of both, very likely put an audience of Shakespeare's time in an uproar of laughter. Thersites, however, is more than a stock fool and buffoon. His character is hateful and contemptible, but, while all the others of the drama are either deluded or self-deceived, hypocritical or mistaken, Thersites alone has no illusions, and has made no mistakes. He is a surly cynic, with a wealth of foul expression at his command, and his chief joy in life is to hold up the Homeric heroes for merciless ridicule. He is cowardly and yet ferocious, without sentiment or sensibility, and yet he has an intellect strong enough to merit hatred and fear. His fluency and copiousness in abuse amount almost to genius. There is in his whole character, as represented by Shakespeare, not one

redeeming feature. The play gives no details as to his physical deformity, but if it matched the deformity of his mind (which is, of course, a question), it must have been great. Critics, in general, seem to agree that Shakespeare wrote *Troilus and Cressida* at a time when, for some reason or other, his view of life was bitter, contemptuous and disillusionized. The main theme is the love of young Troilus for a woman who is fickle and unworthy, while the Greek heroes are shown in a light which leaves them anything but heroes. So it is not surprising that to supply the humor in such a play Shakespeare should have decided upon the character of this deformed and foul-mouthed Thersites. Nor would we look for any sympathetic treatment of his character. There is nowhere any expression of pity on the part of the characters for Thersites, nor does he apparently feel any for himself. He is simply the embodiment of all that is hateful and contemptible. It is a relief to turn from such a character even if it is to the consideration of a far greater villain.

The figure of Richard III has cast its grotesque shadow upon the English stage for over three hundred years. It has been both the object of generous hissing on the part of the gallery-gods and the subject of endless study and analysis on the part of critics. The character of Richard as he appears in the last two parts of *King Henry IV* is not altogether the loveless, diabolic one that it is in the play *Richard III*. He is a loyal son, fights valiantly in his father's cause, and is genuinely grief-stricken at his father's death. His revenge, although cruel, is colored by filial love. Even before his father's death, however, that ambition which is to motivate his future villainy has become rooted in his heart. In urging his father to dethrone Henry, he says :

“And, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown ;
Within whose circuit is Elysium
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.”

After his brother Edward has been crowned, Richard gives utterance to his ambition and his plans in the long soliloquy in Act III, Scene 2, of part three of “*King Henry VI*.” And here we get the explanation of, if not the excuse for Richard's devilry.

"Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb :
 And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
 She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,
 To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub ;
 To make an envious mountain on my back,
 Where sits deformity to mock my body ;
 To shape my legs of an unequal size ;
 To disproportion me in every part.

* * * * *

Then, since this earth affords no joy to me
 But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
 As are of better person than myself,
 I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,
 And whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
 Until my misshaped trunk that bears this head
 Be round impaléd with a glorious crown."

From now on Richard becomes evil incarnate, utterly devoid of love. As he stabs Henry he cries :

"Down, down to hell ; and say I sent thee thither :
 I, that have neither pity, love nor fear."

Richard believes that all men hate him for his deformity, he feels himself at odds with all the world, and since he has nothing to lose and all to gain, he calmly decides to take up arms against law and order, and all the powers of good.

"Then since the heavens have shaped my body so,
 Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it,
 I have no brother, I am like no brother ;
 And this word 'love,' which graybeards call divine,
 Be resident in men like one another,
 And not in me ; I am myself alone."

In those last words is found the keynote of his character. One of the most terrible things about deformity is the loneliness and isolation which the deformed person feels. Richard, perceiving his isolation, accepts it, not in quiet passivity, but in fierce defiance to the whole world. No living being loves him or is dear to him. Then the game will be to see what pure intellect, restrained by no scruples of conscience or love, can accomplish in realizing a fierce ambition. And so in *Richard III*" we find him a villain of cold cunning, shrewd hypocrisy, and ruthless cruelty. His power throughout lies in his intellect. No enemies, no circumstances are too much for it, until the very end, when it breaks down and then all is lost. The

wooing scene, Act I, Scene 2, in which he makes love to Anne, whose husband and father-in-law he admits he has killed, is an instance of how he has his way against seemingly insuperable odds.

Richard is as much a scorner of men as is Thersites. He sees good in no one, and his bitterness and contemptuousness extend even to himself. Taught from his birth to expect no pity, he has none for himself, and can in grim irony mock his own deformity, for he says :

“I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deformed, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them ;
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun
And descant on mine own deformity.”

How far the malignity of Richard's character was inborn and natural, and how far it was the result of the scorn and mocks of men, it is impossible to say. But that he was subjected to countless taunts because of his deformity is very evident. At his first appearance in the second part of “King Henry VI,” Act V, Scene 2, Clifford cries :

“Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape !”

Again, he is called that “valiant crook-back prodigy,” while Prince Edward, a mere boy, taunts him with the words, “scolding crook-back.” Again and again he has been reminded of his unnatural birth, his crooked back and withered limbs. The old queen, Margaret, calls him “a poisonous hunch-back'd toad,” and says “Sin, death and hell have set their mark on him.” To be sure, much of this abuse and taunting directed against Richard is brought on by preceding acts of cruelty on his part, but still it is probable that he has been made bitterly aware of his deformity all his life. From even his mother he receives nothing but bitterness and reproach, and from her bitter description of his boyhood days, Act IV, Scene 4, one is led to think that he had never received from her the love

and tenderness which as a rule mothers feel especially for the deformed child .

“Thou camest on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me ;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy ;
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious,
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold and venturous,
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, bloody, treacherous,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred ;
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever graced me in thy company ?”

Richard, in his maturity, as we find him in *Richard III*, has not one drop of “the milk of human kindness,” and may have been hopelessly evil from his birth. However, such treatment as he received at the hands of others makes it easier to understand how he could stand up against the whole world and cry in bitter defiance, “I am myself alone !”

There now remains for consideration the strange character of Caliban. The objection might possibly be made that as he was the son of a witch and a demon, his is not a case of human deformity. He is termed in the *dramatis personæ* “a savage and deformed slave,” and Prospero speaks of him as a monster “not honored with human shape.” But his mother, although a witch, was human, and it would be difficult to classify Caliban as anything but a human being. He is certainly not an animal, for he has been taught to speak and has a mind, even though it seems to have emerged but little from the savage state. As to his deformity, Shakespeare tells more of his appearance than he does of Thersites’, but less than of Richard’s. In Scene 2 of Act II, where Caliban is discovered by Trinculo, the latter calls him “a puppy-headed monster, a most scurvy monster,” but Trinculo is a jester, and it is a question as to how much we can trust in the exactness of his words. However, Caliban is spoken of often as a “monster,” and Prospero calls him “misshapen.”

While in mentality Caliban is far below Richard and Thersites, yet he wins our sympathy the most. He is a base mixture of hatred, fear, and envy of other men, but made so by his deformity and subjection. We feel indignation ourselves at reading his second speech, in which he tells of how the island was originally his and how Prospero, when he first came thither, was kind to him and taught him, and was in return shown the fresh springs and fertile places of the island. But now—

“ All the charms
 Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you !
 For I am all the subjects that you have,
 Which first was mine own king ; and here you sty me
 In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
 The rest o' th' island.”

Caliban lives close to nature, and is as much a creature of the earth as Ariel is of the air. He seems to represent the harsh, unkind forces of nature. His curses, in which he rivals Thersites, call down upon their object all the unwholesome elements of the earth :

“As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
 With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
 Drop on you both ! a south-west blow on ye
 And blister you all o'er !”

* * * * *

“All the infections that the sun sucks up
 From bogs, fens, flats, on Proper fall, and make him
 By inch-meal a disease !”

Such cursing is terrible, but that of Thersites, calling forth all the diseases, ignorance and folly of mankind, is worse. Thersites is the embodiment of the worst in men, the very scum of humanity, while Caliban, aside from his human traits, is the embodiment of the brutal, unhealthy elements of the earth. For Richard and Thersites we feel a greater repulsion at their moral deformity than at their physical deformity, but with Caliban we feel the pity of his whole blighted existence. Prospero despairs of him and says :

“A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
 Nurture can never stick ; on whom my pains,
 Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost ;
 And as with age his body uglier grows,
 So his minds cankers.”

But surely Shakespeare does not mean to leave Caliban entirely without our pity, when he puts in his mouth such poetry as this :

“Be not afeard ; the isle is full of noises,
 Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
 Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
 Will hum about mine ears ; and then, in dreaming,
 The clouds methought would open, and show riches
 Ready to drop upon me ; that, when I waked,
 I cried to dream again.”

Poor Caliban, who of us in his place would not "cry to dream again"?

At the last we are made to see that there is some hope for Caliban. His final speech makes us feel that he is capable of redemption, as no words of Richard or Thersites did :

" I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool !"

Of these three characters which we have considered in particular, it is easily seen that Thersites is the product of the conventional treatment of deformity, and that his especial dramatic function is to furnish humor, coarse and crude as it may seem to us. He is the fool and buffoon of the play, and his deformity was of use to Shakespeare in making the character more humorous to the Elizabethan audience. Even if he were not deformed, Thersites would probably have been the railing sceptic that he is, and his deformity but heightens the effect of his contemptible character. We feel that the subject of Thersites' deformity did not particularly interest Shakespeare, nor does it us. His mind is so deformed and revolting that it far outweighs any bodily deformity.

With the characters of Richard and Caliban it is different. Shakespeare's conception of Richard as a ruthless, cold-blooded villain required some explanation for his evil moral nature, and this was supplied by his deformity. His deformity does not serve, as does Thersites', to make a repulsive character more repulsive, but to account, in part at least, for his being a moral monstrosity. Shakespeare never intended to make Richard repellant physically. Had he done so, he would not have undertaken the wooing scenes, where it is evident that Richard must have had some powers of attraction. Aside from making his devilry seem more within the bounds of reason, Richard's deformity lends his character just that attraction which abnormality, if not too horrible, has for the average mind. Shakespeare may not have counted on this consciously, but it is certainly due partially to this morbid interest in the abnormal that Richard has been the most popular of all stage villains. Other qualities, also, such as his sang-froid, his grim humor, and his invincibility have contributed to this popularity. His invincibility compels admiration the more because of his physical

handicap. The fact that a cripple and hunchback has the ability to triumph over all opposition and to obtain what he wants, regardless of the means, makes the character one of strong appeal. To sum up, the function of physical deformity in the case of Richard was to account for his evil moral nature, to lend his character the attraction of abnormality, and to heighten the effect of his invincibility.

Caliban, so far below Richard in intellect, stands in sharp contrast to Prospero, a character of the highest wisdom and morality. Caliban has the attributes in him of all men—appetite, imagination and intellect, however undeveloped the last may be—but his moral nature is dull and malignant. Why did Shakespeare make such a character deformed? So that his body, scarcely human in form, might emphasize the fact of his mental and moral inferiority. If we interpret Caliban as symbolizing those elements of the earth which are unfriendly to man, then his unnatural physical appearance is as important in this conception of him as is his mental nature.

But Shakespeare could not present such a creature, handicapped mentally and physically, without feeling pity for it. As we have seen, he showed no pity for Thersites, nor would it have been in harmony with the rest of the play, *Trailus and Cressida*, to have done so. But *The Tempest* is one of his last plays, and the whole spirit of it is kindly and serene. And so even for Caliban, whom he had created grossly savage and malignant, Shakespeare shows human sympathy and understanding. Caliban's deformity, then, at the same time artistically emphasizes his mental inferiority and moral ugliness, and arouses our pity for a creature so handicapped.

The question naturally arises, did Shakespeare think that physical deformity is inevitably linked with moral baseness? All the characters in his plays who are deformed from birth and not by some external accident, are of evil natures. Did their deformity cause this evil, or is the evil nature an inevitable accompaniment of the deformity? Certainly a handsome exterior does not always imply a good character. Hamlet discovered that, and wrote in his tablets that a man "may smile and smile and be a villain." Duncan, in "Macbeth," says, "There's no art to find the mind's construction in the face." But has not Shakespeare in these three characters shown "the mind's construction" in the body? Still there is nothing to

make one decide that bitterness and evil are the inevitable results of physical deformity. Richard was a man of strong but loveless intellect. Had he been great enough to accept his deformity, and to decide that after all the body is not the real thing in life, and that a character, kind, and loving, and honorable, is just as possible in a crippled as in a healthy body, then he would not have been the curse that he was to himself and all whose lives he touched. The real fault, as always in Shakespeare, is in character. It may be that Shakespeare expresses his deepest convictions on the subject in the words which he makes Antonio say in *Twelfth Night* :

“In Nature there’s no blemish but the mind :
None can be call’d deform’d but the unkind.”

What, then, according to Shakespeare, is the place of deformity in this world ? Why is it put here ? In these days of science, we look wise at such a question, and talk about “the sins of the fathers,” and yet we believe that God is love. We talk of the development of nobler characters through pain and trial. Who was the better for Caliban’s deformity or Richard’s ? Shakespeare did not try to deceive himself into thinking that the world was any the better for the deformity of which he knew. We to-day are no wiser than Shakespeare, and must leave the answer enveloped in mystery, as Shakespeare does and as life does.

CHRISTMAS CURIOSITY

MADELEINE FULLER MCDOWELL

Don’t you wonder how Christmas is kept
In the spicy heart of the woods ?
And if the shy rabbits forget their fright
To frisk and frolic on Christmas night
While the lazy old bears
Sound asleep in their lairs
Dream of honey, and growl with delight ?
I wish I knew,
Don’t you ?

Don’t you wonder if Christmas Eve
Seems as long to the wolves as to us ?
And if little red squirrels, who try to keep
Their eyes tight shut, can’t help but peep,
’Till the moon looks down
With a terrible frown
And the pines whisper “Ssh ! Go to sleep !”
I wish I knew,
Don’t you ?

THE DRAGON'S DAY

DOROTHY HOMANS

"Every dragon has his day."—*From a New Play.*

"I detest December," said the Selfish Youth who sat almost on his neck in the Venerable Bead's armchair. The Venerable Bead was only forty, but his hair had turned white and he had a habit of making remarks that sounded foolish until one thought about them awhile.

The Venerable Bead thumbed Blackstone for a living. Oliver, his best friend, wished to paint landscapes, but wisely designed magazine covers instead. He was waiting for the time to come when he might show the Art Editor the door. Oliver and the Venerable Bead kept a protecting eye upon the Selfish Youth, who sedulously did nothing for a living, permitting other people to wait upon him, with a certain gentle tolerance which gave him the air of a martyr. He was nothing of the kind. He was a mere man and a trifle more selfish than the average, that was all.

It was a crying shame that the Selfish Youth had not been born in the time of the Arabian Knights. He would have liked nothing better than to sit upon a silken cushion and at a clap of the hands to have a host of slaves rush to do his bidding.

"For my part," said the Venerable Bead, "December is my favorite month. People have so many quarrels over bills, so many hearts are injured beyond repair over a difference of taste in presents, that by the time January comes my hands are full of cases of assault and battery."

The Selfish Youth said nothing. He jammed his hands further into his pockets and moved down a vertebra. He was not happy, so how could he be expected to care about December? He loved Petronell Blake. Most people came to him when he clapped his hands, for the Selfish Youth was wealthy, and underneath his sulkiness and selfishness there was a certain charm. But clap as he might, Petronell did not come. For once his money did not attract. This was the more remarkable because Petronell's father made his living by writing poetry, so you understand at once how wealthy they were. As far as

being kind to him went, Petronell had been just as friendly, just as charming to the butcher boy.

The Selfish Youth in his way was in love with Petronell. This means a great deal when you stop and consider that it was the first time in his life that the Selfish Youth had cared enough for anyone to warrant his exerting himself. He did not enjoy falling in love. It was irritating, uncomfortable, and painful. He longed to be where Petronell was. Yet when she came near him he was seized with a panic fear and fled the room, although at the same time a thousand desires were pulling him to her. The Selfish Youth went to every five-o'clock tea in Forest Hill. It amused him to see people at their worst and he might always count upon the tender and devoted service of some pretty girl. He outjuggled jugglers in his manner of holding cups, saucers and biscuits on one knee; he kept the social ball not only rolling, but bouncing. When Petronell appeared, however, Richard was not himself. His fingers shook, he upset tea-cups and dropped buttered crumpets wrong side up on Petronell's skirt. His wit resembled water and toast; it was soggy. Sometimes he tried to appear blasé and bored. Then Petronell laughed at him, openly and frankly. If she had only laughed at his jokes, the Selfish Youth would not have been so "awearied of this wicked world."

Oliver broke into his grim thoughts. They were grim to the Selfish Youth, for he had always passed the devil in the hedge and run on down the road after butterflies.

"Look here," said Oliver, opening the window. "Do you still hate December?" The blue-gray twilight was creeping up in the east; the evening stars shone golden and bright; snow covered the red gables and pointed roofs of Forest Hills; an evening silence filled the courtyard of the inn. Then the chimes in the tower rang the quarters. A wagon heaped with pine and spruce went by. The spicy, clean odor drifted into the room.

"Smell that pine?" said Oliver. "Makes me think of a night in Maine. I was out on the lake. The moon stepped out of the sedges; a blue heron started up at my elbow and slowly, grandly, in the manner of a goddess, flew past the spiky pine trees into the apple-green west. That night was too good to be true. It all comes back to me with that whiff of pine needles. A greater part of the pleasure of Christmas is that it makes

you think of such glorious things. What do pine needles make you think of, Venerable Bead?"

"It's hard for me to detach one particular incident," said the Venerable Bead, suddenly paying great attention to his pipe.

Oliver laughed. He knew his reticent friend.

"Very clever! I like to see you, Venerable Bead, squirm away from the smallest danger of being sentimental."

"Nothing of the sort."

The Selfish Youth got up.

"I'm going to take a walk. I've heard of nothing except the joys of Christmas for the last month and I'm tired of it. As for pine needles, my Great-aunt Sarah once gave me a silk cushion stuffed with them. The needles worked through the silk, stuck in my ears, scratched my face and gave me—"

"A white night," said Oliver.

"It was a blue night," said the Selfish Youth. "Full of blue devils."

The Venerable Bead looked thoughtfully at the Selfish Youth.

"What's the color of this night?" he asked, but he was thinking of very different things; that something must be done with Dick, who was in many ways a great nuisance to himself and others. What might be done the Venerable Bead did not know. But he would talk things over with Oliver when they were alone.

"It's black," said Dick, going to the door.

"If it were not for your tender years—" said Oliver, picking up a book.

"You are color blind," said the Venerable Bead. "And blind in other things as well. Ever heard this quotation? You will find it either in Shakespeare, Bartlett's Familiar Quotations or Martin Tupper: 'Love is blind.' You love yourself so much that you notice nothing else."

"I do not love myself," cried the Selfish Youth. "I hate myself. I love only Petronell."

"I beg your pardon, Dick, I still hold to my opinion. You love yourself. Am I right when I say that your walk will end at Petronell's house? That you will go in and spoil her Christmas Eve with your young, gloomy mood?"

"I am going to give her a fan. It is rare and lovely," and the Selfish Youth frowned.

"Take your walk," said the Venerable Bead, and he spoke shortly, an unusual thing, because he was the kindest man in the world.

The Selfish Youth looked at him in a startled way. He liked people to like him and he always felt hurt if they did not approve of all his ways. He opened the door.

"Good night," he said, and waited.

"Good night," said Oliver, but the Venerable Bead said nothing. He looked at the Selfish Youth. A moment later Dick was walking swiftly down the snowy street.

"Rather beastly of you to nag Dick so," said Oliver. "It's no joke being in love."

"Isn't it?" said the Venerable Bead innocently. But he avoided looking at Oliver and gave all his attention to lighting his pipe. "To tell you the truth, Oliver," he added, "I don't know whether to class him with jellyfish or snakes. Morally and physically he is limp. What are we to do about it?"

"Leave it to Petronell. She loves him."

Oliver jumped up and walked around the room, his hands shoved into the pockets of his black velvet jacket. The room was dark except for the light of the open fire which now leaped high with a spatter of sparks and now burned low and quietly. Outside was the snowy, magic world under the far-away stars.

"Would she be happy with Dick? He either laughs at the things she likes or sneers at them, although he has the grace not to do it when she is around. Look how Dick dislikes Christmas, Petronell's favorite day," said the Venerable Bead.

"You do not, if I remember, have a strong predilection for New Year's Day," said Oliver, going back to his defense of the Selfish Youth.

"My guilty conscience. I do not like to turn over a new leaf. But admit, Oliver, that anyone who does not care for Hallowe'en, Easter or the Dragon's Day is a lost soul."

"Dragon's Day?" asked Oliver.

"Yes. What is Christmas Day but the day of the dragon and St. George? I put St. George last because a dragon is worth fifty of him. A dragon is universal while St. George is English and, I think, something of a prig. I was talking the other day to a Christmas wait who—"

"In these days? Why not say you were talking to St.

George and be done with it? Poor Venerable Bead, what has the Christmas season done to you!"

"You are not so far wrong," said the Venerable Bead, clasping his hands behind his head. "This old man said he was St. George."

"St. George!" cried Oliver.

"St. George," repeated the Venerable Bead. "Possibly, just *possibly*, the Christmas wait was mistaken as to his own identity, but he was interesting. He had a philosophy of his own. He said that everyone has a dragon to kill. If they cannot do it alone, St. George comes to them on Christmas Day and lends a hand. We all have our dragons. Your dragon is a desire to earn money by pot-boilers. Mine is to interfere with other people's affairs. Dick's dragon is selfishness. On Christmas Day we try to kill our dragons. You see why I call it Dragon's Day."

"You and Father William would have been great pals," said Oliver.

"Why, good Sir Oliver?"

"Because he balanced eels on his nose and you balance them on your brain." He walked over to the door.

"Not eels," protested the Venerable Bead. "Not slimpy eels; but if you say dragons with blue and green scales, with round, fiery eyes, and puffs of flame and smoke coming out of their nostrils, I'll not say you nay. Am I keeping you?"

"Not at all," said Oliver. "I am enthralled—but it grows late. I leave you to yourself. I can think of no worse punishment." He was gone. The Venerable Bead looked out at the snow. He said softly:

"Star, star, shining bright,
First star I've seen to-night,
I wish I may, I wish I might,
I wish my wish might come true,
I wish to-night,—
I wish that Dick meets his dragon."

Meanwhile the Selfish Youth struck out into the open country on the road which led to Petronell's house. The white fields stretched away on either side; Dick looked back at the twinkling, turning lights of Forest Hills; the quaint tower of the inn, the shining white roofs, and far away a strip of silver water which was threaded in and out of the marshes. The air

was cold and dry. You felt that if you moved your hand about the air would break into a thousand bright slivers of crystal. Now the woods came down to the edge of the road ; the shadows of the trees lay black in the moonlight. Dick felt that anything might happen and he would not be surprised. Usually he felt that no matter what came about, he would be bored.

Then Dick began to think proudly of his present for Petronell. The fan had belonged to a famous beauty in Venice, and the sapphires that gleamed in its folds could have told the tale of a knife-thrust in the dark, a splash in a quiet lagoon, and then silence. Surely Petronell would like it. And he—would gain much pleasure from her grateful thanks. Yes, he was assured of his own pleasure, in any case. The Selfish Youth stopped short. The night had not been absolutely silent. Now a crackle of frozen twigs, a sleepy chirp of a bird or the soft thud of snow slipping from a pine branch kept the woods companionable. This sound he heard now was different. Ahead of him some one was singing in a cracked and quavering voice :

“Noël, Noël,
Noël we gladly sing.”

The Selfish Youth shuddered. He knew a little about music. But he did not turn back. He pressed on eagerly. He did not know why, but he felt that he must go on. At a turn of the road he came upon the singer. He was a Christmas wait. He wore a great coat and red muffler. His white old face was flung back, and he seemed to be singing to the stars. When he saw Dick he stopped short.

“I wish you had ceased before,” said the Selfish Youth. “I am weary of Christmas cheerfulness. I came out here to be gloomy.”

“Hi’m not wot ye’d call ’appy meself,” said the wait.

“But you were singing,” said the Selfish Youth.

“Maybe Hi was. Some say has Hi don’t. Hit’s hall a matter o’ tyste. Hi cannot ’elp singin’. Hi’ve done hit all me life. And hit’s the only thing to do on Christmas night.”

“You are wrong. There’s only one thing to do on Christmas night, I have heard, and that’s to give pleasure.”

“To others wot ye are fond of,” said the old man.

“Oh—” said Dick.

“But few are those wot do hit. They are so bloomin’ selfish.

they give pleasure to themselves. Then they miss half the sport."

"What sport?" asked the Selfish Youth, becoming interested

"Killing dragons."

"Dragons?" cried Dick. And one unselfish thought crept into his soul, but it shivered because the atmosphere was rather chilly. He wished that Petronell might be there. She would like this queer old man.

"There's a gentleman down hat the hinn wot knew wot Hi meant." His tone implied that the Selfish Youth was not perfect. "'E understood. 'E told me to look for a Selfish Youth. 'Ave you seen 'im?"

Dick started. Until now he had taken his nickname as a joke. But when this strange old man said it, all the humor was gone. It sounded, so he thought, almost disgraceful.

"They call me the Selfish Youth," said Dick.

"I'm pleased to meet ye," said the old man, bowing. "I'm St. George."

"Where's your armor?" said the Selfish Youth, entering into the spirit of the game. Clearly the wait was a little mad.

"Business was poor. 'Ad to give it up to take to singing. Then the dragon left me."

"I cannot say that I blame him," said the Selfish Youth. "You are no Orpheus. Why don't you quit singing? He might come back."

"Hi 'ad 'opes as wot 'e might get used to my voice."

"Never," said the Selfish Youth.

"Ye 'aven't 'eard me chief de hoover," said the Christmas wait. "It's fine." He tucked his arm in the Selfish Youth's, and before Dick knew it they were walking down the road together.

"Hit's called 'Onct Hup on a Tyme.' Hi made hit hup myself." He raised his voice and began to sing:

"The waits stand out in the snow,
And they swing their lanterns bright,
The waits stand there in a row,
And they carol, Heart's Delight!"

"They don't do that nowadays," said the wait, almost crying. "Hi wish there was some one who did," and he blew upon his cold fingers which stuck out of his torn gloves.

"Petronell would like to hear you," said Dick and then stopped short. He had not seen Petronell for a week. He knew she would be alone this evening. He wanted her to himself.

"Who is Petronell?" said the old man.

"She is a girl," said the Selfish Youth truthfully but feebly.

"A good and pretty maid?" said the old man kindly. "And she likes Christmas?"

"Yes," said the Selfish Youth. "She likes Christmas as much as all the foolish people in the world do, put together. Yet—I love her, I love her!" He echoed the words in a surprised sort of way. He had not meant to say that at all, and here he was telling his most intimate affairs to a stranger.

"Then you would like to do something to please 'er."

"Yes," cried the selfish youth eagerly.

"She likes carols if she cares for Christmas. Tyke me to 'er. Hi shall sing 'er one."

"But I want her to myself to-night."

"Would that please 'er more?"

"No—" Dick hesitated. "She does not love me."

"And ye do not love 'er. Ye are too selfish. . . . Hi best be a-going."

"No!" cried the Selfish Youth. "Come with me to Petronell."

"Ye are killin' 'im, ye are. Keep hat 'im," cried the Christmas wait joyfully.

"Killing what?" asked the Selfish Youth, but he got no answer.

Petronell opened the door. Her golden hair shone in the light from the fire in the hall. She looked very like a bright flame herself. When she was in a room you had to watch her, for she was lovely and happy, two of the best things in the world to be.

"You, Dick?" she said, smiling, but rather sadly. "Come to help me hang the holly?"

"No," said Dick shortly. He could speak no otherwise to Petronell, for fear he would show his love for her in his voice.

"No, but thought you might like to hear a Christmas carol."

"Why, Dick, it would make Christmas perfect." Then she glanced at him keenly. He was not living up to his name of the Selfish Youth to-night. "Are you going to sing it for me?"

"No." The selfish man laughed, but in his heart he wished that he might have been taught to lisp in scales that he might now shake the stars with a song for Petronell. "Here's a Christmas wait." The old man stepped forward.

"A Christmas wait?" said Petronell. "It was good of you, Dick." Then she turned to the old man. "Will you sing for me?"

"With joy, Miss."

"Shall we go inside?" said Dick.

"No. Christmas carols should be sung out on the snow, under the stars. I'll get a wrap." She was back in a minute. The old man cleared his throat and began to sing. The color had gone out of the sky. The world was very still.

"The Dragon's fast asleep,
Saint George nods by the fire,
The holly glows upon the walls,
It's 'Oh my heart's desire!'

"Fun and frolic and singing,
Dawn and the chimes sweet ringing,
For it's Christmas Day
And the world is gay,
A red star in the east is swinging.

"It's Tipsy Parson and boar's head,
Apples and cider wine,
It's mistletoe and Yule logs,
That make the night divine.

"Fun and frolic and singing,
Dawn and the chimes clear ringing,
For it's Christmas Day
And the world is gay,
Down the road we all go swinging!"

"I do not know how to thank you," said Petronell.

The Selfish Youth put his hand in his pocket.

"Nay," said the wait, "I want none o' yer money."

Dick drew out a slender, white package. He opened it and spread out the fan. The pale light from the morning star glinted on the blue gauze and sapphires. The fan looked like a bird born of the witchery of the night. For a moment they gazed at it in silence. Suddenly the old man reached out his hand.

"Hi like hit! I want hit!" Dick stared at him. "You do

not know wot hit'll mean to me," said the old man. "If Hi kill a dragon before dawn Hi may live another year."

"Why do you wish the fan?"

"To kill the dragon with."

There was a long pause. Who was this man who made queer, uncomfortable emotions rise in his soul? Suddenly he held out the fan.

"It's a mad thing to do," he said. "But everything is mad to-night."

"Thank'ee," said the old man, and he was gone.

"You are wrong," said Petronell. "Everything is magic to-night."

Far down the road they could see the Christmas wait. He waved the fan back and forth; it gleamed like a blue flame. The world had become dark again; a chill wind swept through the trees; gray color crept into the east; then wave after wave of orange and rose surged up into the sky as if the fan had stirred this magic color; a bell in a church tower far away swayed and leaped like a mad thing against the dawn.

"Petronell." The Selfish Youth did not turn towards her. He did not dare.

"Yes."

"I must tell you something."

"Yes."

"I love Christmas."

"I am glad, but—"

"And I love you." If the Selfish Youth had turned he would have seen her smile swiftly and tenderly.

"I am glad," said Petronell. "But—don't you want to know about *my* feelings?"

He looked quickly into her blue eyes. She faced him bravely and joyously.

"I love the Dragon's Day—and Dick—I love you."

Far down the road could be heard the Christmas wait singing his carol:

“Fun and frolic and singing,
Dawn and the chimes clear ringing,
For it's Christmas Day,
And the world is gay,
Down the road we all go swinging.”

'NEATH THE MISTLETOE TREE

To be sung to an Old English air

MARY LOUISE RAMSDELL

"When the mistletoe's sproutin'," said Joan-o'-the-Pail,
"Never a bold lad need come a-near me,
—need come a-near me,

For I bain't no common lass, waitin' about
To be caught 'neath the mistletoe tree,
And look you, I'm brawny, so Dickon—leave be!
'Tis folly to kiss 'neath the mistletoe tree."
With a dilly, hey dilly, hey dilly, hey ho!
'Tis folly to kiss 'neath the green mistletoe.

"Be off with you, now, then!" cried Joan-o'-the-Pail,
"Naught but a great lord may come a-near me,
—may come a-near me,

All with a plumed cap and a brave purple cloak,
A coach and a long pedigree.
I'll curtsey full low and he'll bow mightily,
A-kissin' my hand 'neath the mistletoe tree."
With a dilly, hey dilly, hey dilly, hey ho!
'Tis folly to kiss 'neath the green mistletoe.

Alone in the corner sits Joan-o'-the-Pail,
Watching and waiting a lord for to see,
—a lord for to see,
And now she's lamenting and making a moan,
For Dickon has wed Margery.
So come, pretty maidens, you needs must agree
She fares ill who scoffs at the mistletoe tree.
With a dilly, hey dilly, hey dilly, hey ho!
'Tis folly to ne'er kiss 'neath green mistletoe!

ROMANCE

ELLEN VERONICA MCLOUGHLIN

A fleecy cloud on sapphire skies?
A rose half-blown? A glint of sun or gold?
A velvet cloak? A castle, gray-walled, cold,
Or one glance from your calm brown eyes?

THE GIFT SEASON

BARBARA CHENEY

Once, long, long ago, the King of Kings decided to send the world the most beautiful gift that could be given, so he called one of his angels to him and said :

“Go and visit the seasons of future years and tell me which is the best season for the giving of the most beautiful Present.”

The Angel spread his white wings and flew first to visit Springtime. He found the air cool and soft. The grass was touched with green. The branches of trees were tinged with the warmth of returning life, and tiny buds were beginning to grow. In the meadow, the brook, its waters very full and dark, sang cheerily as it hurried toward the river. There was a happy, half-fearful chirping from the birds, a little irresistible stir in everything. Some small boys were skipping stones, wondering when it would be warm enough for wading. The Angel watched a young girl walking slowly down the road. Her face was thoughtful and expectant.

“This,” said the Angel, “is a season fit for rejoicing, but there is too much restlessness in the air. It is not the time for the most perfect Gift.” So he flew away to Summer.

Here the sun was shining brightly and it was very warm. Lazy white clouds drifted slowly across the deep blue of the sky. The tiny buds had changed to full, green leaves, the grass was green and everywhere the Angel looked he saw bright-colored flowers. The waters of the stream were clear, and murmured softly as they slowly flowed. In the shade lay the little boys, watching through half-closed lids their fish-poles propped up with stones, while the fishes swam safely by. The young girl sat on a shaded verandah, idly turning the pages of a book. There was an expression of languid contentment on her face.

“This will not do,” said the Angel, “it is an indolent season,” and he went to visit Autumn.

At first he was pleased. The air was cold and everywhere there were brilliant colors. The maples and dog-wood were decked in vivid red, the oaks in glowing brown and the chestnuts in golden yellow, but with it all there was an indescribable sadness. The leaves were dry, and at each gust of the wind

some of them would lose their last hold on the branch and fall to the ground. In the meadows the flowers hung brown and dead on their stalks, the brook looked dark and mournful. The little boys with books in their arms were trudging to school, while the young girl helped to cover the rose bushes with ugly, yellow straw.

"What a sad season," said the Angel, as he hurried away to Winter.

He found the air very cold, but there was a snap and tingle in it. Snowflakes were falling from the sky. They had already covered the earth with a thick blanket and were now decking the bare trees with gleaming white. The sun was not shining, but everything seemed bright. A horse and sleigh rounded the turn, all sounds muffled save the merry ringing of the bells, and far away from the road beyond the meadow came an answering jingle. Some of the boys clung to the back of the sleigh and shouted exultantly at their friends, who replied with well-aimed, but soft, missiles. The driver sang a nondescript song to his horse, who shook his ears and jogged cheerfully on. The Angel was pleased and went to the town. Here there was a bustle everywhere. People hurried to and fro and spoke cheerily as they met. The young girl, her cheeks very red, was walking briskly down the street. Before a shop window stood a little boy. His rosy fingers were peeping out through the holes in his mittens, his mouth drooped at the corners and his eyes were fixed on a woolly dog within. The girl stopped.

"What do you want, sonny?" she asked.

He looked up timidly, then, reassured by her smile announced, "That doggy all fuzzy and white."

"Come along, then." The boy was speechless until, his precious burden hugged tight, they left the shop. Then he asked: "Say, are you Santa Claus's wife?"

The girl smiled whimsically. "No, but—it's snowing," she said.

The Angel, fascinated, lingered on until, at dusk, the lights were lit in the houses and shone out across the snowy places between. Then he flew away to the King of Kings and said: "Winter is a joyful season, but peaceful. There is a something in the air that makes one happy and grateful and anxious to give, too. That is the time for the giving of the most perfect Gift."

SKETCHES

WEINACHTS—ELFEN

HESTER ROSALYN HOFFMAN

Kris Kingle let his tired white horse walk slowly through the Black Forest. The jolly saint was well pleased with his evening's work. The Christmas logs were burning brightly in the great halls of the castles, children were making merry in the poorer cottages and even the most needy had received the golden showers of Christmas spirit and good-will from Kris Kingle's cornucopia. The strains of "Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht" were still ringing in his ears and his rosy face was beaming with satisfaction, when, to his great surprise, his faithful "Schimmel" suddenly halted. In the faint moonlight, dimly silhouetted against dark pines, stood a tiny hut. No cheery lights from its window reflected themselves on the snow, no gay laughter rang out in the crisp air, not even a wisp of smoke curled from the chimney. The smile of content faded and Kris Kingle walked up to the one window of the hut and looked inside. In the dim light he could see the outlines of three worn shoes, standing forlornly before the cold fireplace, a larger shoe protecting two smaller ones with a fatherly air. In one corner, huddled together under an old coat, slept three children, a boy of about thirteen years and his four-year-old twin sisters. Instinctively the saint felt in his pockets for the usual gilded nuts, "Lebekucken," or bon-bons wrapped in gaily colored papers. His pockets were empty. Not a single sweetmeat remained. He searched the capacious pockets thoroughly once again and, having satisfied himself that there was nothing there, he spread a warm coverlet of "Sweet Dreams" over the children and lifting the Trumpet of the Winds to his lips, he blew three shrill blasts. The pine trees bent their lofty heads

the hut's window rattled and, in answer to the call of their chief, came all the Christmas elves. Hordes of "Christmas cheer" elves; rollicking, impish "Christmas joke" elves; the more sedate "Charity" fairies; rosy, rotund "Christmas pudding" elves; the spirit guardians of holly and mistletoe; the "Tannenbaum" elves with their pine-needle swords, and all the "Christmas gift" elves of various shapes, sizes and complexions answered the call of the magic trumpet.

When they had all assembled, Kris Kingle summoned those fairies whose duty it was to guard the three children. They had a sad story to tell. Their charges were orphans. Their mother had died four years before; their father, a charcoal-burner, had been killed in the early autumn by a falling tree and now they lived only on the few "pfennige" which Hans could earn by helping the other poor charcoal-burners of the neighborhood.

"And all that we can do," concluded the sad little elves, "is to scatter more and more love and content in the hut each day and to whisper words of encouragement to the faithful Hans."

"I would give my life to make those children happy," came unexpectedly from behind them and turning, they saw a little fir tree, quivering with eagerness to be of service.

"Yes, but the presents," said Kris Kingle, looking ruefully at his empty pockets, "and," he concluded bitterly, "to think that *this* should be the one dwelling in which I failed to dispense cheer on Christmas Eve."

"O, no, there's another, there's another," cried a chorus of tiny voices, and plucking Kris Kingle by the sleeve they sang:

"Deep, deep in the woods away,
Golden horde that swells each day,
Come with us and you will see
Where there rings no Christmas glee."

* * * *

Old Johannes Steinberg was a miser, a miser of the worst kind, a miser of evil, vindictive thoughts as well as of gold. On this Christmas Eve he sat before a faintly flickering fire, rubbing his hands in delightful anticipation and expectancy, thus prolonging the period before counting his money. His surroundings were most incongruous. On rows of shelves about the room, now being revealed, now drawing back into the shadows, as the little fire started up and fell again disappoint-

edly, could be distinguished dolls and jumping-jacks, horns and drums and all sorts of carved wooden figures, dear to the hearts of children. For Johannes was a "Spielzeugmacher." The old man chuckled sardonically as he thought of the charcoal-burners with their black faces and their disdain of his white hands. His occupation brought him that which he most desired, solitude and the opportunity of counting over and enlarging upon his wicked thoughts. This treasure consisted in the remembrances of all the trials and hardships of the three children in whom Kris Kindle had been so much interested. When their shoes had become worn and holes began to appear, Johannes valued each hole as much as a gold piece. When they shivered and their lips turned blue with cold, he returned to his house, revelling in his warm great-coat, adding the value of three gold pieces to this strange account. He rubbed his hands together contentedly as he thought of the children's thin clothes, which were rapidly turning into rags. At last, as he rose slowly, preparing for the nightly account, the door blew open violently. He went to shut it. Far away in the village the bells in the village church tower chimed :

"O, du fröhliche, O du selige,
Morgen bringen die Weihnachtszeit."

He shut the door hastily, but the Christmas elves had already crowded in unseen and began their work.

"Why, it's Christmas," murmured the old man rather uncertainly, as he walked over to his bed. Kneeling down painfully, his old bones creaking their protestations, he drew forth his treasure-chest—a coffin. He had never felt any sentimental qualms about this sinister object before, but this evening, as the nuts, which concealed his gold, rolled to and fro, one of the sprites whispered in his ear :

"Can't you hear the clods of earth falling upon the lid of your coffin? Are you ready to die? Can you face your daughter?"

"But she ran away with a charcoal-burner."

"Yes, but she loved him in spite of his black face. His eyes were kind. Will you tell her that her three children, your grandchildren, were starving and that you sat close by, hoarding the money which would save them?"

"In their suffering I see her atoning for her sins."

The spirit of Memory began :

"Do you remember your young wife, Elsbeth, and your little daughter, Lischen, whom you promised to love and cherish forever?"

"Yes, yes."

"It was a promise."

"Yes," the old man was weakening. His young wife seemed to stand before him. He made one last effort to strengthen his weakening fortitude.

"She married against my wishes. A charcoal-burner! A charcoal-burner! She, the comeliest maid in Rosenbau. She was disobedient, disobedient, dis—" his voice trailed off into silence, for Kris Kingle had stopped the flow of words. Finding their captive now so submissive, the sprites began tugging and pushing at the old man; a few took hold of his scanty gray hairs; they dragged at his hands and pushed his reluctant feet along, directing him toward the wood-shed, where he was surprised to find himself picking up an axe. He was still more surprised to find himself returning to his shop with a cozy feeling of good-will warming his heart and, in his mind, was the strong conviction that coffins before death were utterly useless and too cumbersome as articles of furniture.

A few moments later, all the dolls were blinking their eyes with astonishment, the whole room grew warm and cheerful, for a great fire was roaring up the chimney. It really was a wonderful place when it could be seen. Johannes felt rather proud that such an attractive room belonged to him and he longed for the Lischen of long ago to sit upon his knee, listening with frequent questions and corrections to the oft-repeated tale of the "Christkind." Why, he felt young again! He started the mechanical device to make a little dancer caper up and down her narrow shelf with the immediate danger of falling off at any moment. He set his skull-cap at a rakish angle, chuckling with joy as he pushed the last splinter of the coffin farther into the flames. The very thought of holding two Lischens on his lap and telling two stories of the "Christkind," with twice as many questions and corrections, filled him with rapture. Another thought struck him, he had never had a son! A young back to stoop for fallen tools, a young hand to mix the paints, a young heart to make the toy-shop live again! The air was

vibrant with Christmas spirit ! Gaily dancing, the elves tugged at the skirts of his coat and he was hurried along, with his axe in his hand, to the place where the little fir-tree stood. It fell with only a very small groan, murmuring, "For the children." Then back to the toy-shop again, thence forth into the starry stillness once more, bearing a great pack. O, the joy of living, the joy of living ! The invigorating air, the cheerful creak of the snow under heavy boots ! Along the path, through the dark pines into the clearing, then the soft, stealthy lifting of the latch. Soon a great fire was roaring on the hearth ; the little fir-tree stood proudly erect under its burden of tiny flags, nuts, apples and tinsel, and a beautiful Christmas fairy, with golden wings, stood tiptoe on its topmost branch. The tree quivered and scintillated in the red light of the flames. Around it danced a merry ring of Christmas elves, weaving in and out in a wild ecstasy of glee. The three shoes still stood by the fireside, but they were no longer forlorn. They fairly bulged with good things. In each smaller shoe sat a "Puppe," staring solemnly at the festivities with wide-open blue eyes, perfectly aware of her own festive blue silk gown. Each doll was held in place by a shoeful of gilded nuts, apples and bon-bons. From a hole in the third shoe peeped a golden mark and another and yet another. A shoe full of golden marks ! The toy-maker's sole purpose in counting now consisted in a wish to crowd in four—no five—or maybe six more pieces, when there was not room for even one more. The shoe will surely burst ! Crowning the treasure was a slip of paper on which was inscribed in quaint German letters :

"Kris Kingle is very happy in wishing Hans a Merry Christmas and in presenting him with the greatest Christmas gift—a grandfather !"

TWO SKETCHES

HELEN BARBARA GREENWOOD

MRS. CRANG

She is only a memory from childhood, but I sometimes think, like a pimple on your nose, impossible to forget. Some nights when I can't go to sleep, if I shut my eyes, instead of counting those eternal sheep that never land but are forever in the act of leaping over a gate, I see an army of Mrs. Crangs, with straight backs and held-high chins, marching through my thoughts. And if, by chance, I drop asleep with the picture before me, I suffer strange horrors in my dreams. Perhaps I will be darning a queer hole that grows bigger as I darn; the faster I darn, the bigger grows the hole. And just as I am about to throw away the stocking in despair, Mrs. Crang appears. Then I darn again, like a house afire, on that awful hole that grows ever bigger. The reason for this dream is that Mrs. Crang had a strange way of making you feel wickedly idle when you were with her. If your hands were still, you squirmed perfectly conscious that the sins of all the ages were held in your idle fingers. Her fingers were never still—they tatted eternally. But here were you, sitting idle, while orphans were starving in China. You knew what Mrs. Crang was thinking, it was unendurable. So you rushed for work to busy those shameless fingers. Mother, I remember well, always darned in Mrs. Crang's presence. So that is why I dream of the big hole. It can't be satisfied, but for that matter, neither could Mrs. Crang.

She lived alone in a dingy frame house on Chemekata Street. A dingy board walk led from the high picket fence to the front door. I suppose a right angle is a right angle, but somehow that walk always seemed more at right angles to the steps than any walk I had ever seen, and the pickets of the fence seemed the most pointed. I believe this was because the very thought of Mrs. Crang suggests square corners and sharp edges. Her voice was sharp, her chin was square, her nose was both. But to return to her yard. There was a lawn which was trimmed by small boys, for the smaller the boy, the cheaper. But even small boys

were never hired until they had been bargained with and their original prices cut down by Mrs. Crang. The small boys had their revenge for reduced rates, however. They always left a few spears of long grass waving conspicuously about the yard. How great must have been their satisfaction in those spears, for they had the magical effect of making the whole lawn appear niggardly kept. Flowers would have been too cheerful for Mrs. Crang's yard. The few violets that peeked from beneath the neighbor's fence, seemed out of place and embarrassed, in punishment for their waywardness. I must not let you enter Mrs. Crang's house before you have rung her bell. It was on the front door panel. You pulled it innocently and the mighty jangle that resulted directly on the other side of the panel surprised your heart to your throat, and made you jerk your fingers from the bell as though they touched hot iron. You occasionally meet these bells that ring on the back side of the door to-day, they never fail to startle you, but Mrs. Crang's peal pierced to the marrow and made you clutch your nails into the palms of your hands as you stood dreading the opening of the door.

When it had opened, you stepped within. I don't see how, knowing Mrs. Crang, you could have expected the inside of the house to be otherwise. The rooms were square, I was going to say *exactly* square which is again the tendency to emphasize the right angle-ness of right angles when thinking of Mrs. Crang. As though the shape of the rooms was inadequate to express her disapproval of the irregularities of life, she had placed her furniture in regular, symmetrical positions. It was frightful ; it divided your soul into two balanced halves to look at it. I remember the chairs especially, they were most lady-like chairs, high and straight-backed. If one of them stood a foot on hither side of the black marble fireplace, you could be perfectly certain, with your eyes shut, that its exact twin stood twelve inches on yonder side. The furniture, all of it, hugged the walls. I never, and I spent a winter with Mrs. Crang, saw a single piece venture toward the center of the floor. It would have been sacrilege against her god of Regularity.

Yes, I spent one winter under Mrs. Crang's clock-like supervision ; and I resolved, a hundred times, or a thousand, that when I was grown up and could do just as I pleased, the two being concurrent states of existence, I should never, never do

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anything on time. I emphasized it—*never a single thing* should I do on time. I hated prompt people. At six o'clock each morning there were three sharp raps on my door, for no other purpose, as far as I could see, than to wake me up in time to spend fifteen miserable minutes expecting the next set of raps. At exactly six-fifteen they came, three of them. I used to pray, at first with faith, that Mrs. Crang might make a mistake in her calculations, but in the course of time her system of threes, never failing, shook my faith in God. Breakfast began at seven, as the clock was striking, and I sat up, meek and obedient, across the table from Mrs. Crang. There was boiled oatmeal intended to make thin little girls fat. It took just ten minutes to eat it. Sometimes I choked in my attempt to swallow fast, often I took two bites from one spoonful and loitered, but it was no use, there was ten minutes worth of oatmeal there and the system of the meal could not be destroyed. One egg sufficed for the two of us. I speak truthfully. Mrs. Crang chose the white, and the yolk, which I really preferred, she surrendered to me. I remember wondering what she did with my share when she lived alone and whether her chickens would still dare to lay that undesirable yellow portion after my departure.

I have a dim idea that we ate the same things on the same days of the week, although the routine I have forgotten. Monday, I know, was stew day. That was a result of the roast on Sunday, and I find that in the general order of the universe, stew follows upon the heels of roast.

Breakfast was one part of the morning, dusting another. The chairs, the tables, the picture frames, the wax-flowers and the floors; we scoured them all in the hope of finding some bit of dust that never accumulated. The organ was my special charge. As a privileged person, I opened it and sacredly I cleaned it; then I closed it and left it, undisturbed, until the morrow's purification. In the evening, Mrs. Crang tatted, I supposed for the starving orphans of China, while I, wondering if Mrs. Crang would be cold to touch, watched the flickering kerosene lamp and wished it were eight o'clock so that I might go to bed.

But Mrs. Crang, as I said, is only a memory from childhood. Long ago, I wept at her funeral because I believed in conventionality—and wished that the minister would not keep us standing so long in the cold.

DAN PEPPER

Dan Pepper was old. To judge from appearances, one would say that he had been old for a long time. His face was wrinkled and shriveled and dried. It was like a kid glove which some industrious housewife had put in the oven to dry and the glove had shriveled. Dan's nose, like the button on the glove, was the only feature that had retained its original size. It was a big nose, ugly, comparatively Roman and didn't tell you a thing about Dan's nationality. His body was very bent and had a wonderful way of trembling in the remotest parts; his steps were uncertain and to make them more certain, Dan carried a crooked walking-stick. His clothes were disreputable—frightfully so. Huckleberry Finn, standing beside Dan, would have looked like a tailor-made gentleman. As for his past, well, that was out of repute altogether; for the newspaper editor and his five year old daughter, being the most imaginative persons in Shelbyburg, were the only ones who guessed that the old man had ever been younger.

Dan Pepper was different from many people, for he was very much nicer on the inside than on the outside. Really he would have had more friends, had more people taken the trouble to pierce the disagreeable outer covering. But disagreeable clothes can be so repellent, so forbidding, you know. As it was, only dogs and little children loved the old man. On cold winter nights, when Dan was a little drunk and dropped in a convenient gutter, some dog would howl beside him until peacefully inclined constables came to curse the dog and arrest the man. Then Dan passed an evening in the town-hall, or jail, whichever you may call it. In springtime, when flower-gardens were to be planted, children begged their mothers to send them for Dan Pepper. Then off they scampered, gleefully, to the tiny shanty that had two chairs, a bed, and no stove. No stove! Perhaps the old man *preferred* the town gaol on winter nights.

People tell me that when Dan worked he hummed "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon." He did it poorly. But because of the spirit of song, people decided that Dan liked to work and so paid him a little less. And anyway, they were perfectly sure that all his earnings went to the saloon-keeper. If any one had asked that man, however, he would have told them that Dan never paid for glasses. Quite the contrary, the

saloon-keeper urged Dan to accept them as a gift. Nor was the saloon-keeper kind-hearted or generous. He used Dan as an advertisement, as a drawing-card. For Dan, they tell me, when drunk, grew first reminiscent, then merry, then loquacious—and Dan, loquacious, drew crowds to the saloon.

He was still in the reminiscent mood, one year, just before Christmas.

“Man! it was a beautiful country. I loved it—loved it well. But I was a foolish lad, and left it. And now—now—I’m going to take me back for Christmas! You think I’m poor?” Dan chuckled. “You come along ’o me.”

So he guided Bill Ford and Bill Cushing to his tiny shanty. And they sat upon his two chairs. And Dan, from the only whole sock of his wardrobe, poured a clinking horde of nickels and dimes and quarters. He fondled them, piled them together and tumbled over the piles to see the coins roll—for the last time; his wizened face was all the more wrinkled by a smile.

“Oh, I’ll take me back for Christmas”

But—Dan was dead the next morning. You think of murder. No, Bill Ford and Bill Cushing had nothing to do with it. The tumbled silver horde glittered in the same place as on the night before. But Dan had been old for a long time—a longer time than most men. And no one felt particularly sad. There really wasn’t any reason why any one should. To be sure, the newspapers had some suggestions about the old man’s past but these were only the creation of the editor’s imagination. Little children have poor memories and dogs have none at all, and so now Dan Pepper is entirely forgotten, except—well, I’m the editor’s daughter.

CAVEAT EMPTOR

ESTHER SAYLES ROOT

Mark leaned back in his swivel chair with an irrepressible grin. Before him on the desk lay a small bit of paper, made out for a large amount.

“Well-earned,” thought he, stroking the back of his head. “Nothing pays like having a good brain.”

Fifteen advertisements, "O. K.ed" without correction, had justified this self-appreciation and the Christmas magazines now being devoured by the vaunted thousands of subscribers blared forth Mark's cherished success as an "ad. writer." Long training and experience had supplied him with an easy flow of mellifluous phrases, an eye for essentials, and a certain knack of startling simplicity more precious than rubies. Highflown oratory or a straight line of talk was equally his to command; and it was often a nice decision which to use when dealing with a particularly uninspiring and refractory folding bed, or an ear trumpet, or a correspondence school. Daily encounters with a number of advertised things that the world is full of had, however, taught him to rise above minor difficulties. Besides, Molly was included in every cut, whether representing gold-filled cuff-links or a fireless cooker, and holiday spirit throbbed in Mark's work as it throbbed in Mark's brain. That approval had met his efforts was gratifying—and you will remember the check.

Mark brought his swivel chair to the perpendicular. "This won't do for me," he said. "I must go out and buy a few presents myself, if only for the look of the thing. I have a fair idea of what's in the market and it ought to be an easy matter to run through my short list."

With a genial smile he joined the Christmas shoppers and forged an energetic way into the first shop. He would start out with something for Mother. "What mother would not be overjoyed with a supply of 'WARMYU SOUP' for Christmas?" Here was advertisement indeed, but for *Mother!*—perish the thought. What about a sewing bag? Ideal to be sure. She had had several last Christmas, but women take such comfort in the things. So Mother was struck off the list.

Now something for the two sisters. Automatically Mark heard himself saying, "Nothing is more appropriate for any man or woman than one of our German Silver Fountain Pens, guaranteed—" but they had pens galore. Not a bad idea to give them something rather feminine. "Feminine discrimination demands a high standard of quality," came up to mock him. This reference had been made in connection with some rare imitation pearls; these for the sisters—impossible! Well, there were always old stand-bys to turn to and Mark felt a com-

forting familiarity with the entire process of buying button-hooks and bottles of cologne.

Something for baby brother. He, bless him! had been easily sounded in a conversation not unlike the following:

"Well, Boy, what do you want for Christmas this year, a hammer or a drum?"

To which Boy, with three-year-old solemnity, made reply, "I wants a hammer *and* a grum."

Christmas morning was fraught with the usual excitement. Mark wondered if anyone had just happened to notice his little ad. of a pocket-size bug-light. His caption had been so telling that he had hoped it would reach even the family.

But no—he beamed instead over two neckties and a key-ring. On glancing up furtively to note the effect of his own offerings, he glowed with satisfaction at the pleasure elicited alike by the sewing-bag, the button-hook and the cologne.

Later in the day, what was Mark's surprise to discover that someone had had the poor taste to send his sisters two pearl necklaces of the rare imitation type and that these actually formed the climax of their day!

And — could this be? — a ponderous, beribboned box of "WARMYU SOUP" arrived with pomp and, from the expression on her face, warmed the very cockles of Mother's heart.

Baby Boy alone was no enigma. He hammered and drummed without ceasing while Mark swallowed his bewilderment.

As Christmas twilight began to fall, a postman's whistle brought a thrilled hush, a patter of eager feet, and a package for Mark. Wrappings flew off, and inside a bug-light, with the compliments of Mark's boss!

* * * * *

O ye advertisers, O ye Christmas presents, but, O ye family intuitions!

Mark bade farewell to another Christmas with wonder in his heart. In spite of all he murmured to himself a line that he had seen somewhere: "Sweet are the uses of advertisement."

ABOUT COLLEGE

AS OTHERS SEE US

CHARLOTTE BAUM

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gi'e us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!"

Nay, Bobby B., may I never live to see the day in which this comes to pass. Think of the chagrin, the disillusionments, the blighted hopes, the fallen air castles. Think of the geniuses who would never rise in the world. Think of the innocent victims of scandal. I, a mere mortal at Smith College, would not attempt to vie with an immortal poet in verse, but allow me, dear reader, to venture an entirely different view of the matter.

"Oh, grant us a gift, ye sprites and elves,
That others may see us as we see ourselves."

Imagine the advantage of that, the enormous advantage of it! I walk into my mathematics 4 class and Miss Cobb beams upon me sympathetically.

"Poor child," she thinks to herself: "she studies so hard. She actually appears worn out. Her expression reminds me of something. What is it? Oh, yes, a picture I saw yesterday, a look in the face of a martyr suffering from the abuse of men." Fancy really being appreciated like that in Smith College where they say no one is ever appreciated.

Then, too, imagine going down Main Street the day of a Trinity-Amherst game. Of course you have put on your best suit because you might see some one you know. The boys would all look at you and smile sweetly because there would be a little song running through their heads.

"Nice-looking girl, neat-looking girl, wonder who she is, wonder where she lives."

But, on the other hand, if you could see yourself as they really did see you ! For, coming home, you find that you have a hole in your stocking besides the one you climb into, and your hair is hanging down your back in a long wisp. But if I had my way, they would never notice those things at all.

For there are a great many more advantages in making your own looking-glass. In that case, when you were caught in a naughty act and tried to look innocent, even though you miserably failed, nobody could think of suspecting you, and your expression would be sufficient for the occasion.

I had a shock yesterday. I always thought that I could manage a whimsical smile, one of the kind that is half sad, half fleeting and half *je ne sais quoi*. By the pull on my face, I could just feel how fascinating I must look. Whenever a freshman is talking to me it turns a little supercilious, but when I am tired and giving up something that I try to make myself think I want, it has a touch of the martyr in it.

Yesterday I happened to be sitting before the mirror fixing my hair when a freshman came into the room and I tried that smile on her. I have never before been so disappointed. No, I did not pull it off, or rather, I did. If that is what people have been seeing for the past year, I feel sorry for them, but am still more sorry for myself. I have lost a favorite expression, but I shall never try to regain it.

Think of the under-classmen who would really believe you were wise. Think of the "gym" faculty who would really believe you athletic. Think of the teams you would be qualified to make. Heaven and earth would be yours. You would only need to have a mental picture of yourself and the world would bow to you.

I suppose, however, that there would be disadvantages as well, because there actually are times in one's life when one has a poor opinion of oneself. There are times, too, when one's hat will not go on as it ought, and when one's dress looks fearfully spotted, although others appear not to notice those few deficiencies. But imagine feeling very, very small after making a break before President Burton, so that he would have to look around to find you ; or else being called a new kind of centipede by your friends because you, yourself, felt that you were all eyes instead of legs.

Certainly, I can think of nothing worse than feeling like thirty cents, and having my best friend grab me by mistake, to buy a tag for the Consumers' League.

Every side, of course, has its advantages and disadvantages. Nevertheless, when you are uncomfortable you are apt to show it, but when you really feel that you are looking well, it would be pleasant to be sure that others agree with you.

I have been wondering what would happen if I had my wish, and I believe that one thing is certain—there would be many more marriages in the world.

THOUGHTS OF A FRESHMAN

KATHRYN BELLA REDWAY

(Before her first visit home)

I 'm just a little Freshman,
And I 'm feeling very sad,
I 'm sorry that I came to Smith—
I wish I never had.

For I detest my roommate,
She has n't any sense,
She 's pretty and she 's dainty,
But what impertinence !

The meals are simply awful,
And at dinner every night
We only have three courses,
While the salad is a fright.

Of course I like my lessons,
But I never was a grind,
And here I have to study
Or else be left behind.

I want one glimpse of Boston
And the State House' gilded dome,
Oh dear, I'm tired and lonely,
How I wish that I were home.

(After her first visit home)

Hurrah ! I 'm back at college,
I 'm so glad that I am here.
To visit home is wonderful
And the people all are dear.

But Lowell is so stupid,
There 's nothing there to do,
While here I 'm always busy,
And there 's always something new.

Now English A is finished,
To the Cider Mill I 'll roam.
Oh dear, I 'm glad I came to Smith
Instead of staying home.

WHEN JIM IS REQUIRED

KATHARINE DOWNER KENDIG

PRESIDENT BURTON: I am writing to you about something I consider an extremely serious affair at this college, because I hope that you may be able to correct the evil. Since I have been here visiting my daughter I have heard a great deal of a certain Jim who seems to me to be too much in the thoughts and hearts of the young ladies here. The worst part of it is that—and I really hate to say it—I fear that some of the faculty are encouraging this Jim person to be attentive to the students, even against their will. In fact, I have heard some few of the more sensible young ladies say such things as:

“I *hate* Jim, and really I don't see *why* they should make me spend four stupid hours a week doing silly things.”

At first I had a notion that these young ladies were taking a course in social etiquette. Upon inquiry, however, I heard that there was no such course in college, although my daughter, who is a freshman, says that she thinks mathematics might be classed under that head, as one learns there to be patient and to appear interested in the conversation of one's elder, no matter how unintelligible or disconnected it may be.

Of course, I have said nothing to my daughter about my opinion concerning this Jim. It would merely worry her, and I am glad to say that she is among the number of sensible students who find him intolerable. In fact, she has many times so forcibly told me how she hates Jim that I have reason to be proud of her. Any young lady of spirit would hate a man who relies as much on women as this man does on the teachers

whom the students have nicknamed the "Jim faculty." But all young ladies have not such strong wills. Already I have heard some say—notably the upper classmen who have been longest under the influence of those peculiar teachers—that Jim is "all right" and "wonderful."

I think I should have kept quiet about the whole matter, in spite of my disapproval, if I had not been rudely awakened to a sense of my duty by a conversation I overheard yesterday among three students.

"Oh," said one of them, "you are quite right, dear, Miss X—— (I omit the name. It is one surely familiar to you) cannot force Jim upon you. If you have a letter from your family absolutely forbidding you to take Jim, why, Miss X—— can say nothing more."

"But," objected the second student, a mere child with lovely curly hair and a charming face, "when Miss X—— talks to me I can never be so brave as when I talk to you. She insists I must take Jim, and my arguments fall flat. I can't tell her I hate Jim, and so—"

"Silly girl!" said the third friend. "Why, you'd be throwing yourself away on Jim, you know you would, and it is n't worth it. You are not strong."

"Oh, I know all that," interrupted the pretty child wearily, "but when she talks to me I am—I—well—I just can't help myself."

Now, really, President Burton, this is a case that needs immediate attention. I hate to trouble you about it, but it seems as though you could try to influence those instructors in the right direction. I have no idea who that darling child is who was so worried and miserable, but it is evident that, unless steps are taken to prevent it, a tragedy is imminent. As her friends said, she would be throwing herself away if she should have to accept that Jim person, and really I myself do not see why any of the faculty should try to make her, no matter how much they themselves may like him.

HEARD ON THE TAR WALK

“NOW AND THEN”

Then

'Tis the night before Christmas, and I lie in my bed,
And try to drive Santa Claus out of my head.
My eyes will not close, try as hard as I may,
Sleep is not near me—will it *never* be day?

Wide-eyed and wakeful, bright visions I see,
Of things that I hope Santa Claus will bring me.
Though dark, it is morning, and I wake with a start;
The night *before* Christmas was such a hard part!

Now

'Tis the night before Christmas, and I long for my bed,
But I'm at a party, and dancing instead.
My eyes—will they close? Yes, as soon as they may,
But, alas, 'tis the fashion to dance till 'most day.

Not wide-eyed, but sleepy, tempting visions I see,
Of the safe, cozy bed that is waiting for me.
And when Christmas morning I wake with a start,
It seems *getting up* is now the hard part!

MARIE DORIS SCHIPPER GRAFF 1915.

Some day I am going to write the story
UGLY DUCKLINGS of one Ugly Duckling who never, never
will turn into a Beautiful Swan. All my
life I have been waiting for such a story to appear, but it has
never come, to my knowledge. I know you will laugh at my
idea scornfully, or else shrug your shoulders and say that such
a story is impossible. But why should it be impossible, when
life is so full of Ugly Ducklings whose lack of beauty is per-
manent throughout their lives? Is not Realism the god of this
age?

I have never read a story which professes to be of the Ugly Duckling type, in which the Beautiful Swan did not appear, sooner or later. An author's method of tricking the reader in this matter seems to me to be very deceitful. He usually begins his story in an alluring manner by saying that "she"—for of course it must be a she—"she was a plain, unassuming little girl, not the kind that would stand out in a crowd; but she"—and here is where the Beautiful Swan comes thrusting its head into the matter—"but she had eyes of a most unusual color," or "her wealth of glossy hair formed a splendid aureole around her face." There! the author's mask has slipped off, and he stands revealed as a common, every-day writer, as much in love with pretty faces as any of us ordinary people. He can say any number of mean things about her now, which won't excuse him in our offended eyes in the least; her reputation is made, and she will make her way through the world in the usual style, reaching the usual goal, where the inevitable *he* stands ready to receive her with open arms. We all know the disappointment we experience at first mention of the fatal eyes or hair, the feeling of regret that our story, which promised to be one in which "the girl really isn't pretty," failed us. But why do we have to be disappointed in this way?

This story of mine is not going to disappoint for that reason. I will not begin it with a description of the heroine, for I have had unfortunate consequences in doing just such a thing. I once began to tell a story about a girl "who," I said, "was not going to be beautiful at all. She had mouse-color hair." And just then I was interrupted with the query as to whether I had ever seen mouse-color hair, that it was a very beautiful shade of hair. And there was my poor little Ugly Duckling changed into a Swan without wanting to be at all! So when I write my story I will not tell you what color hair or eyes she has, for fear you might find something beautiful about them. Nor will I give her name, for even names have a faculty of being Beautiful Swanish to some people, when they are decidedly Ugly Ducklingish to others.

There is another type of Ugly Duckling story which represents a more subtle change from Ugly Ducklingdom to Beautiful Swandom than the pretty girl story does, and this is the story of "Personality." The girl in this story may or may not be

lovely—that is not the vital point—but she has a personality, by means of which she develops into a powerful character, to whom friend and enemy together bow the resistless knee in adoration. I don't know whether this kind of story is more discouraging than the other; I am inclined to think it is.

After all, I wonder if I could write my ideal story? I wonder whether it is possible to write about anyone in this world, no matter how unattractive or insignificant, without bumping up against some Beautiful Swanish element in her?

ADELAIDE M. RAWLS 1916.

FATHER'S CHRISTMAS

My Christmas list is all made out,
 My gifts are mostly bought,
 But what earthly good can that do me?
 There's left one awful thought—
 What shall I give to Father?

My friends' ideas—they do not help;
 Shop-windows—no avail;
 My own poor brain is almost gone,
 In grief aloud I wail—
 What shall I give to Father?

They say "A necktie's always nice,"
 I hoot at that suggestion,
 The tie I'd choose for darling Pa
 Would give him brain congestion!
 What shall I give to Father?

And as for "brass things for his desk,"
 He's got all he can use.
 Why can't inventions new be made,
 That I some gift may choose?
 What shall I give to Father?

Well, what about some goggles round
 To wear when at the wheel
 A-speeding fast? Alas, my dear,
 He has no aut'mobile!
 What shall I give to Father?

There isn't anything to give
 A man just like my Dad,
 But still there's ringing in my ears
 The phrase that makes me mad—
 What shall I give to Father?

I try to think of other things
And calm my whirring brain,
But oh, alas, it is no use,
I hear that dread refrain—
What shall I give to Father?

My poor old brain is going, quite,
Perhaps in a padded cell
To-morrow's morn will find me,
Just hear the maniac's yell—
What shall I give to Father?

KATHARINE BOUTELLE 1915.

THE ADVANTAGES OF TRAVEL

I live in Pumpkin Center,
And my name's Samantha Sue,
I've never seen a city,
But I know a thing or two
About the folk who live there
And gay, glittering Broadway
Because my sweetheart takes me
To the movies every day.

I've seen the sights of great New York,
Chicago, Washington ;
I've seen the desert gleaming
In the burning noon-day sun.
I've travelled far in foreign lands,
Beheld the strangest sights,
The crumbling ruins of ancient Rome,
And in Spain the wild bull-fights,
I know the lives of famous men,
I've watched great engines run,
Seen strikes, and air-ships, and parades,
A ship's first cruise begun.
I've laughed, and shook, and thrilled, and wept
At people's joy or pain,
And that is why day after day
I'm in my place again.
For though I travelled many months,
In lands far, far away,
I'm sure that I could see as much
At the movies every day.

PHYLLIS EATON 1917.

EDITORIAL

Beneath the bustle and excitement that CHRISTMAS, 1914 herald the approaching holiday season, beneath the flow of gay comment, the enthusiasm and the mirth, we cannot fail to detect an undercurrent of uneasiness—of reluctance about meeting this Christmas of 1914. We have lived a great deal in these months, and what we have seen has not made us the readier to face Christmas. We have seen the ideals that made up our world go to pieces before our eyes. We have seen that the civilization which we believed in and prided ourselves upon is nothing but a mask to cover up an undreamed-of barbarity. Then what have we left from which to make a “Merry Christmas”?

There are left, to be sure, certain personal satisfactions, as the peace and prosperity of our own country, and the safety of our private interests. But as a part of the world which the carols tell us so jubilantly “Christ was born to save,” we can see very little to make a “Merry Christmas” about.

And in all probability we are right. The year of 1914 will not bring us a merry Christmas; it is doubtful, indeed, if we can ever have a merry Christmas again. There is a certain light-heartedness, an easy optimism and a gay confidence in ourselves and in the world, which we cannot hope to regain. We were so sure of ourselves, so well-pleased with our civilization! As we look backward now, it seems incredible that we should have spent so much of our time in “looking upon the work of our hands and pronouncing it good.” To be sure, we had a great deal to say about reform of one kind and another, but even in our desire to change things there was a fundamental satisfaction with our principles and our methods.

“Deplorable conditions ! But look at our way of meeting the problem. A triumph of organization ! A marvelous piece of machinery !”

We had come to believe that the one efficient way of meeting every problem which the world presented to us, was to appoint a committee. Organization, and statistics—facts and figures neatly arranged in parallel rows—these have been the objects of our reverence ; in the presence of these we have gone about with bated breath and respectful countenances. Now all this has come to an end, once and forever. We are confronted by experiences which cannot be organized, nor disposed of by a committee. Our boasted civilization has gone to pieces before us, and we find that, blind to reality, we have been playing with shadows all these years. Very lovely and graceful shadows, but quite useless, because not in the least representative of their substance.

So Christmas, 1914, will be to us a day of disillusionment. It will be a day when we have to sit down quietly among the ruins and face our failure. We shall take account of our world to see if there is anything left, and probably we shall find that there is very little. What little there is, however, will be real and spiritually active. Truly, it will not be a merry Christmas. But it may be a hopeful Christmas, for disillusionment is after all a hopeful state. Now that we have endured the bitterness of seeing the structure which we had made and had pronounced good, fall in ruins, we have arrived at a point where progress is possible. The next thing is to clear away the ruins. In this work, gladly and manfully, we shall spend our Christmas Day. It may be that when the work is completed, and the ground lies bare and smooth before us, with the light of the setting sun there will come a vision of the new and glorious edifice to be. So will the Christmas of 1914 be not merry, but joyous, with a deep and sober joy ; it will be a birth-day, and a day of aspiration.

EDITOR'S TABLE

One of the best things about Christmas time is that it is also story-telling time. And since Christmas is not far off, we have a story to tell. But before we begin we want to have a quiet atmosphere for our story. If you are standing, hurriedly turning the pages of your MONTHLY, gathering momentum and losing interest as you pass from the "heavy" to "after college," please sit down. Thank you!

The story is about a white-haired Old Lady and a Busy Girl. There probably wouldn't have been any story if the Busy Girl hadn't been looking for an Idea. All the ideas she found at hand seemed frayed, or a little dog-eared or smudged. She wanted an Idea, a new one, immediately, for purposes which do not bear upon our story; but the Idea did not come nor yield to siege. She had come to the "My dear, I don't know *what* I'm going to do" state when she met the Old Lady. Without knowing just how it had happened the Busy Girl found herself gently drawn to a comfortable chair and seating herself, she leaned back, resting under the influence of the Old Lady's bright eyes and smiling face. Changing lights in the dark eyes with soft white hair about them, the serene and gentle voice of the Old Lady smoothed away the lines in the Busy Girl's forehead and quietly, steadily, made her just a Girl, forgetful of her quest. What was the little Old Lady saying?

"You are in such a hurry here, my dear, I miss the simple English of the Old Country. I know—you have so much to say, and so little time in which to say it. But it is wearing to "rush," as you say, all the time. I feel the nervous tension among you girls; and the impatient dash of so many of your speakers tires me. This English lecturer of whom I spoke—he was different. I cannot repeat any of his beautiful, simple sen-

tences but the impression they created will remain always. Ah! it was a treat! Perhaps I shouldn't say such things; I do not mean to be disloyal to America."

The Girl responded to the Old Lady's smile. She began to understand what the charm of the lectures, which she too had enjoyed, had been. She had not had time before to realize the beauty of simple, perfect English and graceful sentences. In contrast to the flaming metaphors hurled by other recent speakers she remembered how restful had been the fine simplicity of these lectures. The Old Lady and the Girl talked for a long time.

The moon was shining in a frosty sky when the Girl stepped out into the night. The same moon had been shining and the same trees had made graceful silhouettes against the winter sky when she had walked to the home of the little Old Lady; but the Girl had not seen them. Now she passed along slowly, enjoying the quiet of the night, the beauty of the deep blue sky, of the silver moonlight and of the dark trees against the light and shade. What a beautiful, beautiful world it was, she thought; and how calm. The stillness around seemed deeper for the softly blended sounds of merry voices, horns and bells, as a big sleigh jingled by in the distance. The Girl smiled; perhaps she felt a little superior because of her intimate communion with the moon and the night. As she looked up at the sky, the calm moon and the quiet stars, she paused.

"Why, I understand now; there *is* something in the old words, 'Peace on Earth, good will toward men.' I used to think they didn't fit our times. But there is peace in the world—only waiting to be noticed. And one person can give a great deal of kindness; the dear Old Lady does. Peace on Earth! Why, even war cannot make the words a paradox."

And then she remembered how she had pursued an Idea, a new Idea. She laughed, "that is an Idea, 'Peace on Earth, good will toward men'! It is one of the oldest in the world; and yet—perhaps—it is eternally new for each one of us to discover."

K. B.

The best thing to be found among the exchanges for this month is "Noreen," an Irish folk story, in the *Goucher Kalends*.

Very seldom can college girls write really good love stories but this is one, besides being an exceptionally well-drawn portrayal of Irish life and superstitions. There is a good sketch in this magazine, "A Modern Fairy Story", which is delightfully true to life. *The Barnard Bear* has "The Reforming of Murphy," a well written story of an utterly irresponsible and yet lovable man. "Lovable," sobs his wife, "'tis me that must be livin' with him not lovin' him. I could be doin' one or the other but 'tis too much to ask of any livin' mortal to be afther doin' both." "A Tragedy for Two," is what its name indicates and yet its sweetness steals the poignancy from its tragedy. *The Williams Literary Magazine* has two very good poems of which the "Mist Maiden," with its dainty lyrical form is better than "A Song."

In the *Minnesota Magazine* is a most unusual treatment of Stevenson and, incidentally, Barrie. This, "A Child's Garden of Verses," proves that it is the grown up, not the real, child who is fascinated by these writers. The point of view, writes the author, is so absolutely that of a child that children are almost bored at times. "Concerning Two Men and a Cat" is written in a didactic style which is well sustained although the very end is weak. *The Harvard Advocate* has a discussion of "Robert Schumann and his Warum" in which the life of the composer is used as a basis. "And Never the Twain Shall Meet" is a very good story of a New Englander who tried to humble a "flamboyant Westerner" only to learn, at the unexpected success of his plans, that the Westerner was a New Yorker whose information had been gained by one cut rate, round trip excursion to the Rockies.

E. G.

AFTER COLLEGE

SENIOR DRAMATICS

Applications for Senior Dramatics may be sent to Miss Florence H. Snow, General Secretary of the Alumnae Association, College Hall, Northampton. Details as to the day of the performance and the price of tickets will be given later.

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be addressed to Lilian Peters, Dickinson House, Northampton, Massachusetts.

'11. Elizabeth Abbe is teaching in Mt. Vernon, New York.

Dorothy Abbott is spending the winter in Brooklyn, New York. Address: 1146 Dean Street.

Ethel Bailey has just returned from a trip to New Zealand with her father. She is his editor and secretary.

Eleanor Barrows has been helping to found a Smith College Club in Northern California.

Marion Beardaler is teaching languages at St. Paul's Episcopal School in Walla Walla, Washington.

Marguerite Bittman is coaching dramatics, tutoring in Saginaw High School and acting as Secretary to Saginaw Reading Club, Saginaw, Michigan.

Alice Brown will spend the winter in California.

Mrs. Howard Murchie (Marjorie Browning), is now living at Santa Barbara, Isle of Pines, West Indies, raising grape fruit.

Ola Corbin is teaching English in the Delaware Literary Institute in Franklin, New York.

Mary Dickinson is Principal of the Robertson School in New York City. Address: 258 W. 73rd Street.

Helen Ester is teaching Latin at Washburn College, Topeka, Kansas.

Augusta Evans is State Organizer for Boys' Agricultural Clubs and Girls' Gardening and Domestic Science Clubs, for the Montana State College, in coöperation with the United States Department of Agriculture.

Sara Evans' address is Brymptonwood, Glen Head, Long Island.

Myra I. Foster is teaching History and French in Lubec, Maine.

- '11. Genevieve Fox is Assistant to Editor, care Silver, Burdett and Company, Publishers, Boston, Massachusetts.

Marie Freund has helped organize a public library at Honesdale, Pennsylvania, and is now librarian there.

Eleanor Goddard is taking lessons in cooking, sewing and millinery.

Miriam Gould is Instructor in Logic and Elementary Psychology at the University of Pittsburg. She is also studying in the Graduate School for Ph. D. and is the Adviser to Women in the College of Liberal Arts.

Isabel Harder has a Camp Fire Club.

Ruth Hess spent last spring in Germany, France and England, and is studying languages this winter.

Mildred Horton is teaching in the High School at Scranton, Pennsylvania.

ENGAGEMENTS

- '11. Clara Heyman to Jacob S. Weinberg of Chicago, Illinois.

- '13. Margaret Bryan to William F. Washburn.

ex-'13. Annette Gladwin to William Bigelow of Brooklyn, New York,

Carlotta Hemenway to Lewis M. Witherell, Jr.

Cecile Vail to Merrill Follansbee of Highland Park, Illinois.

MARRIAGES

- '11. Margery Brady to Captain William A. Mitchell (Corps of Engineers, U. S. A.), November 26, 1914. Address: Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Annah Butler to Arthur B. Richardson, May 27, 1914. Address: 44 Morningside Drive, New York City.

Ethel Cox to James Bennett Lowell, November 18, 1914. Address (after January 15): 18 Stoneland Road, Worcester, Massachusetts.

Josephine Fowler to Morgan A. Darby, October 29, 1914. Address: 484 Chestnut Street, Holyoke, Massachusetts.

Margaret Oberempt to George Francis Palmer, November 26, 1914.

Ethel Wales to Alton H. Kingman, December 1, 1914. Address: 131 Market Street, Brockton, Massachusetts.

Ruth Weber to Walter A. Schaefer, November 10, 1914. Address: 4401 Fourth Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

ex-'11. Myra B. Howell to J. A. Keillor, November 30, 1914.

Kathryn L. Powell to Burton Richards. Address: 722 North 63rd Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Wynifred E. Wheeler to Clarence A. Lord of Providence, Rhode Island, November 11, 1914.

- '13. Theia Powers to Homer G. Watson, October 7, 1914.

Inez Tiedeman to Roy Chapin, of Detroit, November 4, 1914.

ex'13. Marian Foster to Abbott Allen, September 12, 1914.

Dorothy Haskins to Rawleigh Warren, October 14, 1914. Address: 6816
Greenview Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Marjorie Montague to J. Allen Davis, July 9, 1914. Address: 2195 W.
27 Street, Los Angeles, California.

Gladys Latimer to William W. Lyman, October 1, 1914.

BIRTHS

'08. Mrs. Waldron Merry Ward (Olive T. Coursen), a son, Waldron Merry,
Jr. born February 20, 1914.

'11. Mrs. Alfred W. Gordon (Myra Breckenridge), a daughter, Katherine
Breckenridge, born October 25, 1914.

Mrs. Harlan Pratt (Blanche Buttfield), a son, Harlan Jr. born November
24, 1914.

Mrs. Charles A. Carv (Frances Campbell), a son, George Foster 2nd,
born June 13, 1914.

Mrs. Tilden Grafton Abbotts, Jr. (Josephine Dormitzer), a daughter,
Carolyn Winn, born July 21, 1914.

Mrs. C. A. Dinsmore (Mary Jane Getchell), a son, Walter, born July 13,
1914.

Mrs. Earl A. Emerson (Polly James), a daughter, Polly Adele, born July
11, 1914.

Mrs. James M. Kingsley (Gladys Megie), a son, James Morse, born Sep-
tember 5, 1914.

Mrs. George Canfield Jones, (Gertrude McKelvey), a son, John Paul,
born May 5, 1914.

Mrs. George Jenks Boutelle (Ethel Roome), a son, Richard Roome, born
January 17, 1914.

Mrs. Ronalds Woodberry (Amy Smith), a daughter, Katherine, born
August 19, 1914.

ex'11. Mrs. Howard M. Peare (Lillian Brigham), a daughter, Priscilla Fos-
ter, born June 24, 1914.

Mrs. Albert E. Fowler (Elizabeth Bush), a daughter, Elizabeth, born Oc-
tober 9, 1914.

Mrs. William S. Shelley (Laura Dudley), a daughter, Barbara Lee, born
July 12, 1914.

Mrs. Phillips Hammond (Margaret Edwards), a daughter, Phyllis, born
July, 1914.

Mrs. Fred S. Yale (Irene Graham), a son, Milton Graham, born April 4,
1914.

Mrs. Wilbur B. Rayton (Elizabeth McNair), a daughter, Alice Marjorie,
born January 8, 1914.

Mrs. James A. Linen, Jr. (Genevieve Tuthill), a daughter, Harriet Tut-
hill, born April 1, 1914.

- '12. Mrs. James Perkins Keith (Minnie Emerson), a son, Robert, born August 11, 1914.
 Mrs. Edwin C. Leedom (Helen Peddrick), a son, Edwin Conover, Jr., born May 22, 1914.
 Mrs. Julian Stevens Hayward (Ruth Shepherd), a son, Russell Edward, born April 19, 1914.
 Mrs. Byron Clary Darling (Sarah Van Beuschroten), a son, Naus Vedder, born August 24, 1914.
- ex*'12. Mrs. Schwarz (Mabel Lowther), a daughter, Elizabeth Ann, born August 14, 1914.
 Mrs. Ellis (Eloise Oliver), a son, Frampton Erroll, Jr., born April 28, 1914.
- '13. Mrs. Chester F. Iderna (Marion Mead), a son, Chester, Jr., born September 2, 1914.
 Mrs. Allen Hubbard (Harriet Richardson), a son, Allen Jr., born October 15, 1914.
- ex*'13. Mrs. John Jay White, Jr. (Gertrude Griffiths), a daughter, Doris Bew, born August 9, 1914.
 Mrs. Edwin A. Schmidt (Sylvia Stevens), a daughter, Marian, born July 11, 1914.

DEATHS.

- '11. The infant son of Mrs. Carr K. Sutton (Anna May Dougherty), which was born September 15, 1914.
- ex*'11. Mrs. Robert S. Orr (Beryle Riggs), in September, 1914.
- '13. Marguerite Irene Haeske, September 27, 1914.

CALENDAR

- | | | |
|--------------|-----|---|
| December | 16. | Open Meeting of the Debating Union. |
| " | 19. | Glee Club Concert. |
| | | Alpha and Phi Kappa Meetings. |
| " | 21. | Meeting of Clef, Manuscript and Blue Pencil. |
| Dec. 23-Jan. | 7. | Christmas Recess. |
| January | 9. | Group Dance. |
| " | 13. | Fourth Concert of Smith College Concert Course. |

The
Smith College
Monthly

January - 1915

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THE
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

VOL. XXII

JANUARY, 1915

No. 4

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MARION SINCLAIR WALKER

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EDUCATION—AN INTENSELY HUMAN ACTIVITY

MARION SINCLAIR WALKER

Ever since the first stirring of our nation-to-be impelled our forefathers to seek a home in the New World, we, as an American people have been fortunate in knowing very definitely what we want. We wanted a chance to do our work without the clog of unendurable economic conditions; we wanted a chance for our souls, untrammelled, to seek out and establish their relationships with each other, and with the Infinite, so we rose up and came as Pilgrims to our Promised Land. Industrial opportunity and spiritual freedom secured, we did not forget the needs of the mind. Though cut off by our own act from the Old World with its treasure-houses of learning, we determined

nevertheless that we would not be cut off from the benefits and privileges of culture, but that we would secure them for ourselves and for our heirs forever. In addition to our tremendous constructive task, the gathering together of books, of buildings and of learned men, we took upon ourselves a yet greater obligation. We bound ourselves to furnish opportunities of education, not to the children of our prosperous citizens merely, but to all who should come to make America their home.

We knew what we wanted, and we have kept on wanting it. We did not foresee just what we were committing ourselves to, when we undertook to offer education to all who should "knock at our gates." We had not thought about the "East Side" in connection with little Manhattan, nor had immigrants at the rate of twenty thousand a day, entered our field of vision. But we were always adaptable, and so we have built up, in these three hundred years, an Educational System. Now, before this twentieth century has reached its majority we are pausing to take a look at the structure that we have made, and to ask ourselves if we have builded well. Some of us look and turn away with a complacent smile; others are for tearing down the edifice with bomb or pick or anything else available, while still others stay to ponder long and deeply.

We will leave out of consideration the smiling ones, and will see what the bomb throwers have to say. In the first place, they say that our public school system has fallen into a lock-step, and that its demands cannot be met without injury to the health of some of those connected with it, both teachers and pupils. Their second contention is that public school education does not fit a child for life; that his learning is a matter of little packages, sealed, neatly labelled and tucked away into the compartments of his brain, never to be produced—in short, that he cannot apply what he has learned in meeting the needs of everyday life.

The explanation of this state of affairs, it is said, is to be found in the fact that of late we have been emphasizing the system to the exclusion of the individual. In the inevitable passing from the country school method to that of the grades, we have allowed ourselves, it is said, to go too far in the glorification of the machine that we have made. The question arises, "Is there grave danger in over-systematization, and would not the emphasis be better placed upon the human element in education—the treatment of the individual?"

We have the system before us, we know its greatness, but we recognize its limitations—at least all but the complacently smiling ones recognize its limitations, and we have left them out of the discussion. It seems to some of us that the remedy for the evils of our educational system is to be found in turning from over-systematization to the making of education an intensely human activity—to the placing of the individual in the place of prominence which is his right.

It is asked "Can the individual be made the basis of consideration without destroying the system?" The answer to that question depends entirely upon your conception of the system. If you are thinking of a set of iron-bound rules and water-tight compartments, the answer must be, emphatically, "No." Such a system must be destroyed if the individual is to have the place which is his right. A system must always be a means, not an end. As a means, the system which you have described fails to justify its existence; therefore it must go. But if you see the system as something living, growing and flexible—if it is a system worthy of the American ideals that have brought it into being: if it is what Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee, in his "Crowds" would have us recognize as an "inspired machine," then it need not be destroyed—no, nor even shaken, by the shifting of emphasis. It will merely adapt itself, and grow to meet the new demand.

There are, however, certain standardized requirements to be met in the educational world—requirements for admission to the next grade, to High School and to college. The system, with the emphasis placed as it is at present, has arranged for the meeting of these requirements. What will happen if the emphasis is shifted from the system to the individual? In other words, when the student, trained throughout his period in the grades and in secondary school, according to methods designed to develop his peculiar powers and to meet his individual needs: when such a student "comes up" to college for his entrance examinations, will he be able to offer to the authorities the right number of little packages of just the proper size and content, neatly done up and labelled? Perhaps not, and the result will be confusion and misunderstanding for a time, ending however, in "peace and harmony ineffable." For if there are requirements for admission to any institution of learning, that cannot be met

without the subordination of the individual to a system, then such requirements are unreasonable, and if resolutely opposed, they will cease to be made. This is not a mere prediction, for events of the past give evidence of its truth. When our oldest Universities were young, the admission of students depended upon their ability to pass examinations in certain specific subjects, no choice whatever being given. Once admitted to college, the student had no wider field to explore. His course was mapped out for him, and he must study the prescribed subjects and these only, since the college offered no others. But the colleges grew, in numbers and in efficiency, and to meet changed conditions came changed requirements. The elective system grew up within the colleges, and presently extended to the secondary schools. The element of choice has entered in a greater or less degree into all our educational plans. So it is reasonable to suppose that changes in the requirements for entrance to college will continue to be made, and that if a real need arise, it will be met by even greater flexibility than has been shown in the past, on the part of examining boards.

When one advocates any change, one has always the question to answer "Is the plan a practicable one? Will it work?" The practical difficulties attendant upon a shifting of the emphasis, in education, from the system to the individual, are many, great and obvious. They are not, however, insurmountable, as is proved by the success with which the method of attention to the individual has been applied to certain phases of the educational problem. The medical inspection of schools, a practice which has now become practically universal, inquires into the physical well-being of the individual child. The search for mentally deficient children, and the special training given them, are attempts to meet individual need. The finding and training of exceptionally brilliant children, as described in "The Child in the City" points likewise to a new realization of the importance of individual education. If such attention to the individual is considered potent and necessary in dealing with special phases of the educational problem, why can it not be applied to the entire public school system, and be made the dominating principle of education as a whole?

It is not in special cases alone that the plan has been carried into effect. There is one high school at least where the indi-

vidual is being made the basis of consideration. The success of the experiment in Newtown High School is described convincingly by Miss A. Shaw, a teacher in that institution, in her very interesting article in the *World's Work* for October. The work in this High School is designed to prepare each student for the place which he is to occupy in the world. School life is not made enervatingly pleasant for these boys and girls; they are taught to realize that there exist everywhere obstacles to surmount, and that each individual must meet his own difficulties. When inconveniences arise in the school, from incomplete equipment or cramped quarters, the students are set to work, in co-operation with the teachers, devising ways and means to obviate the difficulty. As Dr. Jones of the National Educational Association has said "Thinking by doing is a good motto for the public school." This motto is being translated into action in Newtown High School, and in solving his own problem, each student has the opportunity of finding his power. Individual needs are here made the basis of class-room work also. The students confer with the principal, concerning their plans for the future; he discovers their points of strength and of weakness, and directs their studies along lines which will develop their powers, and lead as directly as possible to their future activities in the world outside. One boy found that owing to a change in the circumstances of his family he would be obliged to leave school at the end of the year. On conference with the principal he was allowed to discontinue such subjects as would not be of immediate use to him and to devote his few remaining months in school to studies which would prepare him to secure a position in an office. In this High School the students receive, to quote Dr. Jones again, "An education for life, not merely for the next grade, finally ending in college."

Only in so far as an educational system produces thinking beings, and not slot machines, is it fulfilling its mission, that of furnishing adequate preparation for life. With the present emphasis upon the system rather than upon the individual, our educational method is producing slot-machines—some of them efficient and admirable, as slot machines, but limited in function to the ability to poke out neat little packages (all alike) in response to the pressing of a button.

This slot-machine-producing tendency is brought about in large measure by the mania, in the educational world, for re-

ducing everything and everybody to "the average." We see it in "the grades," where the lessons are suited to the abilities of, perhaps, "the average child eight years of age"—when in reality no such person exists, and every "child eight years of age" knows quite well, deep down in his heart, that he is not "the average." He knows that there is something which he can do better than Willie Smith can, and probably several things about which he is a veritable little blockhead. In my own early school days I should have defied anyone to label me "an average child"—my peculiar stupidity in connection with arithmetic would have been proof enough to the contrary. I think, however, that if the lady who taught me subtraction had considered me for a few minutes as an individual, she might have found out something that would have relieved at the outset the strained relations which existed for years between arithmetic and my small self. The original difficulty was that the methods used in subtraction conflicted with my principles of honesty. I was taught to "borrow one" in the approved way, when the necessity arose, but I insisted upon adding one, at the end of the "example," to pay back what I had borrowed. When by many corrections it was finally borne in upon me that in arithmetic you do not pay your debts, my contempt for the subject was profound, and I resolved to have as little as possible to do with it.

That the tyranny of reduction to the "dead level" has its effect even after its victims have escaped from the public school system, is apparent here in Smith College, in that exaltation of the average so prevalent among the students—the desire to be "a representative girl." You are urged by upper-classmen during your freshman year, not to give yourself to doing the thing you care most about, but to do a little of everything. You must go to sings and shout hoarsely about the merits of the Wabberjock, to show your class spirit; you must go to every lecture and every concert, in order to show your interest in the outside world; you must be a little bit athletic, a little bit artistic and musical, and a trifle literary—until at the end of the year, if you are a person at all and not an average, you have the innate persistence of your individuality, and not the influence of your little friends, to thank for your survival.

Not only in reducing all its victims to "the average" does

over-systematization produce slot-machines. Its too-rigid demands upon both teacher and pupil have a like baleful effect. The pupils must give out the required little packages daily, so they accustom their minds to make the necessary mechanical adjustments. In other words, they learn the answers, very carefully, if they are faithful little students, and they can make the proper response to the expected stimulus. But change the stimulus, and what happens? You will look in vain for your little package.

The teacher, also, suffers under the dominion of system. It exacts of her more work than is reasonable, and one of three things is sure to happen. She may ignore the machine-making system, and teach according to her own ideals. In this case she will be—oh no, not dismissed at the end of the year, but “not invited to return.” She may, again, if very courageous, attempt to meet the mechanical demands of the system, and to live up to her own ideas of inspired teaching as well. From this group come the nervous break-downs that are so frequent among young teachers, and also the complaint that teaching is too hard for the ordinary girl. The third possibility—and this, sad to say, is what happens most often, is that the teacher determines to fulfill to the letter the demands of the system, no matter what else may suffer. She becomes another little cog in the wheel—a taller and stronger slot-machine directing the activities of her class of miniature slot-machines.

An example of the type of unreasonable requirement made by the system is the so-called “work-book” which invaded even the previously wholesome ground of the district school where I taught for two years. With eight grades, and forty-two recitation periods a day, I considered myself a busy person, and whatever extra time I had was fully occupied in working out the little individual problems of my pupils. There was the tiny Yetta, who was really too young to be in school; the nervous boy, who could not sit still, and the French boy who had not yet mastered the rudiments of English. How to give each one of these what he needed was my problem, and I was bending all my energies to devising ways and means, when behold! along comes the State Supervisor, bringing me a “work-book,” and demanding that I keep entered therein, three weeks in advance, just what ground is to be covered in each one of my forty-two

recitations, daily. The words of each spelling lesson, the examples in arithmetic, the text-books used, the subject in hand, and the pages covered—all were to be recorded in the little book. I did it for a month, neglecting, as was inevitable, from lack of time, the individual work which I had been trying to do. At the end of that time I decided that I must teach in my own way, or else life was not worth living. I handed in that one laboriously filled work-book—and never made another. At the bottom of each page was a solemn statement to the effect that this was an accurate account of the work done, followed by a place for my signature. I am sure that I perjured myself many times in even that one little book, for how could I know three weeks in advance, that Earl, of whom the second grade consisted, was going to have the mumps, or that the logging industry would claim a week of Will's time? (He was the eighth grade.) As I have said, I made no more work-books, and although the Supervisor was a persistent man, I managed on the occasions of his visits to the school, to keep him interested in something else.

Just as over-systematization produces slot-machines, so does the emphasis upon the individual produce thinking beings. Education on the basis of the individual, such as is the method at Newtown High School, seeks out the peculiar power of each pupil, and fosters its growth. Not only are conditions made favorable for the development of such powers, but in addition, positive character-forming elements are introduced into the educational scheme. It is this emphasis of the individual that is the basis of the elective system, for nothing is more conducive to independent thinking than is the opportunity to choose.

If the individual were made the basis of consideration, the health of the child would be less likely to suffer by reason of his school work. The demand would be suited to the ability of each child, and thus many children would be spared the nervous strain, as well as the heartache, of trying to keep up to a standard beyond their reach. The weaker children would be protected, because, with the more personal relationships, individual weaknesses could be detected, and measures taken to remedy them. The health not only of the pupils, but of the teachers, is to be considered. If some of the strain occasioned by the too great pressure of mechanical work were removed, the efficiency of teachers in general would be increased, and many cases of nervous breakdown might be avoided.

It is a well-known fact that the rural schools, where the human element in teaching is strongest, have always produced better students than the grades. The children who come to a city High School from a country school are stronger physically than their city class-mates, because they have not been subjected to the strain of keeping up with the demands of a machine. Their attitude toward study is more scholarly, for, free from the tyranny of over-systematization, they have been able to catch glimpses of the spirit and the true aims of education. They excel in independence of thinking, because in their opportunity for personal relationships with the teachers, who are also free from the dominance of system, they have learned to know themselves as distinct personalities, with definite powers and possibilities, and not as "the average child." The eminent men of our past, who lived and learned before "the grades" held sway; the powerful thinkers of our own time, who were trained, like Henry James, by private and individual methods—the numbers of these point to the conclusion that if a product of "the grades" proves to be an eminent and scholarly person, he has achieved success, not because of his training, but in spite of it.

The human element is being recognized as the vital one in many matters closely related to education. Discipline for its own sake, that peculiar principle of whipping in the abstract, which not so very long ago held so important a place in the educator's scheme of things, has been abandoned. Prison reform, which is being advocated so strongly at present, is an extension of the same new idea of discipline. Discipline no longer means the exacting of a penalty, but rather a method of preparation for more useful citizenship.

In literature, and particularly in text-books, the human element is receiving the emphasis which is its right. History is being written with reference to its human relationships, and facts as facts are no longer highly valued, nor presented merely as such to the public, long-suffering in this respect.

In the current number of the *World's Work* there is an article entitled "3500 College Students Humanizing Industry." There is need, in engineering courses in college, says the author—"of more 'humanics' as well as mechanics." "More humanics" might well be the watchword, not only of college engineering

courses, but of the entire educational world. This is not a plea for a reaction from "the grades" to the district school system. The grades are here, and they have come to stay. Moreover, the educational system which they represent is a useful one—the best, in the main, which our country could have, for the meeting of its educational problem. My point is that the system will increase in efficiency, if it wakes up, and give proof that it is an inspired machine. With the flexibility which only an inspired machine can have, it will then—perhaps with difficulty, but "in faith believing"—adjust itself to fit the situation, assume its place as a means rather than an end, and then, by giving to the individual the preëminence which is his right, it will make of education an intensely human activity.

THE LONG NIGHT

BERNARDINE KEISER

The dead grass rustles stiff and harsh
Upon the dim, drear lea,
A winter wind twangs sadly through
The gaunt old willow tree.

Weird night elves gather hoveringly,
And Frost, with steely tool.
The chill new moon, a naked white,
Looks down into the pool.

The little fretful stars are pricked
Like pin-points in the night,
And far, far off the lone wolf howls
A song for his delight.

All through the night the blast whines chill,
The wolf sings mournfully,
And the still moon mocks its icy self
In the pool upon the lea.

THE FIRE

DOROTHY HOMANS

When the dusk comes a-tiptoe up the hill,
And the road looks dark and long.
I say, "Of weather I've had my fill,
I want the fire and its song."

The fire, the dancing, glancing fire!
The glowing, flowing fire!
Sings and laughs within,
Without is mirk and mire.

I'm a red-socked pirate,
And I sail the Spanish main.
I've gold doubloons and silver spoons,
Will you fight with me again?

Parry and thrust and slash,
Leap aside sharp! then dash,
I've caught you, Signor Englishman.
Promise you won't be rash?

I also have a treasure chest.
Where? Well, I don't know.
It's rather fun to have a thing
Its whereabouts kept low.

And in the night
It's my delight,
By the glow of the moon,
To count the gold
Fair to behold
And the fat doubloon.

"Castles in Spain,
Are they in vain?"
Sings the fire.

The shifting clouds are adrift.
Adrift in the great blue sky,
A bank of jonquil cups we found.
My love and I.

She tucked some in her hair.
And they became her well.
She, laughing, "Do you dare?"
I, "No! I shall not tell!"

"Castles in Spain,
Are they in vain?"
Sang the fire.

But dreams, are they worth so much?
Do they take a friend's place as such?

No.
"Then castles in Spain
Are surely in vain,"
Sings the fire.

The fire dancing, the fire entrancing,
The glowing, flowing fire
Sings and laughs within,
Without is mud and mire.

THE COAL-BLACK STEEDS

MURIEL KENNEDY

Two glossy steeds for winter's needs
Are mine to use at will;
Though hills are steep and drifts are deep,
They bear me forward still.
"Onward:" I roar, and urge them more,
Until at last, all troubles past,
We reach the schoolhouse door.

At my command my good steeds stand
Quite noiseless in the hall;
No need to tie—when I'm not by
They never move at all!
When school is out, a merry rout,
The laughing children run.
The snowballs fly; my steeds and I
Are foremost in the fun.

I envy not the driver's lot
When jingling sleighs dash by;
I need no reins, I fear no trains,
My horses never shy;
They never balk, but trot or walk
At any pace that suits,
Whoever will may ride with skill
A pair of rubber boots.

NO TRUMPS

DORIS GARDNER

Peg Strong's character was just like her name. I felt that the minute I saw her, and when we decided to room together our junior year in college, I knew I should have to play the minor part in our little establishment. Peg's personality radiated from her; if you knew anything of character reading, you realized at a glance her selfish, dominating, absolutely unswerving nature. You never were able to influence Peg, no matter how much you flattered her, and she loved subtle admiration. You will probably wonder how I decided to room with her in the first place, and to tell the truth I have never exactly understood it myself, but she studied a great deal in a hap-hazardly conscientious sort of way, and she had the kind of disposition that ignores little disagreements and refuses to quarrel. We never agreed on any subject under the sun, and night after night we would talk until twelve o'clock upon the most trivial or important of subjects to get each other's point of view. Peg was a deep and logical thinker, but she had very hard work to find words to express herself well and she had a funny little habit of stuttering when greatly in earnest that impeded her still more.

In these night talks of ours, we naturally learned a great deal of each other's life and thoughts. Peg had ideas on every subject—there seemed to be nothing worth thinking about on which she could not make some disconnected, jumbled, but generally original remarks. She was very mature for her age and mine, and seemed to have thought enough for a middle-aged woman, at least. She used to tell me that she would never marry unless it were a genius or a man of high position, because it would be impossible for her to love him otherwise. I well believed this, for I knew she was an inborn social climber, with instinctive ambition and tact. You will probably think by this little description of Peg that she was the most materialistic, self-seeking girl in the world; on the contrary, she was decidedly romantic and sentimental in a perfectly natural, healthy sort of way. She was very musical and artistic, and could express herself well in verse if not in prose. I still think that I loved

Peg more than I ever loved any other woman, because I understood her and appreciated her. Peg knew this, and gave me a love in return of which she seldom spoke, but which I knew to be a great one for her.

As the year went on, Peg and I became truly bound to each other with an affection more than sisterly. It seems to me that men often have such friendships, but women seldom. Finally Peg began to show me some of her letters. This was the height of affection from her, for she seldom said anything about the six or eight men to whom she wrote, and on whom she kept a tight rein. There were Dwight and Donald and George and Austin and John and Bruce, and finally Jack and Sherman. The first ones were "just good friends and nothing more," but the last two—well, I hardly know what Peg would have called them. In college slang, Jack and Sherman were her "heavy lovers," and their letters as well as they themselves were as different as night is from day.

I grew to be well acquainted with them by proxy. In Jack's letters I could see his great talent for writing, his passionate nature, and his inclination to pose on account of these two characteristics. Sherman was a sweet, lovable boy, growing cynical and pessimistic, and sometimes a trifle rude because Peg was, from his point of view, *obstinate* enough not to love him. I can say with frankness that I grew to look forward to Peg's mail more than she did herself, and it was a standing joke with us for me to say, when I saw her sit down :

"Please write just a note to Jack or Sherman, before you start to study. You haven't written to either for nearly a week."

About a month before Prom, Peg came to me looking vexed and holding out two letters.

"Look at these disgusting things!" she exclaimed. "I told both Jack and Sherman that I was not going to 'fuss' Prom, to avoid all complications, and here they have both decided to come and surprise me. Now I must write one of them and put him off." Needless to say it was meek, patient Sherman who was told he could not come. Peg was rather afraid of Jack, the more so because of late the tone of his letters had been rather imperious and exacting.

The night before Prom we had a long talk after the lights were out. Peg, for all her strength and determination, was a trifle worried.

"I have a feeling that Jack is just coming East to get to the bottom of things and have a final understanding. I can put him off in letters, but not when I talk to him, because I start stuttering, and then he always wins the argument. I shall tell him I *won't* be engaged to him because I don't love him, and he'll just have to go on hoping. I know he won't listen to me. If I really knew he was a genius—"

Peg talked on half to herself for an hour, while I stared at the ceiling and listened. I knew that Jack would pay no attention to her sophistries. He had heard them too many times before not to realize that she said them merely to keep on having him dangling near her for use when needed.

Prom came and went and so did Jack—for good. Peg seemed rather glad about it after it was all over and didn't miss his letters in the least, although I did.

"It was taking up too much of my time worrying about him," she remarked one night. "Now there is only Sherman left, and he is easy to manage. I can get Jack back again next summer—I've done it before—and he'll like me all the more for not having heard or seen anything of me for several months."

Peg stayed with me during June and part of July, then we went to her home in Illinois, making short visits on the way. It took us longer than we had expected, so we didn't reach Oak Park till the middle of August. I stayed with Peg until college opened again and it seemed very strange but very nice to meet all the people I had heard so much about during the year. Jack and Sherman were very kind to me, especially Sherman. Jack would have nothing to do with Peg; he pretended at first to be deeply smitten with me, but I am afraid I made him appear ludicrous. He quickly withdrew himself and his wounded dignity and did not appear at any of the parties afterward.

Sherman and I were good friends from the first and Peg seemed very glad to have me take him off her hands, so I had no scruples of conscience about it. He was a wonderful dancer and a good tennis player. He made clever remarks and did not laugh at them himself, and he always told you when he particularly liked or disliked a hat or dress you had on. He chiefly liked me because I was Peg's friend and because I was a head shorter than he was and therefore looked well dancing with

him. I certainly had a delightful visit at Peg's and we both hated to come back to our last year at college, and very nearly decided to take up some studies in Chicago instead of returning East.

At the last moment, however, we couldn't quite make up our minds to do it, and came back to college, both rather dissatisfied and restless. Peg had gone to the other end of campus because we felt we shouldn't room together again, and now we were sorry for this decision. Then Peg was disappointed about Jack, though she would never say more than, "I miss Jack's mind so—I want to talk to him about the war." Sherman wrote seldom to her and his letters were very antagonistic, but he had begun to write to me, too, so I kept him well informed. Peg thought it very ridiculous and odd that I should hear from him, then she grew a little jealous and used to ask to see his letters, and finally she gradually ceased to take any interest in them at all. She was having a hard time with the courses she had elected, and was also going out for basket ball and hockey and I didn't see a great deal of her except on our regular chapel and batting dates.

I was rooming alone that year, and I must confess that if it hadn't been for Sherman's letters, life would not have been half so pleasant for me. I grew to look forward to them more and more; nice, sweet letters they were, just like him, full of what he was doing and thinking; sometimes very cheerful, sometimes very blue, with always a bit of clever phraseology or good description hidden away in them that I used to think of during the days following. That year I bought a little notebook to keep for a diary—my first one—but it was principally filled with character sketches of Peg, of Sherman, with imagined situations between Peg and Jack, and with letters to Sherman never seen by him. Looking back on that long-ago winter, it now seems to me to have been one of the happiest periods of my life. The days flowed on smoothly, marked only by the addition of a letter now and then to a certain treasured box. I realize now that I was slowly falling in love, but then I did not know it. I knew only that I liked and pitied Sherman sincerely and thought it a great shame that Peg could not love him, even though I agreed with her that he was not the type of man suited to her.

One morning in January, after reading a very interesting and unusually personal letter from Sherman, I suddenly awakened to a realization of the fact that it was the fourth letter from him in a week. After that they began to come thick and fast—always very thoughtful and clever, sometimes very friendly, and once in a while affectionate in a brotherly way. In return for all this I asked him to Prom, as, for financial reasons, I hadn't fussed the year before. In fact, I would not have asked him that year had I not felt sure that he could not come,—and I was right.

I think his letter in response to my invitation made me grow up in a minute. It was my first love letter, and it wasn't the kind that most girls get. It was a very thoughtful letter, saying that that winter he had grown to realize that Peg was not the kind of a girl with whom he could be happy and that he had learned me by heart and he knew that I was exactly the person he would really love later; that he felt sure I already liked him a great deal, and wouldn't I try to forget all he had said about Peg, and think of it as the kind of boyish mistake that is often made and bitterly repented when the boy grows older and wiser. I still have that letter—in fact, I have all of them, still in the same old, battered box, and I still take them out when I'm feeling very blue and despondent about my work, to read them over and smile again at the original descriptions and the boyish thoughts. I'm a silly old woman, but they have helped me more than I could say.

When that letter came, spring was well on its way, and studies had begun to relax a little, so Peg and I were seeing a great deal more of each other than we had for some months. Unconsciously I always assimilated her point of view, while seeming to contradict her, and so Sherman and his search for happiness made me a trifle indignant and very wary. I was rather willing to be convinced of the fact that he no longer loved Peg, however, and soon there was a tacit agreement between us, though nothing more was said of the matter. Peg had asked me to spend the summer with her before I started studying in New York, and all was to be left until then.

I didn't tell Peg any of this. I couldn't, somehow, because I couldn't imagine how she would take it. So I used to say, when she asked me, that I still heard from Sherman and even

showed her one or two of his letters if they happened to be lying around. They were never more than brotherly, and I don't think she gave them a second thought, for she realized that Sherman and I were a great deal alike in our tastes.

At last Commencement was over, and I was about to have the anticipation of nearly a year fulfilled, when the sudden illness of my mother prevented me from going West with Peg. The sickness dragged on for nearly six weeks, but I refused to have my chance for happiness lost and as soon as mother was convalescent, I caught the first train possible for Chicago.

Not till I saw Jack's and Peg's and Sherman's faces on the Oak Park platform, and was conscious of the thrill in my heart at the sight of Sherman's, did I know how much I thought of him. I was not surprised to see Jack, as Peg had told me in her letters that they were once more the good friends they used to be.

Everything seemed just the same as it had a year ago, except Sherman, and somehow he was different. Yes, he was different, even from his letters. In the midst of some gay little party, I would see him staring moodily into space, or looking at Peg with a fixed expression, or sometimes glancing at me. It didn't take me long to find out that Peg had been winning him back again. It made me furious with her, and more than once I had the impulse to tell her what she had unwittingly done, but I don't think it would have mattered much, for she never could have believed that Sherman had any idea of marrying anyone but her.

One night we crawled into bed very tired, but Peg had to talk. We had just returned from a dance at the Country Club and as I hadn't seen Peg all evening and only occasionally Jack and Sherman, who had both worn very glum but determined expressions, I knew that something had happened.

"I was talking to both Jack and Sherman to-night," Peg said, after a little skirmishing for an opening. "They both absolutely refuse to let this thing hang on any longer, and say I must take one and leave the other, or else refuse them both. I know I'll never have another chance in the world to marry, and I don't love either of them, but it would simply kill me to be an old maid with no one to care for me. Sherman is doing well in business with his father, and Jack is rich, but he's a Catholic and I'm pretty sure his father wouldn't give him a cent if he

married a Protestant. I don't blame him at all, however. What would you do?" Peg almost cried.

I had never seen Peg in such a state before, and I didn't have an idea what to say to her. I tried to calm her a little and then I said in a disinterested tone, "If it's not a question of love, I'd take Sherman by all means. He has much the better disposition and will always have his father's business, while Jack is not of your religion, and although a writer with very brilliant prospects, he is also something of a genius and geniuses aren't the easiest sort of people in the world to live with."

Peg cheered up a bit at this, but contradicted my statement that Jack was a genius. "Here he is, twenty-five, and hasn't done a thing except get a ridiculously inane poem published in a magazine. He received thirty dollars for it. Look at Schiller for contrast!—But if I could only believe he is a genius, I'd marry him in a minute, even if he is a Catholic and his father should disinherit him. But he *isn't*—so I guess it will be Sherman," she concluded.

After this remark, I felt that the fates of four people were settled. I didn't sleep at all that night. I lay on my back, wondering why God should have chosen Peg to wreck or make the lives of four people. That night I was sure that she had wrecked them, and that I could have done it much better if I had been the one chosen. Tonight I cannot help feeling that everything was exactly for the best, yet I am glad I had that sleepless night.

Peg's and Sherman's engagement was announced about a week before I left for New York. Sherman was very nice to me during my visit, but he took particular pains never to be alone with me, and somehow we never danced together. Once, however, he could not help taking a dance. We did not speak a word till after the music finished. Then he merely stretched out his right hand to me, and I accepted his offer of friendship and forgave him. I think he felt the same way about the whole affair that I did. Fate, in the form of Peg, was too strong for us, but perhaps things would come out right after all.

I did not go west again for fifteen years. Then one summer five years ago, I was asked to make a tour of the middle west to give my series of lectures on the modern drama. Somehow I had lost track of Peg and Sherman after their marriage. The

first few years I was busy studying and writing with no time for letters, and afterwards when I had more leisure, I felt that we had outgrown each other. Then I met Jack the winter before I went west for the third time, at a reception, and we talked a great deal about the summer of fifteen years ago. Jack had grown fat and a bit bald, but he is a very famous poet now, and far more likeable than the conceited poser of twenty-five whom I had known in Oak Park.

Jack had been west every summer for local color for his poems and he told me in his vivid, sketchy way, of Sherman and Peg. My imagination, curiosity, and a bit of sentiment, were aroused, and I must confess I should not have considered accepting the offer of the lecture tour, if it had not been that I could combine pleasure with business and thus pay another visit to Oak Park. Peg was delighted with the idea when I wrote to her of my contemplated visit. Her handwriting looked just the same as it used to fifteen years before, except that it was more nervous. She told me of her two boys and of Sherman's little successes at business, of every one whom I had formerly known in the town, and much else besides. I was as excited as a girl over my third visit to Oak Park.

Sherman alone met me at the old familiar station. Junior had a sore throat, so Peg could not leave him. Sherman was still slender and well-dressed, but his face had cynical lines around the mouth, and there was sadness in the expression of his eyes. He seemed very glad to see me after so many years and asked me many questions about myself and my work, but would not talk about himself. Fortunately the ride was short and I was soon in Peg's simple but charming home, kissing Peg and Junior and crying all at once. Soon Drew, a slender little boy of twelve, greeted me shyly—he promised to be his father all over again. Peg was much thinner and prettier and more nervous. Only a smooth, sweet disposition like Sherman's could have borne with her all these years. To me she was irritating in the extreme. She was as capable as ever, but her energy seemed changed from physical to nervous force.

That night, for old times' sake, we slept together, so that we could talk later. I did not have much to tell Peg, and she was so taken up with the petty dissatisfactions of her own life that she hardly asked me of my work, but started almost immediately to

tell me her tale of woe. She did ask a great many questions about Jack, however. Was his work really considered as great as was commonly supposed? Did he have any money? Why had he never married?

I answered these questions to the best of my ability and she reflected for a moment over my answers and finally began:

"You have no idea how much I have wanted you these last few years. Every year my life here grows more and more unbearable. Really, if it were not for the children, I declare I'd leave with you to-morrow. Every time I see your name or read something of yours, I cannot help thinking, 'If I had chosen Jack instead of Sherman, I would now be the wife of a great poet, and you probably would be merely the wife of a small woolen cloth manufacturer, and nobody outside of Oak Park would ever have heard of you.'" I started, surprised to discover that she knew about the small affair I had had with Sherman.

"Yes, Sherman told me about it afterwards," Peg went on. "You were very unselfish to advise me the way you did, and I have always loved you for it, even though it may have been the wrong advice." I was still more startled. The way Peg was calmly hoisting all the blame of the tangle of fifteen summers ago on me! How could she think that I was the instigator of it all? Well, it didn't much matter, though I wasn't sure that if everything were to be done over again, I'd advise her the same way.

I let her put the blame upon me, because it seemed to rest her poor, tired soul, racked with the thought that perhaps she had been to blame for marrying the wrong man. I tried to make her see the emptiness and dreariness of my life, alone in the world except for my work. I told her that I envied her more than she could possibly envy me, and that I'd give twenty years of my life to have been Sherman's wife for those past fifteen years. She didn't believe me, because she was still the same selfish Peg.

That was another night I lay awake in Oak Park, thinking of Sherman. It is surprising how long the embers of a supposedly dead love will glow beneath the ashes. Being a middle-aged, critical, analytical woman, I rather enjoyed the unusual sensation of fanning those embers to a tiny blaze, and the next morning I managed a passable thrill when I saw Sherman again. In

fact, the thrill was so passable, that I decided I must go back to Chicago on the noon train.

Peg and I wrote to each other two or three times after that, and I always send Drew and Junior Christmas presents, but I have never been back to Oak Park since. Jack and I go abroad summers now. I'm a silly old woman, I suppose, but we found we helped each other a great deal in our work, and Peg was not there to prevent our marriage. Things happen very oddly in this world.

THE LITTLE GRAY HOUSE ON THE HILL

FLORENCE M. HODGES

'Twas on the hill-road that we found it. The gray horse was loitering along in a dreamily contented fashion; the hillside seemed asleep in the afternoon sun; even the soft white clouds hung motionless in the clear blue of the sky. We were nearing a bend in the road, and I idly wondered what lay beyond. How still it was! Down in the valley there was life—a farmer ploughing in the field above the mill, children playing in the meadow by the river—but up on the crest of the hill was a softly dreamy silence, a shimmering loneliness.

The gray horse was somewhat moved by idle curiosity, too, and pricked up her ears with revived interest in the world as we drew out from behind the tangle of weeds and sumac that screened the turning.

And there it was—a wee, gray, weather-beaten house, set close to the edge of the hillside, the meadows below it sloping gently to the valley farms and the river. The barnyard was quiet and deserted; the orchard by the roadside lay sleeping, stirred only by dreams of children who used to romp there. Even the little house was wrapped in the sunny silence which hung over its surroundings. It seemed watching, dreamily waiting, for the approach of those who would love it, who could live in contentment there on the winding hill-road, close to the life in the valley below, yet near to the floating white clouds just above. And answering the silent invitation of the tiny latticed porch with its shaded bench, hand in hand we went up the path, between the tangles of Queen Anne's Lace and wild roses, and claimed the wee house for our own.

SKETCHES

CROSSING NEBRASKA

HELEN BARBARA GREENWOOD

Suppose you are where I was. Suppose you are sitting on a green plush seat with your feet propped against someone's brown suit-case. A string is protruding from the someone's suit-case, but it is not your baggage nor your string, and your feet are comfortable, so you don't care. A porter with a white coat and a black face is whisking cinders from the window-ledge to your lap. You help the cause of cleanliness by giving them an additional whisk to the floor. A husky-voiced conductor is demanding your identification slip. You wonder whether the green slip or the cream-colored slip or the light green slip—for they are all in your purse—is the identification slip, and the husky-voiced conductor acts bored when you ask him. A stream of fine dust streams unobstructedly through the double windows and deposits itself over everything generally, your nose and the edge of your finger nails especially. Suppose all this, plus a smoky smell, flying telegraph poles and the grumble of revolving wheels and where would you say you were? "On a railroad train crossing, mayhap, Nebraska," you guess,—and "Wrong, quite wrong," I inform you. Of course you ask, "Where then?" for you're thinking that I don't know the earmarks of a Pullman. The best answer I can make is, "That depends." What I mean is that every group of people in your car has created for itself a little world around itself, and no two of their little created worlds belong to the same part of our big, God-created world. You will understand.

Do you see the berth in front of us? See yon red-faced man who is fat? He is Germany. With him is the thin little man

who wears English tweeds and a French mustache. He is the Allies. Do you suppose for one minute that they are bending over a common attachable Pullman-card-table? Nonsense! The table is Europe. You see it now. There is France and Germany and Austria and Belgium and Holland and Russia. I suppose a realist might add that they are all outlined with a piece of common string, that the English Channel is a pencil lying prone, and that England is the indefinite space on the other side of the pencil. It matters not; you have caught the atmosphere of the little world that yon fat man and thin man have created. It's Europe—not a Pullman crossing Nebraska.

Germany's first finger is the German army and the Allies' three fingers are the armies of England and France and Russia. The armies are advancing toward each other across Europe. The clash is of words. Germany takes the defensive.

"The tactics of the German army are infallible!"

"Nonsense," the Allies attack him. "It's murder, this close formation in the range of modern rapid fire gunnery. America learned that lesson in Bull Run, in Fredericksburg. It's too expensive—and doesn't get you anywhere."

"Doesn't get you anywhere? huh!" and Germany blows his cigar smoke in the face of the enemy. "It got us somewhere here at Liege and at Namur and at Brussels and it will get us somewhere at Paris." The German army covers a hundred and eighty miles with one crook of the finger and stands ready to march into Paris. A European capital is about to fall before your very eyes."

"Scalp her! scalp her!" rends the air. Scalping in modern warfare in modern Europe? Can such atrocities be! But who is this that scampers pell-mell up the aisle? He is not a German Hussar, nor is he a British Captain of the Royal Guard. Ask the small, masculine noise-maker and he will tell you that he is a North American Indian; that he has a band of red and green feathers down the back of his head and bands of red and green war-paint on his face; that he is chasing a white man upon whom he pounced unexpected as he plowed in his corn-field, and that he thinks he will convert you into a block-house. So you forget all about being in the midst of a European war—forget to such an extent that you would stake your life and vow that you are a log block-house in a Massachusetts forest in the

year 1732. You are receiving into the protection of your walls all the imaginary pioneers that a small, North American Indian, whooping up the aisle, cares to drive from imaginary corn-fields and spare from an imaginary death at the blunt end of an imaginary tomahawk. You are perfectly engrossed with the idea of being a block-house, you can't remember ever having been anything else, and you don't intend to be anything else so long as your wooden walls stand. You, as a block-house, possess animate walls, for at that very second you hear a sob. "The sob of a frightened refugee within my log perimeter," you assure yourself. But the sob is not within you, it is, very plainly, behind your back wall, so you turn your head to investigate.

And lo! the scene changes through no fault of yours. You were a perfectly contented block-house in the year 1732. You were in love with the small North American Indian. You had not the slightest desire to become the woman back of you. But you do become the woman back of you. You become her so completely that you think you, too, wear a neat black dress with neat white ruffs and collar. You, as the woman back of you, are sitting beside your dead son, who is really only the dead son of the woman back of you. You have the awful realization that the reason the son is dead as you sit beside him is that the train had not gone faster. Then you remember how you sat on the train in your neat black dress with its neat white cuffs and prayed and wished and prayed again that the wheels would turn fast enough to bring you to your son living—the son who is really only the son of the woman back of you. You are half worn out with trying to shove the train along, and your eyes, having become mixed up with the eyes of the woman back of you, are about to fill with tears. And you unmarried! Then it is that you decide you are altogether too sympathetic. This is tom-foolery, you tell yourself, this taking of another's burden upon you. You have no son, you never did have a son, your dress has a green background with Roman stripes. So you decide to forget the woman behind you and turn to the woman across the aisle for diversion.

But there is another tragedy. Here it is Dick's tragedy of the "Light that Failed." You recognize it the second you see that red book. For the second you see the book you are astride

a creaking saddle, atop a Bisharin camel, and you are adjusting yourself to the rock and pitch of the pace. Stretching away in the darkness about you are the infinite sands of Egypt. Your arm is numbed from wrist to collar-bone, for you hold a revolver against the back of the driver before you. The awful silence is pierced by an occasional—

Bang! crash! and a yelp! The North American Indian, in one grand cosmopolitan calamity, collides with a table. The table, being attachable, disattaches, and Germany and the Allies see the whole of Europe totter and fall before their eyes. You, once a block-house of 1732 but more recently returned from Egypt, stoop to the rescue of him who heartlessly killed imaginary Puritans with an imaginary tomahawk.

All of which proves that the people around you are on a Pullman crossing Nebraska. They may be in Europe or Egypt, or in 1732 or 1932—and what I mean is that every group of people around you has created a little world around itself, and no two of the little created worlds belong to the same part of the big, God-created world. If you are on a Pullman crossing Nebraska, that and nothing more—well, I should say it is because you are looking out of the window, counting haystacks and forgetting the people around you.

IN TAPESTRY

GRACE ANGELA RICHMOND

Love, I have woven thee a tapestry.
 The azure shimmer of a summer sea,
 The glow of autumn woods, the burnished sheen
 In fields of ripened grain, the shadowed green,
 Of woods at twilight and the star-shot rose
 That fades to grayness where the sunset glows,
 These have I woven, oh my love, for thee
 In tapestry.

Love, I have woven thee a tapestry,
 Of heart's desire and proud humility,
 Of sacrifice and happiness and pain,
 And dreams that knew no fruitage, hope too vain,
 All suffering, all cruel loss—and yet
 I can bear these, and silence all regret
 If thou wilt only say how fair it be,
 My tapestry.

ONCE TO EVERY MAN

MILDRED SCHMOLZE

They were discussing the age old question of the survival of the fittest. Perhaps it was because of the past four days of boredom, cabin-bound as they were by the heavy fog, that the men in the smoking room took up the time-worn aphorism so eagerly. The subject had come up lightly enough in the careless remark of young Amory apropos of the winner as he arranged the red, white and blue chips in carefully symmetrical piles after the last game.

The journalist sitting opposite leaned forward with a sudden look of interest in his face.

"The survival of the fittest!" he repeated. "Do you know, Amory, the first time I realized the significance of those words was at your house? It was just before I left for school and my mother had dragged me with her while she called on yours. I was fourteen and you were about six, if I remember rightly. You took me out to see a pet robin that you had tamed. You had a little house for it on a pole in one corner of the yard, and when we got out there we found that a jay had taken possession of it. There was not room for both. One or the other had to go and the jay strutted nonchalantly about in the inside of the house confident in his right of possession. But the rightful little owner was plucky too. He decided to make a fight for his house and, after several flying attacks, forced the impudent usurper into the open. And then what a fight they had!—but in the end your little pet was killed. You were heart-broken, Amory, and started to cry real tears while I stamped my foot with the impotent fury of youth and said 'It's a burning shame.' Then I heard a quiet laugh behind me and turning around looked straight into the amused face of a man standing there. He had gray hair and dark, very bright eyes that seemed to pierce a hole right into your heart.

"It is a shame," I insisted again. And then the laughter went out of his eyes.

"It's the survival of the fittest, sonny," he said simply.

Young Amory's face was alight. "I remember," he interrupted eagerly, "that was my uncle Tom—one of the best men that ever lived. I remember little cock robin too. Uncle Tom and I buried him the next day out in the garden under a rose-bush. But then I didn't understand or believe in the doctrine of the survival of the fittest."

"And do you now?" The man who asked the question had been sitting in a deep chair near by reading a week-old 'Frisco paper which he had laid aside when the journalist began his story. He was a rather young man, perhaps in his early thirties and the possessor of a superb physique that inevitably singled him out in a crowd. His head was somewhat leonine in cast, his thick black hair waving back from a rather low forehead. Every feature of his face from his keen gray eyes to the chiselled squareness of his chin spelt "virility" and "power."

"And do you now believe in the survival of the fittest?" he asked again.

Young Amory was somewhat taken aback.

"Why, I suppose so, doesn't every one? There isn't any reason to disbelieve it, is there?"

"I wonder," replied the other man slowly. "Perhaps—but what do you think of it, my friend?" turning to the journalist. "Out of the wide range of your experience have you come to believe that it is the fittest who always survives?"

The journalist smiled.

"I don't know," he said lightly. "I think first I should have to have demonstrated that there is a fittest."

"I think there is no question of that," returned the other quickly,—“there must always, in the nature of things, be a fittest, and, as naturally, it is he that should survive at the end."

"Then you believe in that?" The journalist took him up quickly.

"Absolutely and unqualifiedly. There has never to my knowledge, been a case of the survival of the unfittest. Oh I know," shrugging his shoulders and waving his hand as if to ward off interruptions, "that some of you will disagree with me there. There are cases I admit in which on the surface the survivor has not seemed the fittest, but I'll wager you a hundred to one that if you investigated, you'd find it untrue."

"Ah, what a face!" The journalist heard a low voice at his elbow murmur. He turned and saw a pale young man whom he had occasionally noticed because he had seemed to prefer the solitude of the mist-envelopped decks and the semi-darkness of the narrow corridors to the cheerful companionship of the smoking-room. To the journalist's friendly greeting he had twice returned a courteous but brief "good morning," and had immediately resumed his restless pacing up and down the companion-way.

"Who is he?" he now asked of the journalist in an undertone indicating the speaker with a jerk of his head. "I'd give a year out of my life for the privilege of modelling his head."

A vague half-foreign intonation in his voice had caught the journalist's keen ear and he looked at the stranger with interest as he replied:

"He's the District Attorney of M——, the youngest in the states and destined to be one of our greatest men. To some political prophets, the end of his career is nothing less than the White House. He is one of the cleverest men I know—and one of the best politicians. What is more he did not put his principles into the political grab-bag and risk drawing out offices instead. He's kept them right straight through—made a clean sweep of graft in M—— and I believe there isn't a better loved man in that part of the west to-day."

"Idealism and practicability," the other man said thoughtfully—"the perfect combination but so seldom found. And yet his face shows it, for there is stamped there virility and honor, the things that make—a man. His name?"

The journalist told him and then ventured to inquire "and you, my friend, are?"

The stranger shrugged his shoulders.

"Nothing but a would-be sculptor," he said lightly. "My home is in Norway—ah" as he caught a gleam of sudden understanding in the other's face, "you perhaps have recognized that I am foreign? I—" but here a paroxysm of coughing interrupted him.

"Nasty cold you've got," observed the journalist, "these heavy fogs"—

But the Norwegian smiled and shook his head.

"It is not a cold," he said. "I am what you Americans so

able to hold on until morning when the odds in favor of the appearance of another vessel, perhaps only a tramp steamer, were ten to one. At this moment there was a convulsive tug at the table which almost jerked it out of his hands. With an effort he raised his head and stared straight into the eyes of the Norwegian who had grasped one of the broken stubs of the legs. At the same instant there was a steady downward pull. Palpably the table could not hold them both. As the sudden knowledge of this came to them, they realized that they were in that last extremity when one of them should have to prove himself the fittest. In one glance the District Attorney measured the other's strength. He himself was much the larger, besides the Norwegian's vitality seemed almost gone. There was no question as to who was the fittest here.

"I am sorry, my friend," he said simply, "that it had to be you—but there seems to be no other way. The raft can't possibly hold us both."

"Yes," the Norwegian acquiesced calmly. "So one of us must go."

"The District Attorney moved closer and half raised his arm, when a curious expression came over his face. For a moment he closed his eyes and when he opened them again he looked, not at the Norwegian but out across the seething ocean.

"One of us must go," he repeated in a curiously toneless voice, "and he who survives will be the fittest! I find you are right after all, my friend. In the last extremity, to every true man there comes a solution, a knowledge of the highest thing to do and—he must take it."

"Stop!" cried the Norwegian, alive at last to the significance of his words and almost loosing his hold on the table in order to grasp him, "you must know that I—"

But it was too late. A big wave had carried the District Attorney out of his reach and the sea had claimed another hostage.

* * * * *

Two months later the Journalist sat in front of the fire in his rooms in New York opening his mail. An envelope with a San Francisco postmark, claimed his attention. It was from Amory, he recognized the big scrawly handwriting, Amory with whom he had fought and buffeted the waves through those terrible long hours before dawn, when, half dead, they were picked up

by the "Orient." A clipping fell out as he opened the envelope, with a single sentence pencilled across the top—"I knew you'd want to read this. A."

The dispatch was from Honolulu and told of a young Norwegian, the only survivor of the ill-fated "Indian Queen" who had been brought to Honolulu. Since then he had been ill and in a state of constant delirium. When he recovered his reason, he told a remarkable story of the heroism of the young District Attorney of M— who had saved his life by a sacrifice of his own. The Norwegian had asked that the papers print a full statement so that due honor might be given his savior in his own country.

The Journalist let the clipping slip through his fingers as he gazed into the fire. He had supposed until now that the Norwegian had perished with the others on that night. But now he was alive—and at what a cost! Suddenly a picture arose before the Journalist's eyes—the cabin, hazy with blue cigar smoke, the group of men about the card table, the District Attorney talking in his masterly forceful way, and a low voice at his side saying, "I am going out to Tohiti—to die."

With a quick impetuous movement he crushed the paper in his hand and threw it into the fire.

"The survival of the fittest," he muttered—"bah! there is no such thing!"

"IN THE NIGHT WATCHES"

ELEANOR GIBBONS

I am a minister's wife. That is why it all happened. Now I don't want that to sound as if I had any designs on the clergy. I have never had designs on but one of them and he—but that's another story. For I've put Mrs. Wilton Knowles' card in trays for years and years and three whole times we've sent out little tiny cards tied with white ribbon to larger ones bearing the names of the aforementioned Mr. and Mrs. Wilton Knowles.

There are lots of nice things about being a minister's wife, *the* minister's wife I mean, but I think I forgot most of them

that Wednesday night. We were coming home from prayer meeting and it was cold. So cold that we took each other's hands and ran when we thought of the two long hours before bed-time in front of the fire in our little library, hours when we could be all alone, and all alone is a luxury in a minister's family; when we could forget that we were dignified, that Wilton had three gray hairs and that the soul's salvation of seven hundred people depended on our efforts.

But within about a block of the house, when we could see the light where little Katie was sitting, impatient for us to come home so that her duty of "minding the children" would be over, we saw a dark form skulking up the side street. I drew a long breath. Was our happy evening to be a lonely one instead? Would Wilton spend it in some miserable room with a dying man away over on the bleak, wind-swept hill where the miners lived, and I in our library, bending over a basket of little stockings, warm and comfy, to be sure, but alone? I wouldn't stand it. He was mine, not the people's, I—

"Be ye the preacher, sir?" Under the street light we could see the thin, pinched face of an Italian boy, not more than twelve, his clothes and skin still blackened from his day's work in the mine, as a mule driver most likely.

"Please, sir, Pa's drunk and he's beatin' Ma and the kids somethin' awful."

"Wait here, boy," was my husband's short response as he hurried down the last block and, with a hasty kiss, left me at the door to run back to the waiting boy.

"Katie will stay with you," he had assured me, but Katie was standing, impatient to be off, drawing on her gray cotton gloves as I entered the room, her face so eager at the thought of her 'steady' who was to meet her at the corner and to take her home, that I smiled as I told her good-night and went into the empty library.

Afraid? a minister's wife? Had I not learned long ago that those two words wouldn't rhyme? I went up to the nursery for a reassuring peep, Katie was so very careless. The windows were closed. I might have expected as much. I glanced at the beds but the rumpled covers satisfied me, so, dropping a kiss on the little face in the nearest crib, I carried my highly piled stocking basket downstairs.

The wind was howling dismally and I'm afraid I was sorrier for Wilton than for either poor Ma or drunken Pa. What if he should be hurt? They had no claim on him, anyway, they didn't belong to the parish. Why would he insist on spending so much of his time over in his mission among such horribly depraved people? This call to-night might be a ruse to get him into the hands of the men who objected so strenuously to his efforts at cleaning up that part of the city. Why didn't he come back? What could I do if anything were to happen? I, with the three helpless occupants of the white cribs upstairs depending on me?

Right across this cheerful trend of thought I distinctly heard a low, mournful moan from the back of the house. "Perfectly ridiculous," I insisted to myself, refusing to stir from the fire. Of course I'll hear things if I dwell on such doleful thoughts. I won't let myself be frightened. Wilton will be home right away and everything is all right. After a moment I relaxed from my unconsciously tense attitude. What an interesting psychological phenomenon—

Again I heard the same weird, uncanny sound and, leaving my philosophical investigations poised in mid-air, I rushed up to the nursery. My babies!

In the first little crib Barbara was cuddled up, her little pink night-drawered knees under her chin. Such a tiny little ball in her efforts to keep warm. Next to her Paul was stretched out in his usual spread-eagle attitude, his grimy little fists—Katie had evidently forgotten his bath—clenched and the covers half off him. I was just stooping over to tuck him in when the same horrible sound reached me, only this time quite decidedly from downstairs. Little Wilton, Jr., whose bed was across the room, was patently not in trouble so, without even looking at him, I ran, as noiselessly as possible, out of the door, stopping only, upon a sudden impulse, to turn the key and drop it down the front of my waist. All the way downstairs the thought of that act tortured me. What if the house should be set on fire and I should be bound when I got downstairs? Then what would happen to the children, locked in their second-story room? It was a regular Italian wash-woman thing to do. What would Wilton say? But by the time I'd reached the downstairs hall and had heard the same uncanny sound as of

someone in agony, from the back of the house, I was glad that the babies had a door between them and whatever it was, and wished, with a sharp intake of breath, that I were behind the door, too. Someone on the back porch wanting help, I supposed. Some other abused "ma," very likely. For a moment I stood at the back door. I had lighted the gas in the kitchen but the porch was dark. As I hesitated the sound came again, this time from behind me. This was getting uncanny. I had just come from the front of the house and had left it lighted, too.

I knew from whence it came. The house was being repaired and most of the furniture had been put in the living room, which opened off the dining room. Katie must have left the door open so that someone had crept in there, some sick or drunken woman perhaps. Many of the guests at a minister's house are exceeding strange. I paused, standing between the brightly lighted dining room and the dark living room, peopled with strange, unreal-looking figures in the shape of piled furniture of every description. Why was it my duty to see who was there? I could easily shut and lock this room. Then I'd be safe and when Wilton came home—that was not square. He would be tired and cold and what use was a minister's wife, anyway, if she could not face things herself?

Just as I'd screwed my courage up to this point, I heard the moan again, directly behind me from the brightly lighted dining room. If my hair turns gray before I'm seventy I shall blame it on that moment. It had been weird enough, all along, to have the sound coming from the places I had just left. But right here? Why, I'd been through this room again and again. But, setting my teeth, I walked around the table and there, sprawled across two chairs and fallen forward till his little body was concealed by the table cloth, was Wilton, Jr., fast asleep. So uncomfortable and cramped was he that he had been groaning in his sleep and, incidentally, giving his mother the worst quarter of an hour of her life.

That miserable Katie. I remembered now the vividly red-backed book, with the pleasing countenance of a black-haired girl pressing the trigger of a revolver against her forehead, for its outside cover, which she had carried with her as she left. No wonder Paul had not had his bath. Poor youngsters, she had evidently not even stirred out of the library but had left them playing in the dining room, to their own devices.

Gathering him up in my arms I carried him to the couch by the library fire and ran upstairs for his nightie, with a long sigh of relief as I fished out the key, unlocked the door and stole into the nursery.

I hated to carry him upstairs. He felt so good in my arms there by the fire. But I could not be silly, I am a minister's wife.

After almost two hours he came, the other Wilton, cold, bitterly cold and with the tired, pitiful wrinkles around his eyes.

Nevertheless, "Everything been all right, little woman?" he asked quickly.

"Everything," I assured him as he settled wearily into his big chair. The fire was bright; the lights were low and soft; upstairs everything was calm and peaceful. It's pretty nice being the minister's wife.

ROMANCE

HORTENSE LOCKWOOD OLIVER

A gray stone tower crumbling into dust,
The ancient pillars, ivy overgrown,
And o'er the whole, a mist of days gone by,
Dim dreams of things imagined, yet unknown,
That hold us spellbound, and enfold
With mystery, Romance of Ages Old.

A bright steel span that quivers in the light—
A power come to being in a day,
To populate the cities that shall rise
Upon the plain, and open wide the way
Into the future. Lo, we view,
Enchanted, the Romance of Ages New.

ABOUT COLLEGE

THE GRAY MUFFLER

BARBARA CHENEY

It was a bitter cold morning, and to be sheltered from the wind was good even if one was sheltered by the wall of a trench and one's reason for being there was not pleasure. The young soldier was alone. His companion had crept away on an errand and the line of works was so bent that he could not see those who were really near. For a time he sat motionless, dully feeling that the cold was unconquerable, but gradually he began to devise little ways of baffling it. He found that if he wound his muffler twice around his neck, the ends were still long enough to wrap about his hands. This was decidedly better. He looked at it approvingly for the first time, and then he noticed a queer thing. There were several uneven, little holes in the end about his left hand, holes that struck a familiar chord in his mind. He remembered that similiar ones had been shown him by his mother as an excuse for what he, with his boyish superiority, had declared wasteful ripping. How long ago that seemed. His blue eyes took on a new, softer expression. Almost tenderly he examined the dull gray worsted. What a funny side it had, almost like a flight of stairs all zig-zag—Here it was closely woven, there so loose as to be transparent. A smile began to play about his mouth—the first that had been there for many a day. In his mind rose the picture of his sister sitting on the door-step in the sunshine, a stolid, black haired little figure. Her mother was bending over her, guiding the stubby fingers while she, breathing hard, her tongue following each motion, was learning to knit. Her early works had very much the same zig-zag, loose-and-tight appearance as this muffler.

All these thoughts and more passed through his mind as he sat, his gun beside him, looking out over the fields. A shell whizzed by but he did not jump. He had learned not to, long

ago. Then another came. He scarcely heeded that either, until he felt in a vague, impersonal way that it had been destined for him and that it had accomplished its deadly purpose. He sat very still for a time. From further down the line came a low, cheery voice :

“ It’s a long way to Tipperary,
It’s a long way to go.”

The young soldier tried to answer. When he found that he could not, he realized what a long, long way he had to go. That was not so hard to bear as the fact that he had to start out alone. If only some one were there with him, if only some one else understood. Then, as his head bowed, he saw through a haze the gray zig-zag lines and the uneven holes. His blue eyes brightened and he smiled.

Later in the day, when his friends found him, the smile was hidden by an end of the muffler which, they thought, the wind must have blown across his mouth.

THE MYTH OF THE RED KING’S DREAM

MARION SINCLAIR WALKER

Extract from a volume entitled “Customs and Manners of the Twentieth Century.” Published in the year 5749 (A. D.).

The majority of learned archæologists are agreed that it was at this time—during the first half of the twentieth century—that St. Nicholas, who had been connected for so long a time with the observance of Christmas, lost his position of prominence. This amiable individual seems to have fallen into obscurity through the rising renown of a powerful figure known as the Red King.

Whether or not such a person as the Red King ever lived, is a question which historians have been unable to answer conclusively. The learned Dr. Achnein, who looks upon the Red King as a purely mythological character, points out the impossibility of their being a king of any color, in the United States, in the twentieth century, when records still preserved show us that that country had been for many years a republic. Dr. Möglich, on the other hand, has collected fragments of the great

epic of the twentieth century, a work which unfortunately has been lost, and is preserved to us by quotations only. It treats of a certain Alice and of her adventures, but of the twenty-four existing fragments, three contain references to a Red King. The fragments, however, are so incomplete, and so obscure, that they give very little specific information regarding the personality of the Red King. Moreover, it is not fully established that the Red King of the fragments is identical with the Red King of the myth. The extreme remoteness of the time with which we are dealing makes it impossible to clear up the mystery. But recent excavations on the site of the ancient town of Northampton make it possible to tell the story of the Red King's Dream, if we set aside the troublesome question of its authenticity.

The extent of the Red King's dominion is undetermined, but we may say with reasonable assurance that it included this town of Northampton. There seems to have been at that time a colony of young women in Northampton, assembled together for purposes of scientific research. At least we conclude that this was their purpose, for the literature which has come down to us from them deals for the most part with bats. Their scientific knowledge must have been of a most primitive nature, otherwise they would have realized that the bat, while interesting in its way, is not of sufficient importance in the world of science to be made the sole object of intensive study. But fascinating as it would be to follow the rude efforts of these ancient maidens in their search for knowledge, it is sufficient for our purposes to state that over this colony the Red King and certain of his noble vassals seem to have exerted unlimited authority.

It came to pass at a time which we may fix approximately as between 1910 and 1920, that the Red King dreamed a dream about one of the noblest of his vassals.* And in the Red King's dream, the Noble Vassal became a mighty king—as mighty even as the Red King himself. And the Red King was pleased—he must have been, for he talked in his sleep, and said twice that he was very happy. This circumstance seems almost incredible to us, for with our conception of the fierce, jealous nature of primitive people, we find it hard to picture a monarch

* NOTE.—We are not sure that "vassal" is the term which was in use in 1920, but insufficient data make it impossible to determine, so the word is as good as another.

taking pleasure in his vassal's success. We are led then to the conclusion that the Red King was ahead of his time—a most striking example of native magnanimity in an age of rude customs and manners.

Now it was not so strange that the Red King should dream a dream—nor, if you think of him as a fifty-eighth century man ahead of his time, that he should display magnanimity. The strange part of the whole affair is that the things which the Red King dreamed about his Noble Vassal immediately came true. The Noble Vassal, to his great amazement, found himself a king. The Red King, as we have said before, was glad, and naturally, so was the Noble Vassal. The maidens of the colony were glad, too, for they liked the Noble Vassal, and wished him well. It is recorded that they took enough time from the contemplation of the bat, to make very evident their gladness.

But in the midst of all this rejoicing a horrible thought smote the Noble Vassal, now a king, and made him deadly pale.

"*What* if the Red King should wake up?" He communicated his fears to the maidens of the colony, and they, too, were appalled. But the contemplation of the bat had made them resourceful, so presently they produced a practical suggestion, and offered it in logical form.

"Since the Red King's dream must continue,
And since it cannot continue if the Red King wakes up,
The moral of *that* is that the Red King *must not* wake up."

So together with the Noble Vassal the maidens entered into a conspiracy to keep the Red King asleep. They modulated their rude, primitive voices so that no sound should drift in through the Red King's windows when they conversed together on the steps of Biological Hall, the building (now partially excavated) where they pursued their most advanced study of the bat. They stilled their enthusiasm over the bat, so that no shouts of exultation should disturb the Red King's dream. They endured the cold showers which were part of their primitive training, with never a primitive shriek. And those of them who had skill in music composed sweet slumber songs, which they sang softly at nightfall, under the Red King's windows. These and many more devices did the maidens use with complete success. For the Noble Vassal went away and established himself in his kingdom, and still the Red King dreamed on.

And it came to pass that when all these observances had become habitual, and there seemed no longer danger that the Red King would awake, it occurred to the maidens, and to others of the noble vassals who had entered into league with them, that the Red King, having dreamed so well for the original Noble Vassal, might dream as well for them. Now the most courageous of the vassals was called a dean. One day this stout-hearted dean whispered into the ear of the sleeping monarch a tale of sixteen new dormitories, and land to build them on. The Red King dreamed, and lo! the next morning there were the dormitories and the land—in fact, the dormitories *on* the land. The maidens redoubled their precautions not to wake the Red King, and presently, one by one, each tiptoed up to him and whispered her shy request. Each maidenly hope, each “After college, what?” took form in the Red King’s dream. So promptly did they all come true that the fame of the Red King’s dream was spread abroad over all the land, and pilgrims came from far and near to whisper to the slumbering monarch their heart’s desires. So it came about that jolly old St. Nicholas fell into oblivion, for his favors had after all been uncertain, and his time but one brief day, while the Red King dreamed, and so kept perpetual Christmas, all the year round.

In the course of time the Red King grew very old, and presently the colony knew him no more, for he had gone to be the Red King’s ghost in the Land of Shadows. But the people of the land did not forget him, and they told their children and their grandchildren and their great-grandchildren about the Red King’s ghost, still dreaming wonderful dreams in the Land of Shadows. So that is why, even in this year 5749, mothers still quiet their children with “Sh! You’ll waken the Red King.” And that is why, even down to the present day, children sometimes whisper their wishes to the silence, hoping that the Red King will hear, and will put them in his dream.

* * * * *

The material for this story, be it myth or history, was found in a document unearthed on the site of the ancient town of Northampton. The document treats of the bat, and was written by one of the colony of maidens, who declares herself to have been a pupil of the original Noble Vassal in the Red King’s dream.

HEARD ON THE TAR WALK

TIPPERARY

Here's a hurdy-gurdy grinding out
A plaintive, swinging strain,
And the children join the chorus
As it comes 'round again—
It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go !

The orchestra's just striking up
In measures strong and slow
'Mid rustling silk and laughter light,
To the whirling throng below—
It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go !

There's a campfire burning somewhere
And in its ruddy glow
The words roll bravely upward,
Tho' each voice is choked and low—
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there !

HELEN WHITMAN 1916

Why was I not a poet ! If I were I should
BY WAY this very minute write you an immortal poem
OF APOLOGY on the woods in December and on many, many
other things which you would learn by heart
and quote on all occasions, but very especially I would write
about the woods in December—because that is what I have been
trying to do all the afternoon—ever since I went for a long walk
in the woods and saw all the wonderful things that are there in
December.

There is green moss and there are woodchucks and squirrels,
and white birches that look very bare and ghostly without their
leaves—and black trunks of other kinds of trees. Then there
are little ground pines which crawl gracefully over the ground
(you can't see them so well in summer because of the underbrush)
And there's the brook. That is so poetic—with its icicles and
chilly appearance—and all the things that a poet might make a
wonderful poem of.

Then, there are the noises—the woodpecker's pecking on the trees—the partridges scuffling in the dead leaves and the scampering of the rabbits and other little animals who run when they hear you coming or peek slyly at you from their hiding places. They know that you are an intruder because you make such weird scrunches in the little snow patches and such loud thumps on the hard, frozen ground with your ground-grippers. And you do feel, somehow, as though you were breaking in upon their privacy, for the woods seem to belong to them exclusively.

Then, besides all these things, there's the view—if you go high enough. The hills look very brown and blue and red in patches and very green where the pines and evergreens are. There are some other green things too—some ferns left over from last summer and a great deal of green grass where you wouldn't expect it to be, and a great many other things that would be wonderful in a poem—and would look too commonplace if I should write them here.

But most of all it is the atmosphere that makes you want to be a poet. It gets hold of you and makes you feel and think all sorts of wonderful thoughts, but the thoughts are poetic, so I can not write them here for I am not a poet—and the other things that I have told you about do not rhyme—though I have gone all the way down the alphabet and back to try them. And that is why this is plain prose which no one will ever quote—instead of an immortal poem.

ADELAIDE ARMS 1916.

TRUE PROOF

I always knew, 'twixt East and West
There was no question which was best.
But now I've found a proof which you
Must sure declare doth make it true.

The sun each morning traces bright
A path 'way up above our sight ;
It's always rushing toward the west
That surely proves the West is best.

ROBERTA FRANKLIN 1916.

A BALLAD

Far far away in Wilkin's Cove
There lived two maidens fair,
And one had eyes of sparkling black,
And glossy curling hair.

The other was as sweet a lass
As man could hope to see.
Her eyes were like two lakes of blue
And twinkled merrily.

And every morning faithfully
In rain or sunny weather,
The lovely sisters arm in arm
Walked to the Mass together.

One morning as they wandered down
The flower-dotted lane,
They chanced to pass a comely youth,
He looked and looked again.

"In truth," he cried, "two fairer maids
I ne'er have seen before."
And oh, but he could never tell
Which lassie he loved more.

And now each eve at set of sun
He rode up to their gate,
And there the three did stand and talk
'Till night was growing late.

And soon each sister loved the youth
With all her girlish heart,
But each unto the other vowed
They two must never part.

As for the lad, in vain he tried,
In gazing carefully
To see, of those two sisters' charms
Which might the fairer be.

At last when they could not decide
Which two were suited best,
They planned to die together,
And put their hearts at rest.

Then each one kissed the others,
And seized the poison bread.
Inside of half a twinkling
The three were lying dead.

LOCAL COLOR

Bull frog for the spring time,
Wild duck for the fall,
Carnival for winter,
Any time at all.
Fusser in the grotto
Wary as a mouse,
These are the joys of living
In the back of Chapin House.

FRANCES BRADSHAW 1916.

TO A PICKLE

Oh, juicy, fresh dill-pickle, long and green,
What appetite comes up at sight of thee !
Thy portly shape's a pleasant thing to see.
When life is dull and all on earth seems mean.
One bite's enough to interest me, I ween,
For with it, all my morbid fancies flee,—
Of sweet forgetfulness it is the key,
And with new zest I'll finish thee up clean ;
For with thy acid juice I seem to drink
The wine of youth ; and with thy tender meat
A certain buoyancy, and love of life
That at man's imperfections makes me blink.
All this encased in one skin, green and neat !
Come, pickle, here's a sharp and ready knife !

ELKA S. LEWI 1915.

EDITORIAL

A small girl of our acquaintance was seeing her baby sister for the first time, and the infant found scant favor in her eyes. After a prolonged and critical inspection, she looked doubtfully from the baby to her mother, and said, "Did you have a 'choose'?"

Our little friend had grasped an important principle, although she had happened upon an occasion when it could not be applied. For with the realization that one usually "has a choose" she had gained a significant part of her preparation for life.

Not all of us are as fortunate as this little girl. It would seem sometimes that there is a "conspiracy against the young"—a conspiracy to prevent us, during the first seventeen years of our life, from knowing what it is to "have a choose." Our parents choose for us, anxious to give us the benefit of their hard-earned experience, and to spare us mistakes and failures. The school officials choose for us, because they can do it so much more quickly and efficiently than we can. Our choosing would be such a groping, experimental affair, at first, that the wheels of the great machine might be clogged, might even, for a time, not turn so swiftly. The highest aim of the present public school system would seem to be that there should be no interruption to the smooth turning of the wheels of the great machine. So through the joint efforts of parents and school officials, it came about that many of us, at the time when we came to college, had had little or no experience with free and independent choosing.

There may be some excuse in our "previous condition of servitude" for our floundering when the opportunities of college are placed before us. Whatever the reason, we have floundered and we still flounder. The fact that we need a Points System to regulate our activities shows that we have not used our freedom discriminatingly. For the adoption of any such system, useful and necessary though it may be, is after all a confession of failure.

The present reaction in many of the colleges, against the free elective system in its unlimited form, is alarming. It indicates that leaders in the world of higher education have come to despair of our ability to choose. They have given us the chance, in practically unrestrained freedom of choice, to show that as college students we have grown beyond our intellectual infancy, and apparently we have not justified their expectations. It is true that the course card of many a student would tell a strange tale of inconsistency and lack of thought. Peculiar and illogical reasons for electing certain courses may be "heard on the tar walk" at some seasons of the year. Yet these chaotic schedules, these thoughtless inconsistencies, do not represent the position of the students regarding choice. Once we realize that choice is one of the essential elements of our life, and that it is of vital importance, both for the unity of our college course and for the growth of our character, that we choose deliberately and wisely, undoubtedly we can make a better showing. It seems, however, that if the persons who advocate reducing the number of electives, would labor rather to introduce more electives into secondary schools, they would be working to better purpose. For while reducing the number of electives would put it out of the student's power to choose unwisely, increasing the number of electives in secondary schools would prepare him to choose wisely for himself.

It is very probable that the reaction against the free elective system will reach this college. Therefore we should begin at once to demonstrate to "whom it may concern" that we *can* choose intelligently. Let us not place quite so much dependence upon the judgment of the girl behind us in the line, the next time we have occasion to hand in our course cards.

"After college" there is, as has begun to dawn upon us, the wide, wide world, and it has been offering, since the beginning of time, an unlimited number of free electives. It will be confronting us, before very long, with the necessity to choose, and upon that choice may depend our ultimate success or failure. The college has given us opportunity to develop the power to choose. Happy are we if we have used our freedom well!

EDITOR'S TABLE

WHAT IS GREATNESS? In an age of facts and scientific knowledge why do we still drape the foundations of greatness in mystery? We demand logical arguments before we accept a final judgment. Nothing is too remote or too sacred to suffer the insistent probing "why" of curiosity or of science. Mathematicians deal with the fourth dimension; psychologists analyze pity and love. Reason, like a cold, swift wind, rips through the murky clouds of superstition and ungrounded belief. It is a ruthless wind with no reverence for one thing more than another, yet it leaves a cloud here and there untouched. And with such a cloud we veil the antecedents of the great.

Why should we tear away the mystery that belongs to sacred things and remain so stupidly the victims of the superstition that greatness usually "happens" according to no apparent law? Is that not what we believe? A man is not great in the popular sense until he has focused our attention by some signal achievement; it may be the writing of a book, a brilliant discovery, an act of heroism. But whatever may be the stimulus of his personality upon the world, if it be sufficient, if the world is ready for it, he becomes great almost over night. And we hold our breath as he passes; we raise our eyes to heaven and sigh, "Ah, he is a great man," feeling that he is removed from us by the descent of greatness upon him like a ready-made garment.

Greatness does not "happen" like a flash of lightning or a clap of thunder. There is no element of chance in the making of greatness, though there may be in its first revelation. But chance determines only the setting of the scene, never the piece itself. Napoleon was a great man; Milton was great. So says

the world. But long years of soldiering and observing on the part of an unknown Corsican made the great Napoleon. By many a line doomed to oblivion as soon as written and many an hour of sorrow Milton ascended the heights of his "Paradise Lost," where the world acclaimed him great. The elements which those men had combined in their lives and character were as sure to result in greatness as certain chemical reagents can be relied upon to give a characteristic chemical reaction.

Recognition of greatness by the world is often accidental or capricious; but greatness itself is never an accident because it comes not from without but from the whole inner life of an individual. It does not descend like a magic cloak from the hands of a whimsical Power; it is an armor that is welded piece by piece from the constant, never-ending material of trivial incidents. Each circumstance contributes its bit to the whole according to the way in which the individual meets it. We cannot say, "I mean to be brave, to face danger unflinchingly and unselfishly when anything of importance happens, but this little matter, this time, makes no difference." If we have met the little tests and shied from them the big moment will find us shivering cowards. And behold, the moment which has burned the brand of coward upon us will have revealed another man, a hero, all shining in his armored greatness.

There is no Power which lavishly bestows true greatness upon some and capriciously denies it to others. Greatness is not a gift but a guerdon won by constant devotion to duty and to ambition.

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

K. B.

The *Williams Literary Monthly* seems to us peculiarly good this month. In it is a long story, "The Eyes of Osiris," a highly imaginative tale, which reminds us quite forcibly of Poe's, because of the ingenuity of its torturing horror and suspense. "A Deal in Paintings," in the same magazine, is an extremely good story of a penurious Jew of the type which the author characterizes as the sort of man for whom hell would consist of a constant process of selling Kohinoors at a dollar apiece.

In *The Vassar Miscellany* there is a striking story, called "Keeping Watch," which deals with the apprehension of a murderer. Striking because the gruesome details of the murder are not even mentioned nor are any elements of the capture, nothing but the terse remark of the officer who slips the handcuffs over his captive's wrists as he leaves his wife's room, "You can always catch 'em by keeping watch on their women folks. They always come back."

"Kesdeb's Quest," in the *Yale Literary Monthly*, is a most realistic story of the Israelitish exodus from Egypt and the death of the first born in the Egyptian homes. The Oriental setting and atmosphere are most admirably sustained.

An interesting economic problem is posed in "Dollars" in the *Harvard Advocate*. It is the case of a man who, in payment for a drink, offers a Mexican barkeeper an American dollar, from which he is given a Mexican dollar and five cents as change. When offering his Mexican dollar to a bartender on the American side of the line he received an American dollar and five cents. He repeats this process until many nickels are collected, continually puzzling, however, as to just where they come from. The *Goucher Kalends* has two exceptionally charming character studies, "Ashton" and "Elizabeth," as well as an unusually dainty poem, "Song." The only good heavy we find this month is in the *Barnard Bear*, "Ivan Turgenieff," which presents all sides of the character of this most interesting personality.

E. G.

AFTER COLLEGE

TUNGCHOU, PEKING, CHINA,

October 30, 1914.

DEAR SMITH GIRLS :—If you all had as jolly a summer as I did and felt as ready to go to work when fall came, perhaps you can understand how my days have been rather full these last two months, and evenings too, so that I have not sat down to give you an account of myself till now. When you feel like work you do not think about sitting down and you do not notice how the time is flying along. Really I have no “face” to say I am busy for two or three of the married ladies have taken five schools and two kindergartens off my hands and I have nothing left but the boarding school and touring beside some odd jobs, such as Sunday school classes, missionary meetings, calling, etc.

We started our year's work with a grand effort to get into closer touch with the women of Tungchou. Mr. Sherwood Eddy, General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. for Asia has been making a tour of China this fall, and he held one meeting for men here in Tungchou. Mrs. Eddy came with him and held a similar meeting for women. This was the only place where her audience was not composed almost entirely of students and it was something of an experiment, but very interesting. One of the requirements for all the Eddy meetings was that careful plans for follow-up work should be made. Nine or ten of our best educated women promised to lead classes for those who were willing to sign cards at the meeting, expressing their desire to learn something of our religion. Another stipulation was that no small children should be admitted to the meeting. We put this thought in a most polite manner in the beautiful red invitations but the women did not take it seriously and brought from one to five apiece. We suggested that the children would have more fun playing outside, and that the room would be quieter without them, and they all agreed with us, but when the time came to go into the assembly room, each one felt that this excellent rule did not apply to her own little darlings! There were many entreaties, some tears, a few departures, but finally a good crowd of children ran out in front of the church to play, as the door closed on their fond parents. Those of us who had the job of amusing these sixty or seventy infants, had plenty of exercise, but I am sure our little friends never had a more entertaining afternoon. 'Twas well, for several mothers feared we were kidnapping their offspring.

Inside the church the women listened with unusually good attention to Mrs. Eddy's simple, interesting talk, and to the singing of the school girls.

All went well until the cards were passed around. Although everything had been carefully explained, they were afraid that they were committing themselves to some dangerous thing by having their names signed. (Not one in a hundred could sign her own). A good many of those who did sign left before we could assign them to classes and some of those who remained were afraid to promise to go regularly every week. One or two classes have been going on ever since and we hope that we may get into touch with some of the women who left in haste. On the whole we are glad we tried the experiment, though it has shown us that our women are not so very far on in the acceptance of modern ideas, after all. They like to come to our lectures but they do not want to commit themselves very far. How can one wonder, when these same lectures are the only touch with western things that some of them ever have?

Changes are coming, however, far more quickly than we dare to hope. One sees queer contrasts now-a-days in China, the old and new rubbing elbows. Only yesterday I was helping the Bible Women examine two candidates for admission to the church. One was a middle aged woman who little more than a year ago was burning incense to the kitchen god, but who has been much influenced by the teaching she has received and is trying her best to live a better life. One of the things they said of her was that she had cleaned up both herself and her house to quite a marked degree since hearing the doctrine, and that she has ceased to use bad language to her neighbors. She is doing what she can, but she is a lifetime behind the other candidate, not half her age. This was one of our school girls, who shows the effects of seven years of study. Not so very much education, it is true, and neither culture nor education back of her, yet she seemed to me miles ahead of the older woman, and I realized, as I have not before, what our girls' schools will mean to the next generation. Ordinarily I must confess, I am not impressed with the intelligence, neatness, and Christian graces of my girls, they do leave so much to be desired. Yet they are of New China and they would find it harder to go back to the place where their mothers were, than these poor women do to go forward. Come and see them for yourselves and help me with suggestions for helping them a step or two higher up. We are going to give "The Birds' Christmas Carol," that has been done into Chinese, with some changes but has kept a good bit of its charm. It will be getting near Christmas when this reaches you, and it will take you the best wishes for a joyous vacation.

Your Friend,

(Signed) DELIA DICKSON LEAVENS.

SENIOR DRAMATICS

Applications for Senior Dramatics may be sent to Miss Florence H. Snow, General Secretary of the Alumnae Association, College Hall, Northampton. Details as to the day of the performance and the price of tickets will be given later.

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be addressed to Lilian Peters, Dickinson House, Northampton, Massachusetts.

'11. Mildred Hotchkiss is teaching Mathematics at Branford, Connecticut.

Eleanor Ide has a Camp Fire Club.

Mrs. E. A. Emerson (Polly James) is at Caixa de Correio 19, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

Helen Johnson is clerk for New York City and St. Louis Railroad Company.

Mrs. Walter Durjee (Mabel Keith) is living in Turners Falls, Massachusetts.

Marguerite Lazard is studying at the University of Pennsylvania in the Department of Sociology, and training at the University Hospital in the Social Service Department.

Miriam Levi has left the stage and is in the School of Journalism at Columbia. Address: Brooks Hall, New York City.

Helen Lord is Assistant in the Playground and Recreation Association of America. Address: 1 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Mrs. Edwin R. Boyd (Gertrude Lyford) was Chairman of the Relief Committee and Canadian Emergency Committee of Western Scotland, last summer. She has taken a course in First Aid, and Sick Nursing, and has her St. Andrews Ambulance Certificate. If Mr. Boyd is called to the Front, she expects to go with him as a Red Cross nurse.

Winnifred Lyman is teaching in the High School at Mansfield, Massachusetts, and rooming with Anne Parsons, who is also teaching there.

Julia Miller is taking a course in Design at the Cleveland School of Art. She is a Garden Designer.

Eleanor Mills is Secretary of the New York Association of Women Workers.

Doris Nash is doing Editorial Work with D. C. Heath and Company, Publishers, and singing at St. Mary the Virgin's in New York.

Elizabeth Nye is teaching English and History in the High School at St. Johnsville, New York.

Carolyn Palmer's address is: 430 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, New York.

Mary Patten is Physical Director of Winthrop College, South Carolina.

Doris Patterson expects to do Settlement Work in Boston.

Mrs. Chase W. Love (Adelaide Peterson) is doing club work in Chicago.

Maude Pfaffmann is Secretary to the General Footwear Factory Manager of the United States Rubber Company. Address: 124 West 77th Street, New York City.

Katherine Pond has returned from California and is interested in Church and Y. W. C. A. work.

- '13. Alice Adams received her Master's Degree in Education at the University of the State of New York.
Marian Adams is teaching English and Latin in the High School at Oneonta, New York. Address: 88 Chestnut Street.
Edith Alden is teaching English in Holbrook High School.
Marjorie Anderson is secretary at Miss Spence's School in New York, for a second year.
Mary Arrowsmith is planning to take courses in the New York School of Philanthropy this winter.
Lucile Atcherson is Executive Secretary for the Franklin County Woman's Suffrage Association.
Mrs. Robert Meech (Rose Baldwin) is now housekeeping at 2212 Irving Avenue, South, Minneapolis, Minnesota.
Helen Barnum is secretary to the Faculty Committee on Recommendations at Smith College.
Charlotte Barrows is teaching French and History in the High School at Rockville, Connecticut.
Mildred Bartle is teaching Ancient History in an Episcopal Boarding School for Girls. Address: Akeley Hall, Grand Haven, Michigan.
Annie Batchelder is teaching in Chicago.
Ella Brownell is teaching Mathematics in Oswegatchie, New York.
Genevieve Clark is acting as Secretary to her father.
- '14. Louise Howe is taking a gymnastic course at Wellesley in preparation for teaching.
Isabel Hudnut is at home. Address: 6 Beaufort Road, Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts.
Vivian Humphrey is teaching at the Jacob Tome Institute, Port Deposit, Maryland.
Marjorie Jacobson is doing volunteer work with the C. O. S.
Marjorie Jones is teacher-in-training in English in the Manual Training High School, Brooklyn, New York.
Marion Jordan is taking a secretarial course in Hartford, Connecticut.
Norma Kastl is studying at the Von Ende School of Music, New York City.
Helen Keeler is taking a Domestic Science course in Boston, Massachusetts.
Madelyn Keezer is teaching in Carbondale, Colorado.
Ruth Lockwood is teaching Algebra in the High School, Meriden, Connecticut.
Sara Loth is teaching French in Wadleigh High School, New York City.
Ruth McKenney is teaching Latin, French and English at Leland Seminary, Lonshead, Vermont.

'14. Marie Miller is teaching in Litchfield, Connecticut.

Mae Mitchell is tutoring in French and Latin at Mt. St. Joseph's Seminary, Hartford, Connecticut, and is taking the Domestic Science course there.

Helen O'Malley is teaching in the American School, Manila. Address : 616 Pennsylvania Avenue.

Constance Palmer is Visitor and Case Investigator for the Brooklyn Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor.

Nellie Parker is teaching at the College of St. Teresa, Winona, Minnesota.

Josephine Parsons is teaching in the High School, Dudley Hill, Massachusetts.

Jean Paton is teaching Mathematics in the Ansonia High School, New Haven, Connecticut.

Grace Patten is teaching at Tomkins Cove, New York.

Pauline Peirce is studying Domestic Science at Simmons College, Boston, Massachusetts.

Marie Pierce is a member of Mrs. Stowell's Personal Service Bureau in the John Wanamaker Store, New York City.

Anna Pillsbury is at home. Address : Ingersoll Grove, Springfield, Massachusetts.

CALENDAR

January	16.	Alpha and Phi Kappa Meetings.
"	18-27.	Mid-year Examinations.
"	30.	Group Dance.
		Dickinson House Reception.
February	3.	Fifth Concert of Smith College Concert Course.
"	6.	Open Meeting of Debating Union.
		Group Dance.
"	8-14.	Week of Prayer.
"	13.	Alpha and Phi Kappa Meetings.
"	15.	Sixth Concert of Smith College Concert Course.

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February - 1915

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THE
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

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FEBRUARY, 1915

No. 5

EDITORS:

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BUSINESS MANAGER AND TREASURER

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HESTER GUNNING

MADGE HOVEY

THE SPIRIT OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE
AS TYPIFIED BY ISABELLA AND BEATRICE D'ESTE

DOROTHY L. SYKES

When the dawn of the Renaissance broke in the east, Italy was the first of the nations to stir and awake from the long sleep in which she had lain during the Middle Ages. Because at this time when the other nations were semi-barbarous, Italy possessed a language, a favorable climate, political freedom and commercial prosperity, it was she who took the lead in this great movement. From that fair sunny southland, the light of this dawn was reflected across the Alps into Germany, thence to the other nations of Europe until it finally penetrated across the sea to England.

To the student of art the Renaissance may mean one thing, to the student of literature another, and to the scientist still another, but the Renaissance was in truth an awakening of all the faculties, "a spontaneous outburst of the intelligence," which resulted in progress in all fields—"an emancipation of the reason" from the dungeon of mediæval times, in which it had languished so long.

The Renaissance was really a gradual growth, and the fall of the Greek Empire in 1453 was but an external event which determined the direction this outburst was to take. The modern mind now came in contact with the mind of the ancient world.

The spirit or ruling passion of the Renaissance was a thirst for culture, in all its forms, whether in the field of music, of literature or of art. It was distinguished by a reverence for antiquity, and later by a critical taste, which was satisfied with only the best, by a love of the beautiful, and lastly by a new-found joy in life. Man had awakened to a realization of the loveliness and joy in the world. He no longer "lived as a monk enveloped in a cowl" or "travelled along the highways of the world intent only on the terrors of sin and death."

'Mid all the pomp and pageant of these glorious times, two illustrious women stand out as typifying the spirit of the Italian Renaissance. They are the sisters Isabella and Beatrice d'Este, both unlike each other and yet both showing tendencies of the times in which they lived.

The Estes of Ferrara were one of the oldest and most esteemed families in all Italy, and were noted for their true love of art and letters during the Renaissance. Isabella, the elder of the sisters, is a representative of culture in its highest intellectual phase. Even as a child she showed a great aptitude for study. She was early taught the classics and was continually surrounded by the most brilliant scholars, musicians and artists of the day, men who were attracted to her father's court. Thus she grew up in an atmosphere of refinement which aided in developing her powers more than any masters could have done. At the age of fourteen, she bade farewell to her father's ancestral palace on the banks of the Po to become the youthful bride of Francesca Gonzaga, the Marquis of Mantua. Rarely has bride of fourteen been so beautiful, or so accomplished. In the portrait by Leonardo da Vinci of the maiden with the fair

face, black eyes and long yellow hair, we can still see the elusive beauty and charm that won so many hearts long ago.

In spite of the distractions of the court, in those days of her early married life; in spite of the fact that she was often called upon to rule the state in her husband's absence at the wars; and in spite of her many visits to Ferrara, Venice, or Milan where her sister lived, she still found time to devote herself to learning. She even began to study Latin again with a new tutor. Her old teacher at Ferrara had written to her, exhorting her to keep on with her studies, "since a truly cultured woman is as rare as a Phoenix." Later she actually did gain the reputation of speaking Latin better than any woman of her day.

We should like to have caught a glimpse of Isabella in her studio in a tower of the castello overlooking the blue waters of the lake. Here was her holy of holies where she received her intimate friends, numbering among them many of the foremost scholars and princes and even emperors. All were attracted by her beauty, her art, her love of learning, her keen understanding. In this studio was her library; and one might have seen how broad and varied were her literary tastes. Here might have been found the daintily bound volumes from the Aldine Press, works of the great Virgil (whose birthplace could be seen from the window out across the lake), of Horace, of Livy, of Plautus and Seneca; here a copy of the sermons of Savonarola, a long row of French and Spanish Romances, of manuscripts of Petrarch and Boccaccio; here volume after volume in their beautiful leather bindings with jewelled clasps, of presentative copies of the works of great poets then living, among them the *Orlandos* of Ariosto and Boriado and the sonnets of her beloved friend and minister Nicola da Corregio. More than any other form of literature Isabella loved poetry. We have none of her writings to-day (though it is said she did write a little poetry) except her letters, about two thousand of which are extant in the Gonzaga archives. They are of all kinds, from literary controversies, which were very popular at the time, to short, informal notes to her sister at Milan begging for some pattern for a camorra or telling of the death of a pet dog. They are charmingly written and show vivacity, keenness of wit and interest in all that is going on in the world, and they are of great value to us in giving a picture of this

remarkable woman. For Isabella was a real woman, and had the little weaknesses common to her sex, but they serve only to make her seem more human, to draw her nearer to us. The absorbing question of dress occupied a great deal of her attention. In one of her letters she says to her agent, "I send you a hundred ducats and wish you to understand that you are not to return the money if any is left, but are to spend it in buying gold chains or anything else that is new and elegant. If more is required, spend that, too. I had rather be in your debt as long as you bring me the latest novelties. I wish to have some black cloth for a mantle such as shall be without a rival in the world, even if it cost 10 ducats a yard. If it is only *as good as those* which I see other people wear, I had rather be without it." In many of her letters are allusions to her dwarfs and clowns and their jokes and tricks, and also to her pet dogs and cats, of which she was very fond. Whenever any of these beloved pets died, Latin poetry and epithets would pour in on all sides from sympathetic friends. We are told that the deceased pets were buried very solemnly in the garden of the castello, while all the ladies and gentlemen of the household, together with the favorite dogs and cats, joined in the procession.

In painting Isabella showed as great an interest as in literature; she lived at a time when the foremost artists were producing their greatest masterpieces and in her studio she numbered among her treasures classical pictures by the hand of the great Mantegna, bright-colored fantasies of Lorenzo da Costa, allegories of Correggio and magnificent paintings by Titian, some of them, alas, destroyed when the Germans sacked Mantua in 1630, and the remainder scattered abroad in all the galleries of Europe.

Isabella was unwearied in her efforts to obtain paintings from the best artists for her studio. From some of her letters to these masters we can gather that they were not always very agreeable or accommodating. Now, they were too busy to paint her a picture, or, again, they would leave her work half finished and take up something new. But Isabella with her usual tenacity of purpose and her perseverance generally got what she desired in the end. In one letter to an artist the exasperated young woman writes, "We have learnt by experience that you are as slow about your work as about everything else. We

send this to remind you that for once you must change your nature and that if our picture is not finished on our return we intend to put you in the dungeon of the castello." Or again, after three and a half years of waiting and corresponding about a picture, she writes, "We can no longer endure such villainy as Giovanni Bellini has shown regarding this panel of the Nativity, and we have decided to recover our money even if the picture is finished, which we do not believe."

Isabella was a music lover and much of her leisure time was devoted to that art. She had a rich voice and used to charm all listeners as she sang Petrarch's sonnets and accompanied herself to the lute. Among her correspondence are found many letters to Lorenza da Pavia, the great organ master, who built her a wonderful clavichord and sent her all sorts of rare viols and lutes. In her studio is a sweet-toned organ that Castiglione had sent from Rome. One of her favorite designs was that of the musical notes and rests which to-day may still be seen painted on the walls of her grotto or designed on her dress in some ancient portrait.

Like many another during the Renaissance, Isabella had a great love for antiques and collected them assiduously. She had agents in many cities whom she commissioned to send her rare, old things. So eager was she in this that she had no scruples in procuring antiques that had once belonged to friends, whom the fate of war had rendered unfortunate. Her friend Christofero Romano aided her very greatly and sent to Mantua many medals and rare old bronzes and even marbles that had been dug up in recent excavations at Rome. The Knight Templar, Sabba da Castiglione, kinsman to the great Baldassarre, sent her marbles from Rhodes and Naxos. On both of Isabella's visits to Rome, although she was continually occupied with state affairs, she still found time to wander about among the excavations or to seek out her favorite antiques in the shops.

Isabella had that all too rare quality of good taste—the ability to choose the best; even in the minutest details of dress this quality was apparent and the fashion of her caps was copied by noble ladies all over Europe, while the French king asked her for a wax doll dressed in Mantuan style with a pattern of the dress worn by herself and hair dressed in the same way, so that

the French ladies might copy it. This quality of being able to recognize true excellence, and of being satisfied with only the best, naturally attracted the greatest artists to her service and the poets of the day were very eager for her criticism and advice and desirous of her praise. She, by her keen criticism, was of great help to Ariosto in his Orlando and we have seen the many volumes of contemporary works dedicated to her. She ruled all by her personality and was even celebrated as the tenth muse by the poets of the Renaissance.

But it is not only as a patron of art and letters that Isabella is to be remembered, but also as a skilful diplomat. She was often called upon to govern Mantua, when the marquis, her husband, who was captain general of a league of Italian states, was away at war, and there never seemed to be a time when there was no war in Italy, either among the petty states or against France, who was continually trying to gain a foothold there. By her skilful diplomacy Isabella kept Mantua from falling a prey to France or to the ambitious designs of Cæsar Borgia, and raised the small state to one of foremost rank among the states of Italy, even making it one of importance in the eyes of the civilized world. She was very ambitious for the members of her family and often followed the line of Machiavelli's diplomacy, believing that the means justified the end.

Poor Isabella was obliged to exercise as much diplomacy and tact in order to keep the peace in her own family as in the affairs of state. As her husband grew older he became a querulous, fretful invalid, who was continually bothering his poor wife about trifles, or, when she was away on pleasure excursions, constantly writing to her to come home. She, in her turn, used to write to him every day, describing her travels, inquiring for the state of his health, or telling of the good things to eat, such as game and fish, that she had sent him, thus showing that she truly appreciated the value of the saying, "The way to reach a man's heart is through his stomach." "I thank your excellency for allowing me to come," she writes. "I am enjoying Venice much more than I did last time and think the city far more beautiful. To-morrow I will send you some fish and oysters." Or again this patient wife writes: "I'm glad my letter pleased you and am still more delighted to hear your new pills suit you. If ever I longed to see your excellency restored to health, I do

so now in order that you might be able to enjoy these delicious scenes."

We must indeed admire Isabella for her strong sense of duty, her devotion to her family and friends and her stainless purity in an age of corrupt morals. She lived up to her own great motto, "Neither cast down by fear nor elated by hope." Throughout her long life her good qualities continued to the end, and she may rightfully be called "the most perfect flower of womanhood that blossomed under the sunny skies of Italy in the days of the Italian Renaissance."

And yet, in regarding the perfection of the full-blown rose, we must not forget the bud that blossomed but to die. Beautiful Beatrice d'Este, plucked away in the bloom of her youth and joy, was as a bright meteor that flashed upon the scene and then went out, leaving in the dark world only the memory of its brilliancy and beauty.

In Beatrice d'Este we find that love of the beautiful and that new-found joy of life so characteristic of the time. The jet-black hair and bright coloring of Beatrice form a striking contrast to the golden-haired Isabella, and it was her frank joyousness, her vivacity and her ringing laughter, rather than her beauty, that won so many hearts.

She, like Isabella, was given a classical education, and, like her renowned sister, was a lover of literature and of music. Early in years she too left her home, becoming the bride of Ludovico Sforza, and going to Milan to rule over the most magnificent court in all Italy. Beatrice and her husband were very happy in their married life. Ludovico was a patron of letters, the Maecenas of his age. He built the University of Pavia, founded schools at Milan and encouraged learned men to flock thither. Beatrice was not only his wife but his true comrade and sympathetic friend. She discussed wisely the great questions of state, shared his counsels in court and camp, and was even sent as ambassadress to Venice to plead her husband's cause before the grave old Doges.

From her first appearance at Milan her peculiar charm, her youth and gaiety, gave a new lustre and touch of romance to the court. Scholars, artists, generals, in fact all the most brilliant men of the day, were at her feet. The magnificent life at her court reminds one of those rich old tapestries that hang

on mediæval castle walls, a series of bright pageants, of court masques, of splendid balls or gay hunting parties, and always amidst these bright scenes the figure of Beatrice giving life and color to the whole.

Beatrice was passionately fond of the chase; this graceful Diana would ride unwearied at her husband's side or with a merry party of friends at their country seat Vivegno and was always among the foremost in the hunt. She says in one of her letters to Isabella, "Every day we go out hunting with the falcons and the dogs; and my husband and I never come home without having enjoyed ourselves exceedingly. Nor must I forget to tell you how Messer Galeazzo and I, with one or two other courtiers, amuse ourselves playing ball after dinner."

Beatrice was evidently a very athletic young lady and enjoyed playing all sorts of games and sports. If she were living in our twentieth century she would undoubtedly distinguish herself as a college basket ball captain or be a worthy candidate for the initial sweater. The Ferrarese Ambassador writes of Beatrice and her friend Isabella of Arragon, "The two duchesses have been holding a sparring match and the Duke of Bari's wife (Beatrice) has knocked down her of Milan." Indeed many of their escapades were of a decidedly undignified nature, but practical jokes were much in vogue among the Lords and Ladies of the Renaissance. Her husband writes in a letter to Isabella at Mantua, "I could not tell you a thousandth part of the tricks and games in which the Duchess of Milan and my wife indulge. In the country they spent their time riding races and galloping up behind their ladies full speed so as to make them fall off their horses, and now that we are back at Milan they are always inventing some new amusement. They started yesterday in the rain on foot with five or six of their ladies wearing towels over their heads and walked through the streets of the city to buy provisions, but since it is not the custom of women to wear cloths on their heads, some of the women in the street began to laugh and make rude remarks, upon which my wife fired up and replied in the same manner so much that they almost came to blows. In the end they all came home muddy and bedraggled and were a fine sight." Isabella in her reply to this letter does not seem in the least scandalized by these madcap freaks.

Then, too, at courts there were fêtes and masques continually being given, in all of which Beatrice took an active part. Teoderici, her mother's lady-in-waiting, describes her at one of these fêtes. "Beatrice looked particularly charming with a feather of rubies in her hair, and a crimson satin robe embroidered with a pattern of knots and compasses, and many ribbons, after her favorite fashion." To-day in the few pictures that remain to us of Beatrice we see these very ribbons.

But besides all these gay times which she seemed to enjoy so greatly, she took also the deepest pleasure in music and in literature. She would listen by the hour while Dante and Petrarch were read aloud to her. Beatrice got all the joy and sunshine possible out of life and she in her turn gave as much as she received.

But alas! the bright pageant of her life was fleeting. For six brief years we see her vivacious figure among the gay court scenes or hear the light echo of her merry laughter among the hills and woods and then all is silent. Midst the dim arches of Santa Maria della Grazie is a still white form, white as her own lilies of Este, lying in state midst rich brocades and silk, while funeral torches flare and censurs swing and monks say masses for the repose of the dead. By the marble coffin of his wife kneels the despairing figure of the great Moro.

The Flower of Milan had faded, its beauty and joy had fled, and soon after the state was to crumble, the Moro to become a prisoner and Milan a prey to foreign lands.

And so even after so many centuries have passed the names of the sisters of Este still shine bright upon the roll of fame, for what they were and the influence they exerted long ago, and these two sisters, so different and yet so like, Isabella with her thirst for culture, her love of antiquity and her diplomacy, and Beatrice with her love of beauty and new-found joy of life, unite in typifying the spirit of the Italian Renaissance, that glorious, golden age about which we like to dream to-day.

FROM HEAVEN TO EARTH

MARY HUDNUT

I like to lie a-bed at night
And hear the raindrops fall,
The dreary drip, drip, never stops,
There are so many, many drops
We could not count them all.

I like to wonder where they've been
And what great things they've seen,
They've seen so much more than has man,
So much more than he ever can,
They know what all things mean.

They know old Jupiter and Saturn
And have, of course, seen Mars,
They might have dwelt upon that sphere
And accidentally dropped in here
Or stopped on other stars.

Ah, 'tis a shame they cannot speak
Above their drip, drip, drip,
Think of the news they could impart,
They'd make old Aristotle start,
In telling of their trip.

FROM A CAKE TO A LADY

Birthday Greetings

ELEANOR PARK

I hope I'm light enough for you,
My brown unfrosted just for you,
I trust I'm not too tough for you,
I'd like to break my crust for you.

I'm full of wishes good for you,
And tho' I'm only food for you
I am the best and sweetest cake
That anyone could hope to make.

NEW ENGLAND ELMS

KATHLEEN BYAM

Evening, the white-faced houses of Colonial times look palely out
From lilac-scented lawns and cool green depths of shade.
Pauses the world before this fairy hour when night meets day.
And human voices fall in gentler tones ; birds flutter home.
The soft blue light of evening still reveals, faint on the garden's edge,
The lovely, clust'ring snowflakes of the spring, pale bluets.
And over all, in proud yet patient dignity of age,
The elm trees cast their mystery of creeping shade
Upon the grass where crickets chirp to deeper quiet the evening hour.

Oh elms, you gnarled old guardians of the present,
Majestical reminders of the past, what do you say of us
When, walking 'neath the depth of your soft shade,
Laughing serenely in our pigmy life,
We break the silence of your solemn state, compare with your old age
The soon-sung song of crickets in the grass, and reverence you
And pity them? What say you? For we step on, still confident of life,
On from the shade of your broad, bending arms, and lo, to one of us who
 laughed,
The night, older by minutes only, has brought
A greeting from a Land Beyond; and even as the careless songster in the
 grass,
Our laughter ceases, lost behind the "Gates that Guard the Abyss."
But in your shade another voice takes up
The thrill of pulsing life, while we pass on.
Oh elms, in all your patience and God-given strength,
What do you say of us?

MORNING MIST

ADELAIDE HEILBRON

Mist o' morning, cool and grey,
 Wraith-like, dew-filled o'er the grass.
Softly pink with dawning day
 E'er you fade and pass.
Mist o' morning, cool and grey,
 Faintly tinged with amethyst,
Dreams are mine that drift away
 Like morning mist.

THE GIESY GIRLS

HELEN BARBARA GREENWOOD

Christine and Margaret were sisters. I don't know why one always spoke their names in the same breath, as one says salt-and-pepper, or Hengist-and-Horsa, or bread-and-butter. But one did—always. The hair of Christine and Margaret was very straight and very smooth. It was skewed into two very tight, smooth little knobs on the top of their heads. They had never married; to be really frank, had never been asked to be married. And it wasn't because they couldn't cook, or because they couldn't sew, or because they couldn't house-keep. They did all things in a superbly wife-like fashion. But it was because they had worn tight little knobs as faithfully when they were twenty as they did now that they were fifty and fifty-five,—and the tight little knobs had decided early in life that Christine and Margaret should be sober, steady old maids. For lovers, you know, hate knobs.

Katrine was the sister of Christine and Margaret. There was no reason why one should always mention Katrine as though she were a sort of extra addition to the Giesy sisters. She was just as much the sister of Christine as Margaret was. But one never included Katrine in the "bread-and-butter" tone of speech; she was more like the jam one might add,—a relish that lends flavor to the bread-and-butteryness of Christine and Margaret, so to speak. O don't misunderstand me, please! Katrine was an old maid, too. Only, the reason she was an old maid was not that no lover had wanted her when she was twenty, for she had been really quite attractive. But Katrine had been taught to do as her older sisters did,—they were so sober and steady, and such a safe example to follow, you know. And so Katrine turned out an old maid because Christine and Margaret had turned old maids before her. And in the course of time Katrine came to do her hair in a tight little knob on the top of her head, too, only there were marriageable little curls that kept cropping out and spoiling the smoothness of her knob. The same with her character. On the whole, it was sober and steady; but once in a while there was a devilish little

curl that popped out to ruffle the soberness and the steadiness, and made Aurora folks say it was a pity Katrine Giesy couldn't be more like her sisters, instead of being so silly.

But I always had a suspicion! To be sure, I never breathed it, for it was most audacious. But I always suspected it was the curls in Katrine's character that kept Fritzzy's boyhood from being a straight-lived, shortest distance between two points of piety, bore. Fritzzy was a nephew. I haven't the story very straight, but I think he must have been the son of a brother, for if there had been another sister, I'm sure she would have been an old maid, too, and then there wouldn't have been any Fritzzy. But anyway, Fritzzy was an orphan; and he lived with Christine and Margaret, and—dear me, I almost forgot to mention her—Katrine.

And in order that he might grow into a good man, Fritzzy was taught to read a Bible chapter after every evening's supper. Fritzzy didn't enjoy the chapter, and he thought himself abused. But when you really think of it, Christine and Margaret had been reading three chapters each night for so many years that one chapter seemed like a small dose. To hear me tell, you'd think that Katrine never read three chapters, but she did—every night, the same as Christine and Margaret, except for this difference: Katrine sometimes skipped a proper name here and there, and once in a great while she skipped a whole verse. But that's hardly fair to tell on Katrine, for on the whole she was sober and steady, and faithful to the Bible.

"Ach, you must read your chapter every day, Fritzzy," his aunts told him. "All good men read the Bible every day. So if you want to grow into a tall man with broad shoulders, and be good, go now and read the Leviticus." But Fritzzy honestly didn't care a speck about being good. He would have taken the broad shoulders, could he have grown into them without the chapter a day, but with that provision even they were unattractive. And so Fritzzy, on the day that he was eight years old, decided to grow up a bad man with shoulders of no breadth.

"I won't, Aunt Christine and Margaret," he announced after supper, when he had pumped water to the brim of the drinking bucket, and jammed splinters into his arms filling the wood-box. "I won't read another chapter in the Bible as long as I live. I won't!"

"You will!" contradicted Aunts Christine and Margaret. And if you will believe me, before you could have run down to the cow-pasture and back Fritzzy marched to his room and read the whole book of Ruth out loud. And Aunts Christine and Margaret flattened their ears against the other side of the wall to make sure that he did it.

But to make a long story short, it was that very evening that Aunt Katrine crept to Fritzzy's room—and under her apron she held a red and golden book. "O-o-o-h!" he said, when he saw it. "Sh-h! It's Fairy Tales, and I'm giving it to you, Fritzzy, to read, when you want to." Can't you see the curl sticking out all over that wicked old maid's character! And that is the reason that Fritzzy, after supper, never again read Bibles—instead, he learned Hans Andersen by heart. And the *wonder* of it was—he grew up good!

Good, I say! Why, every girl's mother in Aurora said he would make just the husband for her daughter. And as for the Giesy girls' pride in him—well, if it hadn't been balanced by their soberness and steadiness, I'm perfectly sure they would have puffed up and burst. But being sober and steady, when people told them Fritz was handsome, they said they didn't think so; and when people told them he was good, they said they had tried to show him what was right, and that was the most that anyone could do.

And then Fritz, having grown up, went away. There wasn't any future for a good man in Aurora, for when he had acquired goodness, he had attained the best that Aurora had to offer. So Fritz went to San Francisco—ten years before what I really started out to tell you. Of course the Giesy girls missed him—that is, Christine and Margaret looked despondent as though they missed him, and Katrine said right out that she was frightfully lonely. But in time they grew used to living alone as three old maids, and life really wasn't monotonous, you know, for Fritz sent them presents two or three times a year. It was so good of him. There were the patent bread pans, warranted not to rust, that Christine and Margaret had been using for five years, and sure enough, they hadn't rusted yet. Of course they had the best of care—were dried in the oven even after being wiped exceptionally dry, and after the oven, were rubbed over again. Then there were the black taffetas for Christine

and Margaret. The taffetas weren't warranted, and so in the course of seven years, even with the best of care, they began to rust along the seams and at the summits of the gathers. And there was the China silk shawl with blue and green peacocks that had come to Katrine—no, she never wore it, but it was very pretty. There were new black parasols for all three one time—Christine's and Margaret's with patent handles that collapsed in the middle, and Katrine's with a ruffle around the edge. But I can't begin to think of all the presents—if you had visited the Giesy girls they would have shown them all the first afternoon.

And now Fritz was coming home! There was no doubt about it—even Willie Miller, who was half-witted, knew, by only passing the house, that company was expected. It began a week beforehand—the preparation. Christine and Margaret washed the floors with soap and water, and the carpets with ammonia and water. And the furniture with lukewarm water—for hot water takes the shine off things. And the woodwork and windows with clear water—and they were polished thin with an old red tablecloth. And the curtains were washed and blued and starched and pinned to a sheet stretched on the bedroom floor; and given a finishing touch with the flatiron and hung. And then because the clean curtains made the pea-green shades look dirty, they were washed with a damp cloth, and their pea-green fringe combed and snipped off along the bottom.

Don't think for a minute that all these things needed washing. They didn't at all, you know. But sober and steady old maids must have some way of celebrating the home-coming of ten-years-away Fritz, and there wasn't much they could do in his honor but clean house. So after they had washed everything in-doors that didn't need washing, they went out-doors. And Christine on wet knees scoured the floor of the apple-green porch, and Margaret, on the kitchen chair with paper over the seat, scrubbed the green and white porch. And then, because there was nothing more to be cleaned, they baked brown loaves of white bread and wheat bread and "kaffee-kuchen." It came out of the pans, round and bulging, with fork picks in the top crust. And then, when they had baked all their pans would hold, because there wasn't anything of any sort left to be done, they smoothed their full aprons over their flat stomachs and waited for evening and Fritz.

What was Katrine doing all this time, you ask? Katrine was doing a silly thing. She was making springele. You have never been in Aurora, so you have never eaten springele, and you don't know how good they are and how much work they are. First you make a batter. Put very exact measurements of flour and of sugar and of half a dozen things I don't know the names of into a bowl—a big one. Then add a pinch more of each ingredient so as to make the measurements mysterious. And flop the batter upside down several times with a long-handled wooden spoon. Then pour into the springele pans and give the bowl to a little girl or boy "to lick." Put the pans in the coolest part of the house, which is in a dark corner behind the cellar stairs, and leave them two nights and a day. Then bring the pans forth, and punch the batter with the tip of the first finger—warily, lest it be too hard or too soft. You will find it just right. And now turn the pans upside down, briskly, and the stiffened dough drops to the clean kitchen table. Behold what is there! On the bottom of each little cake is molded a tiny animal. See them—chickens and elephants and dogs and kangaroos and jabirus and—but don't look too long. You must poise the springele, held between your first finger and thumb, above a dutch oven, and, after one brief moment, drop into the sizzling grease. Leave them sputtering for three and three-fourths minutes—no longer, mind you—and then spear them, piping hot, with a two-pronged, long-handled fork, and bring them forth, brown, crisp and making your mouth water for the taste of one.

Do all this, I tell you, and you know what Katrine did for Fritz's home-coming. Only Katrine did more. When the springele came forth, perfectly elegant, on the end of her fork, she spread them in neat rows under the kitchen window to cool. And when they had cooled she piled them in neat piles in a brown earthen jar that was so big—well, when it stood on Christine and Margaret's kitchen table and I stood on my tiptest toes and reached my arm down into it, I could barely touch bottom with the tiptest ends of my fingers, and I had almost to tip the jar over to do that. Will you believe, then, that Katrine had filled that jar even full with silly little cakes with silly little animals on the tops! Just as though Fritz, who was a grown man ten years ago, still liked springele.

Silly, silly Katrine! And when the lid was set on the jar so tight that the springe couldn't possibly dry out, Katrine, because she had nothing more to do, smoothed her full apron over her plump stomach and sat down with Christine and Margaret to wait for evening and Fritz.

But hardly had she settled herself into the third kitchen chair than Katrine, through the clean kitchen window, spied Gottlieb Schneider, panting up the sunny sidewalk. There were only two things in the world that ever made Gottlieb propel himself fast enough to pant. One was when a special train was due to pass through Aurora—then Gottlieb panted home to don his emergency celluloid collar; and the other was when a telegram came to Aurora, which, to be quite frank, arrived less often than the special train.

"Gottlieb comes," Katrine told Christine and Margaret, and they jumped from their chairs to flatten their noses against the kitchen window and have a better view of him. As they were gazing they saw Gottlieb turn on their own walk and speed past the kitchen window under their very noses. And almost before the Giesy girls could recover their noses and sober and steady positions on their three chairs, Gottlieb had burst through the kitchen door.

"Good morning," he gasped between pants. It was really afternoon, but Gottlieb was too out of breath to discriminate. "A telegram comes for you—I have brought it—just now."

So Christine unfolded a yellow sheet—in a perfectly sober and steady way—and read out loud: "Will not come to Aurora this summer. Married yesterday instead. Fritz." And Margaret leaned over Christine's shoulder and read it after her. No mistake—it said, as plain as words could say, "Will not come to Aurora this summer. Married yesterday instead." Then Gottlieb repeated the words to make sure he could tell Aurora the news, Aurora would be interested, he knew, it always was in telegrams. Then he bowed: "Guter tag," being no longer out of breath, and closed the door behind him. And the Giesy girls were left with Fritz's telegram.

What did they do, you ask? Well, Christine was just going to say, "It is sensible that Fritz should not spend money to visit us if he was to marry. A family needs money and it is sensible that he should save," but she caught sight of three

little smears that three little noses had left on the kitchen window and she almost forgot Fritz in her hurry for a wet rag. And while Christine was rubbing Margaret counted the words of the telegram on her fingers. "Christine," she said, "Fritz used exactly ten words. I am glad he is not wasteful. It was good of Fritz to send us a telegram, wasn't it, Christine?" And just as Christine was agreeing that it was very good of Fritz, Margaret pulled her finger across the kitchen cabinet and it came forth with a dust spot on the end. So off she went for a duster, and I shouldn't be surprised if she almost forgot Fritz in her rush.

But for Katrine—well, she could never be as sober and steady as her sisters,—it was the curl in her character, you remember. So now she did a very silly thing. She peaked beneath the earthen cover at the neat piles of animal-topped springe, and, if you will believe me, sat down and cried—the silly old maid!

THE NEVER-NEVER LAND

HELEN BACHMAN

I long for the Never-Never Land,
On the shores of By and By,
With a green sea-wave on the silver sands
And the purple mists of the mountain lands,
And the pine trees' dreamy sigh.

In the dear old Never-Never Land
There is no such thing as sorrow,
Only you and I, in the By and By,
And the breezes that float the clouds in the sky
And the sapphire gates of To-morrow.

There is no Never-Never Land,
No happy By and By,
Where Happiness is queen, my dear,
And everything is full of cheer—
But there's always you and I!

THE FOOL SINGS

DOROTHY HOMANS

My love is fair, of high degree,
 Alas! Pierrot,
Pink foxgloves bow when her they see,
She plucks them all, but not for me
 Full well I trow,
 Alas, Pierrot.

With all my heart I love thee dear,
 Alas! Pierrot,
But when afar, Ah! keen the fear,
The days creep slowly, sad and sear,
 I want you so
 Alas! Pierrot.

But when birds sing,
And gold bees wing
From flower
To flower ;
And the hour
April shower
With color fills
Of misty hills,
And small leaves green
And brook's bright sheen,
My lady bends to me,
My love she does not see,
"Come talk with me and jest,
'Tis that I love the best."

I walk then at her side
In love and fondest pride,
 Heigh ho !
 Pierrot,
Heigh ho! heigh ho! heigh ho!
One swift space, *glad* Pierrot!

DEBUSSEY'S "CLAIR DE LUNE"

MADELEINE FULLER MCDOWELL

Moonlight that drips through breeze-stirred, lace-like leaves
And splashes silver on a velvet turf,
That sweeps across wide fields like mist-veiled surf,
And frosts with magic all that it perceives ;
Warm-scented lilacs rimming all the roads,
A foaming sea of purple and of white,
Rich colors almost deadened by the night,
Yet voiced by fragrance which a warm wind goads ;
The whip-poor-wills, incessant, plaintive, rare,
The throb of frogs, the cricket's chirp, shrill, thin,
Marring the night-sweet silence with their din,
The brooding whispers of the perfumed air ;
And 'mid these themes of scent and sound and sight,
A warm-hued thread of love and young delight.

SKETCHES

THE MISTAKE IN THE JUDGMENT BOOK

KATHARINE DOWNER KENDIG

"It simply is *not* true," said the Soul as it floated through the air on its way to Heaven with its Guardian Angel. "The Judgment Book *must* contain a mistake because I never did any such thing!"

The Angel looked reflectively at the Soul. Now all souls when they tell a lie turn black exactly as everyone has been taught they do. As soon as the mortal body is worn out and thrown away, you can see the black color come surging through the Soul as you have seen ink come into the lily-of-the-valley when some experimental person has placed its stem in ink. That is why the Angel looked reflectively at this Soul, but the Soul continued to remain as white as ever.

"Strange!" said the Guardian Angel. "The Book has never contained a mistake before. You see, the way it is kept up to date is very simple. All the greatest authors of your world are put to work on it as soon as they arrive in Heaven. They take turns watching the events of the day down on the earth, and write about them in the evening. My, how they do enjoy it! There are some little souls who never had a chance in the world and they are as happy as you please writing up the biggest events we can give them. Last night one of them met me and said—"

"That is all very interesting," interrupted the Soul a trifle complainingly, "but *one* of those authors has made a mistake in the Book, and as the mistake may keep *me* from the happiest happiness, I do wish you'd see what can be done."

The Angel frowned. "I'll ask the other Angels about it," he said shortly. Angels do not like to be interrupted by the Souls.

But the Guardian Angel was as good as his word. He gathered the other Angels around him as soon as he entered the Trial-room in Heaven, and he told them of the mistake.

"This Soul," he said, "informs me that it is not true that he went into debt in order to give his wife a good time. I looked up his life in the Judgment Book this morning when I heard that he was coming here, and it states clearly that he went heavily into debt doing those very things for his wife. It is a difficult question to solve."

The Head Angel looked at the Soul keenly. "This statement in the Book is *not* true?" he asked.

"No!" answered the Soul and its color did not change.

"Call the authors!" commanded the Head Angel and one of the small Angels pushed a bell on the wall. It must have communicated with the authors' apartments because soon they came crowding into the Trial-room. Thin ones and stout ones, neat ones and untidy ones (the Soul wondered where the wives of such might be) pompous, important ones and those who had not lost a certain half-scared air they must have gained on earth when they were wandering from editor to editor with unwanted manuscripts. In they all came, and the Soul was interested to see how naturally they pushed and scrambled to their chairs exactly as they must have done on earth.

The Head Angel was very stern.

"This Soul," he said, "has had a lie written about him in the Book of Judgment. He denies that he ran heavily into debt in order to give his wife opportunities to have the pleasures that she wanted. That was expressly stated in the Book as true. Now, one of you wrote that lie! You may as well confess at once and save us the trouble of questioning each one of you. Well, Machiavelli, what do you find so humorous in the situation?" (Head Angels are rather like the faculty at mortal institutions—they hate to see anyone of the group they are talking to laugh at some joke they do not know.)

Machiavelli giggled aloud. "Oh, nothing!" he said. "Only I'm sure if I were going to invent a lie I should make it a little more probable. Giving his wife the pleasures she wanted! Ha! ha!"

"You may leave the room!" said the Head Angel angrily. Machiavelli left, smiling slyly at the other authors as soon as his back was turned. They all grinned with evident pleasure at his embarrassment, and Stevenson threw a paper air ship at him when the Head Angel was not looking. Yes he did! And the air ship was like the one that all bad boys in school make.

"If that story were only true, I should like to have been the Soul's wife," whispered Sappho to Robert Burns.

The Head Angel was displeased.

"No more whispering!" he cried. "Bobbie Burns, did you write this lie?"

"I don't remember exactly," answered the poet. "Was it written in rhyme or blank verse?"

The Soul's Guardian Angel spoke here. "Neither," he said. "It was written in English prose, but it was written in about the most beautiful English it has ever been my pleasure to read."

Julius Cæsar waved his hand impatiently. "Please," he asked, "mayn't those of us who are not English go now? We were watching important events in the world. This is a busy time of day."

As soon as the non-English had gained their permission to leave, and had crowded joyously from the room, Shakespeare asked a question.

"Did you say it was the most beautiful English you had ever read?" he asked.

The Guardian Angel assented. "It sounds something like the prose parts of your works, too, William," he added.

"Then I wrote it!" cried both Bacon and Shakespeare at once.

The Guardian Angel looked despairingly at the other Angels.

"Oh, now that the mystery has become involved with those two authors, we can never, never decide which one is really guilty!" he cried.

"Yes, their styles are exactly alike," whispered a prominent Shakespeare critic to George Eliot, who, feeling it much too serious a moment for levity, frowned at the critic and continued to analyze the situation.

The Head Angel looked keenly at the two rivals. Behold, they had both turned black! The Head Angel deigned to smile.

"I think you are excused," he said quietly and they also left the room, going out through different doors, Bacon frowning and insisting that no one ever believed him, Shakespeare smiling in appreciation of the joke on himself.

"I am growing weary of this," said the Head Angel. "Will the author who wrote that lie in the Judgment Book kindly step forward immediately or be expelled from Heaven forever!"

Among the authors there was an excited craning of necks and a buzz of whispering as forth from the crowd stepped a Soul, as white as—well, as the best of souls, but so little and so timid that he hardly seemed to be able to walk before all the spectators about him. Nevertheless he went directly to the Head Angel and raising his face he looked with brilliant, dark eyes straight into the eyes of the Head Angel.

"I wrote that lie," he said simply, but his voice trembled when he said it.

"Indeed!" cried the Head Angel, startled. "But, Little Unknown, *why*—may I ask—*why*?"

The other Angels looked as surprised as he. One evening long ago "Little Unknown" had arrived at the Trial-room of Heaven, very thin and weary from his struggle with Things on earth. He had handed to the Head Angel a bundle of manuscripts rejected in his short mortal life and he said:

"These are the only deeds I can offer you, Head Angel. They are very precious to me but I am afraid of no use to anyone else."

The Head Angel had glanced over some of the manuscripts and had found them to be of wondrous beauty.

"Strange," the Head Angel had said, "strange that these never appeared in that mortal world you came from!"

"You do not know that world very well, do you?" the Little Unknown had asked. Since that time he had been one of the most important authors of the Judgment Book, and his work had always been very good indeed. So now the Head Angel and all the other Angels looked very much surprised.

"Will you explain?" the Head Angel repeated.

The Little Unknown looked sharply at the Soul so that the Soul's eyes wavered and the Soul cried out:

"Never mind. He doesn't have to tell. Don't let him tell! Maybe, even if he doesn't, I'll get the next to the happiest happiness!" The Little Unknown's lips curved into a sad smile.

"Must I tell you?" he asked the Head Angel, and the Head Angel nodded impatiently, motioning to the Soul to be quiet.

"It is true," began the Little Unknown, "that I wrote a lie when I wrote that this Soul had gone heavily into debt to give his wife the few pleasures she craved. None of the other authors were around when I wrote it. For years I have watched this Soul when it was a man upon earth. I saw him gain much money and spend much money but he spent it all on himself. His wife grew thin and tired, working uncomplainingly in the kitchen and about the house. He never told her that he had received an inheritance. He went on a long pleasure trip while she denied herself even the common necessities because she believed his trip was a business trip. He spent all the money from that inheritance and much more, too. He did go heavily into debt, but I lied when I said it was for his wife."

The Angels looked disgustedly at the Soul, who hung his head and trembled. The Angels hate nothing more than selfishness.

The Head Angel looked curiously at the Little Unknown.

"Tell me why you wrote that lie," he asked. "What good or evil did it possibly do?"

The Little Unknown sighed. "That is it," he said, "it did no good but I could not help myself. It would have been much better if it had only been the way I wrote it. I watched his wife while she drudged, and I watched her while she patiently waited for his return home, when she hoped he would have made enough money to raise the mortgage from their house. I watched him return home with empty pockets and lies on his lips. I could not help pretending that at least she had had one or two pleasures herself, and that is why I wrote it in the Book that way."

"Ah!" said the Head Angel, "now I know why you never succeeded on earth. You must write sometimes of Things as they are. Mortals are not very much interested unless the unreality is very probable." He looked at the Little Unknown. "I suppose you know what this means to you?" he asked. "Of course you may no longer write in the Judgment Book." The Head Angel was very sad when he said this and so were all the other Angels, for they loved the Little Unknown.

The Little Unknown stood very straight. "Yes," he said bravely, "I failed in the work on the Judgment Book as I failed in earthly things because—"

"Because," said a Voice—an awful Voice that thrilled through the Trial-room like thunder through the air, and at the sound of which every Angel and every author and even the miserable Soul, fell on their knees—"because, Little Unknown, you wrote about things not as they are, but as they ought to be. That is very wrong when you write in the Book of Mortal Deeds, which is the Book of Things as they are. But there is another Book to be kept here in Heaven—a Book of the Deeds of God, where nothing can be made better than it is, for everything is best. Little Unknown, will you write in that Book for Me?"

The awful Voice was still. Slowly the Angels and the authors and the miserable Soul rose to their feet, and the Head Angel leaned over the Little Unknown.

"Thou art indeed honored!" he said and he kissed him on his forehead.

The Little Unknown was silent but in his face was the brightness of perfect joy. The Head Angel turned to the cowering Soul. "As for you—" he said.

Just then the Guardian Angel grasped the arm of the Head Angel.

"I have been looking through one of the windows at the world," he said. "There is a mortal down there who is watching all this. Neither she nor any other mortal must know what judgment is meted out to a Soul until the Judgment Book is shown to mortals. Wait until I draw the curtains."

"It was queer," said a mortal later to some friends. "One night I was looking deep, deep into a bright star that seemed to open the way to Heaven, and I fancied the strangest fancies of what was happening there. Suddenly a black cloud sailed silently across the star, and with the disappearance of its light all my fancies disappeared nor have I been able to remember them since!"

A LITTLE DREAM GIRL

NELL BATTLE LEWIS

A little dream-girl, wandering happily,
Who laughs aloud because the sky is blue,
Because the hawthorn-hedge is bright with dew,
Whose heart sings high for very buoyancy,
A child :—whose life like any summer's day
Seems made for laughter and for happy play,
Who gathers daisies growing by the way
 To wreathe her hair,
 Her world is very fair.
Always her eyes a-light as if she heard
The magic whisper of a fairy word
From some small elf who passed with light caress
And smiled at sight of her young joyousness.

A VALENTINE

GRACE ANGELA RICHMOND

The skies were made to smile on thee,
 The wind to blow thy burnished hair ;
The very birds sing joyfully
 Because a being lives so fair.
The sweet rain falls to touch thy face,
 For thee the chanting of the seas,
The lilies lend thee all their grace—
 And I—can I do less than these ?
The only gift I had, my heart,
 I would have brought on bended knee ;
But Love has pierced it with his dart,
 And can I bring it marred to thee ?

THE PERKINS LOT

MARION SINCLAIR WALKER

When you heard about Judge Sewall, and how he used to take the children to walk in the churchyard, you probably said "Poor children! what a gloomy kind of recreation!" But you could never say so if you had known the Hill Churchyard as I knew it. I have been young, and now am—older, but the Hill Churchyard, and in particular the Perkins Lot, has never ceased to be for me a place of mystery and romance.

You did not linger on the modern lower slope when you came to the Hill Churchyard. The pine tree that marked the Perkins lot beckoned to you, and you never stopped until you were with the elder Perkinses, as they stood spare, angular and moss-grown, under the tree, or among the little Perkinses in the plot of sunshine beyond its shadow. No thought of the gloom of the grave entered your childish mind. You thought that it was jolly for the little Perkinses to be all together that way. One little stone would have made you sad, but only as one little child would. For out of the loneliness of being an "only" had come your keen realization of the advantages accruing to one of a "discrete manifold."

And then it was nice to have such a sunny spot to play in. You felt too, that the elder Perkinses, standing there on reference, so to speak, must contribute to the feeling of well-being in the little Perkinses. They were far enough away so that the uncomfortable element of self-consciousness did not enter into the play, but near enough to be useful, if John Eleazar, as seemed imminent from his pugnacious tilt in the direction of Mary Jane, should get beyond elder-sisterly control. You never liked Mary Jane. She is too self-assertive. Even while attending to John Eleazar she has one eye upon Abigail and Sarah, whose heads, to be sure, *are* close together, and whose very backs signify conspiracy. And that wretched little Sam—no, you can't call him Samuel, even if he did live in 1720—is listening with the ever-eager curiosity of the masculine being, about "what you women say when you talk together alone." There is another of the little Perkinses, and you have to bend down and look up at him to find out that his name is Peter. A

dreamy little lad, this Peter, and you think of him as always walking at a distance from the others, with head bent as now, thinking his own thoughts which "are not as their thoughts."

Sooner or later, however, you would leave the little Perkinses at their play in the sunshine, and go to where James Jeremy stood straight and tall, his back to the pine tree. What was it about James Jeremy that always made its appeal, even before you had spelled out the inscription? There was something strong and young and manly in the way he stood there—but when you had read—

James Jeremy Perkins

Born March 12, 1703

Died June 7, 1724

Aged 21 years.

There was not a detail in that legend that did not make you like James Jeremy better. "Born March 12"—it took a strong personality, a dashing dauntless kind of bravery, to be born in March, in the face of the blustering winds. And to die in June, when everything was at the height of living—yet you were glad that if James Jeremy had to die, it should be in June, for he, too, you knew, must have been at the height of living, and besides, you wanted him to have his last look at the world when it was all sunshine and growing and song. "Aged 21 years." Tom Prescott, who was away at college, and who teased and made fun of you in vacation, was "aged 21 years." It would be queer to think of Tom Prescott being dead.

This much would have endeared James Jeremy to you forever, but there was more. There was the verse, strengthening the appeal of James Jeremy and introducing an element of added mystery in the person of the unknown author.

"My lover, friend, companion, all—

Removed from sight and out of call:

Into oblivion dark retired,

Dead, or at least to me expired."

The verse didn't seem funny to you. Now you knew why Ruth Ann Merrow was next to James Jeremy, and in the Perkins lot, while all the other Merrows were in the far corner among the brambles. Of course Ruth Ann had written the verse.

Even when you were a child, you noticed something unusual about that verse of James Jeremy's. All the other Perkinses

and Merrows and Brewaters were "At rest in the Lord," or maybe just "At rest." Perhaps they were advising you to "Prepare for death and follow me." James Jeremy alone was "Into oblivion dark retired." You have come to see since how strikingly unconventional Ruth Ann was in feeling that way—and certainly in saying so—in an age when there was such assurance, so definite a plan of the hereafter. But even long ago you felt the strangeness of the thought, and you loved Ruth Ann the more in her frightened loneliness, with her face toward the dark. You could hear her bitter young voice, when clumsy comforters tried to tell her that James Jeremy was not really dead. "But that doesn't help me any."

You knelt before Ruth Ann, to find out more about her.

Ruth Ann Merrow

Born April 3, 1706

Died — — — —

But time and the elements have not been so kind to Ruth Ann as to James Jeremy, for here the stone is marred and broken, and "the rest is silence."

Did Ruth Ann, always remembering James Jeremy but learning with the years to face the dark into which he had retired, live to be Aunt Ruth to three generations of little Perkinses and Merrows? Or did she quietly turn from a world of clumsy comforters, and follow James Jeremy into the dark? We wanted to think the latter, somehow, and we hoped that her quick, light steps would overtake him, so that she might still have a "lover, friend, companion, all," at her side on the long journey.

And yet—the last time we saw her we seemed to find, in the way she bent toward James Jeremy, something of the protecting tenderness that old ladies are said to feel for the lost lovers of their youth. But keep your secret, little Ruth Ann. You have been with James Jeremy now these many years, whether you followed him straight into the dark, or had to wait until you could see in it a gleam of light by which you could travel to him. You are together on the hillside too, James Jeremy, straight and tall and Ruth Ann, slim and white, bending toward him—while the little Perkinses play in the spot of sunshine, and the elder Perkinses "rest in the Lord" and the pine tree sings a slumber-song for them all.

THE WAGER

CONSTANCE CAROLINE WOODBURY

It was the fourteenth of July, 1789, and the heat lay heavy on Paris; but no one cared for heat when such stirring times were at hand. The electors had formed a guard. Arms had been made and, on all sides, the cry was "To the Bastille!"

In the prison two men sat at a small table playing chess, one a grizzled veteran, across whose left temple ran a long white scar, the other young, black-haired and vivacious. They made their moves languidly and kept up a desultory conversation, frequently interrupted by the arrival of messengers, for the gray-haired man was De Launay, governor of the Bastille. After one such interruption he leaned back in the tall, carved chair and addressed his companion.

"How long hast thou been here, Louis?"

"It will be five years to-morrow—nay—this very day."

"I know not what I should have done without thee, Louis. The life here is unbearable enough as it is. Without a comrade—" he shrugged his shoulders. "A prisoner of state who need not be kept in a dungeon is, indeed, a boon. But release must come some day, Louis, and then consider me! But, seriously, what wouldst thou do? I suppose every prisoner plans for the hour of freedom."

The young man toyed with a chessman and then answered slowly: "Three days' journey from Paris, in the south, there is an old château, set among elms and shut in by high, gray walls. If I am free—when I am free I will return there to the province which I should never have left for the court—and Renée de Choiseul will be waiting for me behind the high walls."

"But it is five years, now, and it may be five more ere the affair is forgotten and you are free! Dost expect a woman to wait for eternity—or for five years?"

"When I am free," returned the young man calmly, "you will come with me to my province and see that Renée remembers."

"Done, man!" cried the governor. "I take thy wager. Nor is it a gambler's oath. I will go with thee and see whether

thy Renée has not forgotten dead embers—vows five years cold !”

Louis laughed softly as he made his move. “Come,” he said, “you will see that the embers are not yet cold !”

From beneath the window came the threatening murmur of the surging mob but little dreamed gaoler or prisoner that before nightfall the Bastille, the impregnable fortress, would fall.

* * * * *

That evening, three days' journey from Paris, in the south, the long, lazy summer day was at last coming to an end, and the tired roses raised their heads as the evening breeze stole through the winding paths of the old garden. The breeze rustled among the elms and elfishly blew a shower of rose petals across the path, while the whole garden sighed and whispered. Along the walk amid the blowing petals came a girl, dressed all in white, alone, passing wraith-like among the flowers. Stopping only to pull a red rose from its stalk she went straight on to the garden wall and, skirting it to the great gate, looked out timidly between the pillars at the road—the long, long road that led to Paris. There the dust lay thick and the rising wind blew it away in clouds toward the west where the sun was sinking in a blood-red sky. Except for the rustling leaves silence reigned in the garden, and from the gate where the girl now stood, the dark château was hidden by the elms.

As she leaned against the pillar a group of peasant women returning with faggots from the neighboring wood trudged by in the dust.

“There stands Mlle. de Choiseul,” murmured one, “there she has stood at the hour of sunset for five years be it rain or sunshine.”

“These aristocrats,” returned the second woman, “they have naught to do but stand and look at nothing.”

“It is not mademoiselle, 'tis her wraith,” said a third, crossing herself in superstitious fear. “See, there is blood above her heart !”

“Nay, 'tis but a rose that she holds.”

“The aristocrats pull roses while I and mine starve !” muttered she who had spoken before.

“But mademoiselle is an angel of mercy. When my Gaspard was sick of the fever, she nursed him and gave me back my only son.”

"Why does she wait there?" asked another woman.

"'Tis her lover," whispered the youngest, "M. Louis. He was sent to the Bastille. An officer he was, of the Queen's Guard. No one knows the reason. It is an affair of ministers and kings, of great people—a secret of the state."

The women passed on out of sight along the dusty highway but the girl neither heeded nor heard them. The evening breeze had died away and the light, too, was fading when a footstep was heard on the flagged path and a tall woman, clad in sombre black, came swiftly to the gate.

"Renée," she said, sharply, "why this folly? Have I not forbidden thee to do this longer?" The girl turned away wearily. This scene had been enacted each evening ever since—it seemed ever since she could remember. The tall woman stepped nearer.

"Come, it grows damp."

"But the sun has not yet set."

Just then, far down the road rose a puff of dust and then another and another. "See! Horsemen! Perhaps they ride from Paris!"

"Paris! Silly child, it is but the Viscount de Tournay, home from the hunt if indeed it be aught save the wind."

"Tournay rides never so swiftly."

The dust cloud drew nearer and soon the watchers could discern the riders. Two rode a little in advance followed by a company of seven or eight. A dark cloak covered the the first from shoulder to heel and a plumed hat shaded his face. The second, too, was muffled in a dark cloak and both horses and riders were white with dust. As the pair approached the great gate the foremost animal slowed to a walk but the rider looked neither to right or left but stared ahead at the road.

Then Renée de Choiseul did a strange thing. Leaving her aunt's side she stepped into the dusty highway, lifting her skirts daintily with one white hand.

"Pray tell me, monsieur," she said, "do you ride from Paris?"

The first horseman paused, swept his plumed hat from his gray head stiffly, as if wearied by a long journey. She noticed that across his left temple ran a long, white scar as he replied in a strange, choked voice, "Ay, mademoiselle, we ride from Paris."

She looked up again at the leader. "Couldst tell me what passes there? Has the king—has his majesty—has no pardon been granted to any prisoner—any prisoner of state? At least there is one who languishes undeservedly in the Bastille."

The rider spoke again. "He languishes there no longer," he said with a strange smile. And then, before she could reply, "The people of Paris cried out for arms. Pikes they made; guns, sabres and cannon they took from the Hôtel des Invalides. On the next day the troops from the Champs Elysées were withdrawn and Paris was abandoned to the Parisians. The people rushed to the Bastille. The mob surged up and down in front of the prison. All this De Launay the governor saw, looking forth. Two hundred Swiss garrisoned the castle. We fought." The voice of the leader went on monotonously. "At last, many being dead, the mob rushed in, maddened by the sight of blood. De Launay stood, sword in hand, on the stairs whither he had come from directing the defence. With him stood a prisoner, a prisoner of state, and seven soldiers. The door burst open. 'Who are you?' shouted the foremost. 'I am De Launay, the governor.'" He paused. One of the muffled company behind the speaker took up the tale. "Thereupon, mademoiselle, they slew De Launay and those with him, even the prisoner, for he would have defended the governor. Thus it is with Paris!"

The whole troop began to move but Renée, a cold fear clutching at her heart, grasped the bridle of the second horse as it passed. Her hand closed on air but the rider, lowering his cloak, looked at her once. "Thou hast won me my wager," he said. She dropped back a pace and, without a sound, the little company vanished into the darkness.

"Renée, Renée, what ails thee? Listen to me, child. Thou hast stood dumb in the road ever since thy fancy painted riders in the distance. Come to the house!"

"'Twas he!" said the girl. "'Twas he!—Louis!"

ABOUT COLLEGE

ECHOES FROM MIDYEARS

TWO EXTRACTS FROM EXAMINATION PAPERS

ENGLISH 4.2

BERNARDINE KEISER

Time: *Evening late in March. At first it is dark and windy, later a watery moonlight comes in the windows.*

Place: *The Hereafter Club.*

Persons concerned, in order of their speaking :

KIT MARLOWE

EDMUND SPENSER

JOHN DRYDEN

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

A WOMAN

A CHILD

Scene: *A large, pleasant room with clean, scoured, bare floor, a broad fireplace at the center back, and on both sides of it small, square-paned casements. There is a door to the left of the audience, evidently leading out of the house, and nearer the audience on the same side of the room is a small door. Several black oak chairs of varying degrees of dilapidation. Upon the mantel shelf a jumble of long-stemmed white clay pipes. In the center of the room close to the audience is a long, heavy, black table whereon are a few empty wine glasses.*

There are three persons sitting in the room, two together in earnest discussion at the left of the fireplace, the third, his chair drawn a little apart, is smoking quietly with long, even

puffs. Occasionally he nods or shakes his head, but for the most part gazes into the fire. His dress, as far as one can see in the firelight, is rather fastidious albeit plain. His face is long and thin with a studious even solemn expression since he has not yet spoken.

Of the other two gentlemen, one is a youngish, eager man, dark and impetuous of manner. He pulls at his pipe in sharp, quick puffs.

The other man is perhaps fifteen or twenty years older, a quietly dressed man, with a smooth, oldish face. He speaks in a simple manner, devoid of gestures or rhetoric.

THE YOUNGER MAN. Well, well, but don't you see that theory's outworn. Of course you can take any foreign verse-scheme and fit it in—

SPENSER. That's it, that's what I always try to avoid. You may use it, my boy, but you'll see. Foreign adaptations may sound very well when you're young, but a man's own tongue—

THE YOUNGER MAN. (*Impatiently.*) But you must admit that's rather narrow. I say try 'em all, and the type that suits you best—

SPENSER. Is always found at length in one's own land, if you look.

MARLOWE. (*Leaning forward earnestly.*) I can't agree with you there, sir. One falls into too one-sided, too subjective a view. Eh? What do you say, Dryden? (*Turning to the third man.*)

DRYDEN. (*Slowly.*) I think you're right there, but one can go too far.

MARLOWE. (*Snapping his fingers impatiently.*) That's folly. You can never go far enough but what you wind up again at the same old hitching post. However, you fellows look the subjective. Now don't deny it, Spenser. (*As the other raises a hand in protest.*) You're of that world, pure and simple, and you may as well admit it. It's charming, you know; it's confoundedly charming, but you teach people to live in a dream world like that, teach 'em beauty and love alone are real. Well, they go off and believe you and then, at the first little storm, their paper balloon collapses, and all that imagination let loose turns back on itself and what have they? A living

hell, that's what. (*Emphatically.*) So they turn and rend *you*. Can't blame 'em, either. (DRYDEN looks at MARLOWE amusedly over his pipe bowl. SPENSER gazes at him in consternation. *He continues sharply.*) Teach 'em about living men and women, not weary statues. Teach them real emotions, passions, not pleasant sentiments. And use any "type of vehicle" you find convenient, any language, any—(*He rises irritably and taps out his pipe against the fireplace, then stands, feet spread apart on the hearth, back to the fire, eager and enthusiastic.*) Why, crib, steal, who cares? You're justified as long as you can improve it. If another fellow has done a thing poorly and you can beat, take the words out of his book and make them over big and fine.

SPENSER. (*With a rather stern manner.*) That's a loose and shiftless doctrine. I build no cuckoo's nests. Teach people that beauty and virtue alone endure, and they *will* endure. Nay, they will crowd ugliness and vice from the land. (*With quiet yet intense earnestness.*) You cannot convince me that this modern, lawless method will ever produce literature. And I think (*Turning to DRYDEN.*) *you* agree with me there.

DRYDEN. (*Putting aside his pipe.*) As to method, yes, but I think, as Marlowe says, that your world is subjective. It needs, as Chaucer—

MARLOWE. (*Interrupting. Hands in pockets, jingling his change.*) Why, Chaucer himself has cribbed no end, Spenser, and look you, (*There is a scraping of boots outside.*) if he were here he'd say so himself. (*The door opens and in walks CHAUCER, a small, bright man, oddly like a squirrel in his movements, and with a youngish face. Blurting out.*) Well, speak of the devil! (SPENSER sits back in his chair, greatly relieved at the interruption.)

DRYDEN. (*Turns sharply, the first trace of animation in manner or voice that he has yet shown.*) You here, sir, to-night?

CHAUCER. (*Removes his overcoat, hat and muffler and hangs them up at one end of the chimney place, and comes over to the fire. He rubs his hands to warm them. In the firelight one can see his face, pleasant and eager, with little crinkly lines at the corners of his eyes and mouth. He beams at SPENSER, who looks up smiling. Then he puts his hand cordially on MARLOWE's shoulder.*) Well, Kit, what now?

MARLOWE. Well, sir, we've been rowing again.

CHAUCEER. (*Chuckles and shakes hands with DRYDEN, who has risen.*) How are you, Dryden? (*He then turns again to MARLOWE.*) What is it now, more damning plays, or is it past escapades of mine that you 're uprooting? (*DRYDEN follows CHAUCEER with his eyes as CHAUCEER returns to MARLOWE. You imagine he wishes that he were as intimate with CHAUCEER as is MARLOWE. MARLOWE looks a little guilty.*)

DRYDEN. (*Speaks hastily.*) Well, they were outlining doctrines, it seems to me.

MARLOWE. I think I 'm rather easy-minded and open to conviction, but Spenser here (*Impatiently.*) is as hard to budge as a clam. (*They laugh.*)

CHAUCEER. Oh, well, he has his own mind, and who are you to deny that it 's a glorious one? (*Shaking his head at MARLOWE.*) Perhaps you 'll settle down some day and not be such a will-o'-the-wisp. You see, Spenser thought it out very carefully, once and for all. Then he made up his mind—and—(*CHAUCEER shrugs his shoulders.*) it 's stayed made up ever since. (*SPENSER looks up suspiciously and catches CHAUCEER grinning at him. They both grin. CHAUCEER pulls up a chair and sits down to his pipe.*) Well, Kit, I was always open-minded when it paid. Nay, now, that 's too cynical a maxim for the youth. Better say that I kept my eyes and ears open for the best, and when that came I snapped it up before the rest knew what was what. But tell me, (*He glances suddenly from MARLOWE on the hearth to DRYDEN, who has drawn a little into the shadow still smoking.*) have n't you been after John here, or does he suit your lordship's taste?

MARLOWE. (*Carelessly.*) He 's open-minded enough, and fair, and he sees the need of reality just as I do, but—(*Turning directly to DRYDEN with blunt yet disarming frankness.*) but you 're too damn aloof. You don't care what becomes of us in life—or hereafter—and you show it, too. By George, your characters are ice.

DRYDEN. (*Coldly.*) I 'm afraid I don't aspire to "teach the world passion."

MARLOWE. Oh, come now, don't be huffy. (*With enthusiasm.*) You know I like your stuff. Your logic 's great. The only thing your people need is what the rising generation calls "pep." Let 'em dance!

DRYDEN. (*Good-humoredly*) Thanks, Baby. (*He stares into the fire soberly, however.*)

MARLOWE. (*During his own speech he has been getting more and more excited, and has been gesticulating feverishly. Now he suddenly looks down and sees that SPENSER has fallen asleep. He stares for a moment, then he laughs.*) If that is the effect of my eloquence! (*He reaches for his hat and coat, which are hanging by the fireplace.*)

CHAUCE. You have some good ideas, boy, but you need a lot of combing down—a dreadful lot.

MARLOWE. (*Shrugging his shoulders.*) Oh, I keep up to date. That's why I'm still young, and you fellows are getting old. I have to keep you others in line, you see. (*He smiles an inimitable KIT MARLOWE smile and shakes hands with CHAUCE affectionately. Then he turns to DRYDEN.*) You did n't mind me, I hope. (*Holding out his hand.*) I always go around shooting off my mouth too much. (*DRYDEN laughs and they shake hands.*) 'Night. (*MARLOWE goes out with a bang of the door.*)

(*A long silence falls between the two—SPENSER does not count for he is asleep—DRYDEN staring into the fire, as usual, and CHAUCE watching him curiously.*)

CHAUCE. Well, John?

DRYDEN. (*Starting.*) Sir?

CHAUCE. I said "Well, John."

DRYDEN. (*Almost as though it were wrung from him.*) I suppose it is true. (*Much of that quiet, cold poise that we read about has dropped from him. He is, as it were, under CHAUCE's magnifying glass, and CHAUCE's eyes are very keen.*)

CHAUCE. (*Lightly, yet watching the effect.*) What, that you're an icicle?

DRYDEN. (*Wincing ever so slightly.*) I don't often feel this way. I fancy I know quite well what I'm doing, on the whole, and even like the part passing well, but—to-night—

CHAUCE. To-night?

DRYDEN. Well, he hit me, I will admit. (*In the light of the fire he has suddenly dropped the mask.*) Have I—have I made such a failure of things after all?

CHAUCE. (*Stoutly.*) Man, man, don't be ridiculous. (*Nevertheless he is uneasy, for he has seen what no other ever saw.*)

DRYDEN. But—

CHAUCER. I've often thought, for all Marlowe prates, that you're the more open-minded of the two. (DRYDEN is looking at SPENSER. CHAUCER notes the look.) And you have a fire that even Spenser—yet—

DRYDEN. Yet—

CHAUCER. (*Rising abruptly and feeling along the bricks of the mantel.*) Hang it! Where's the bell? I want some lights and wine. It's like a tomb here with the fire most out. (*He stumbles over SPENSER'S feet in the semi-darkness and wakes that gentleman.*) Then we'll have a talk. (*Almost immediately a woman enters followed by a child, a boy of five years. The woman is clad in gray, with a starched Dutch cap upon her head. She bears a lighted candelabrum which she places upon the big center table.*)

THE WOMAN. I guessed it was candles, sir—and wine? (CHAUCER, occupied with the boy, who has gone over to him almost immediately, does not reply.)

DRYDEN. Yes, wine.

CHAUCER. (*To the boy.*) Canst whistle? (*The boy shakes his head.*) Here then, try this. (*He pulls a whittled wooden whistle from his pocket. The child blows it gravely.*)

(DRYDEN is standing behind CHAUCER, a little annoyed at the interruption, and eager to continue. He cannot understand CHAUCER'S absorption. The child drops the whistle and turns to regard

DRYDEN. SPENSER leans forward in the firelight, and the boy slips down from CHAUCER'S knee to go and stand by SPENSER. He pats SPENSER'S knee to attract attention and then calmly crawls up into his lap. SPENSER puts his arm about the child and leaning back in his chair begins to croon some tuneless ditty. The child, perfectly satisfied, curls up and goes to sleep. CHAUCER watches them both gravely. The woman brings in wine. CHAUCER motions her to leave the boy as he is. DRYDEN is first amused and then amazed at CHAUCER'S preoccupation. They both take the glasses and drink.)

DRYDEN. (*As one compelling the attention of his audience.*) Didn't know you were so fond of them—children I mean.

CHAUCER. (*Shortly.*) I always have been—always shall be.

DRYDEN. (*Slowly.*) I never think of them one way or another—children. Curious. I don't believe I've noticed one for years.

CHAUCER. (*Gently.*) It's that, John.

DRYDEN. (*Uncomprehending, sharply.*) That ?

CHAUCER. (*Including SPENSER and the boy both fast asleep now.*) That—that quality. Call it humaneness, call it by a high-sounding name if you will, it's just the same. (*He rises. DRYDEN, his back to the bricks, is staring at SPENSER and the child. CHAUCER getting into his overcoat.*) I must be gone. It's late. (*He puts his hand on DRYDEN's shoulder.*) You won't let them sleep too long ?

DRYDEN. No. (*Then dully.*) I see. (*CHAUCER stands a moment more and then goes out, closing the door softly. DRYDEN starts pacing the floor suddenly, after a long pause, as if his thoughts had become unbearable. In his turn up and down the room he stops finally before the table, leaning forward and resting upon his hands. The light of the candles streams up into his face, showing the long, thin features, oddly lulled and leaden as though some fire once lighted there had been suddenly quenched. At length he raises one hand in a curious gesture, half angry, wholly fatalistic, as though to blot out the lights. Yet he is no KIT MARLOWE, this man. He cries not aloud "God! God! God!" nor does he dash the candelabrum to the floor. Instead his hand falls heavily at his side and he turns of a sudden to SPENSER and the boy. When he has gazed his fill he goes over to one of the little windows at the right of the fireplace, and pushing open the casement, leans out in the pallid moonlight, his hands clasped on the window-sill before him.*)

CURTAIN

ENGLISH 13—A NARRATIVE

ELLEN VERONICA McLOUGHLIN

Once upon a time there lived a Poet who was very learned besides being poetical. Perhaps this was the reason why editors never bought his verses, although they always said,

"You are much too highbrow for us."

Now that remark always made the Poet feel very sad, because he was quite touchy on the subject of his brow. It was high, very high—in fact, even the Poet had to admit that he was quite bald. However, one day the Poet had an idea. He would purchase some Hair Tonic, then his brow would not be so high and his verses would be accepted. So he went to the owner of a Hair

Tonic factory to order several cases : and thereafter for several months applied the liquid to his brow night and morning.

Now it so happened that the daughter of his landlady was in love with the manager of the Hair Tonic factory. His name was Billy and her name was Tilly. Tilly had a conscience. When Billy asked her to be his, she answered by taking out the (imitation) tortoise shell pins that held her beautiful auburn locks in place, and Billy saw to his horror that Tilly was quite bald on top. Of course, he could not marry her. It would spell ruin to his business career if the world at large, and especially the rival company across the river knew that his wife was getting bald. With tears he left her.

Tilly was inconsolable. She fell weeping upon the stairs, and when the Poet, whose brow had become several inches lower, was going down to present some of his verses to an editor, he stumbled upon her prostrate form. Gently he picked her up, and in a few minutes all was told. The Poet was sympathetic, but puzzled. Then he had a brilliant idea. He rushed upstairs and in a moment came slowly down again dragging one of his cases of Hair Tonic.

"Try it," he said, "night and morning," and he left her.

Several months later, Billy was summoned on the telephone to appear at Tilly's house that evening. He did, and there was Tilly, her beautiful auburn locks streaming like rippling cataracts of burnished gold, even down to the body-Brussels carpet on the floor. The bald spot was no more. And there was the Poet with his brow so low that his eyebrows could scarcely be distinguished. It was a happy moment for all.

"Bless you, my children," said the Poet. "I shall now write a musical comedy upon the subject of your wonderful Hair Tonic and it shall advertise your business and bring me large royalties. And he did and it did.

HEARD ON THE TAR WALK

THE ENGLISH POETS—RALPH EDITION

Ebenezer Cobham Brewer

“LITTLE THINGS”

- | | |
|---|-------------------------|
| 1 | “Little drops of water, |
| 2 | Little grains of sand |
| 3 | Make the mighty ocean |
| 4 | And the pleasant land.” |

NOTES

It has been said of this exquisite lyric of the early-Victorian era that, “It was not born to die.”

X. believes that this verse was composed by the immortal Brewer during a period of great spiritual stress, while Y considers it the expression of contemplative musing. We are inclined to prefer the former exegesis.

Z says, “The occasion of the composition can only be conjectured, but it is thought by many weighty authorities that it may have been suggested by Mickle’s “The Sailor’s Wife” because of the reference to *water*.” (See Palgrave’s “Golden Treasury.”)

L. 1. *little*. cf. *little* (l. 2) i. e., small, not large. Note artistic balance of thought with *mighty* (l. 3.)

drops. Specific word.

L. 2. *little*. cf. *little* (l. 1.) Note musical repetition. “A less perfect artist would have felt it a sign of weak vocabulary to use the same adjective twice; not so Brewer. In his bold use of repetition he shows a poetical sense above criticism.”—B.

grains. cf. *harvest* (Gray’s *Elegy* l. 25.)

sand: we may believe that the poet uses this word in a figurative or broad sense, as all earth is not sand, scientifically speaking. But original ms. throws no light on the subject.

L. 3. *mighty*. "Does the poet refer to the physical power of the ocean or to its effect upon the mind? A decided ambiguity."—A.

ocean. Note discrimination in choice of word. O. more comprehensive than sea, river, or brook.

L. 4. "... the pleasant land." Annotators differ widely in their interpretations of this passage. C gives the following explanation, which seems the most plausible of all. "The pleasant (i. e., people of amiable disposition) land (i. e., disembark.)" Use of definite article with adjective in substantive construction shows influence of Brewer's studies in Greek Prose.

FRANCES STEEN 1917

SKATING

Have you ever been a-skating?
 No, but still you'd like to try?
 P'raps you think it looks quite easy,
 Let me warn you, so did I.
 And I sallied forth courageous,
 With my skates all shining new,
 Saw the other flying skaters,
 Thought that I should do so, too.
 To my shoes my skates I fastened,
 Stood a moment on the ice,
 Tried to take a step, and sat down
 In a manner hardly nice.
 Often to my feet I struggled,
 Often on my back I sprawled,
 Till at last discouraged, frozen,
 To my friends I loudly called,
 "Take me home, for I have suffered
 Quite enough for this one day,
 I can see no fun in skating,
 Take the horrid things away!
 But for many days thereafter
 All my weary bones did ache.
 Heed, oh heed my friendly warning,
 Never venture on the lake.

PHYLLIS EATON 1917.

NIGHT THOUGHTS

Don't you wonder if birds say their prayers
When they're tucked in their nests for the night?
Whether if, at the end of the wearisome day
There's a Great Bird of All to whom little birds pray?
And do you suppose
That both robins and crows
Say the very same prayers that we say?
I wish I knew. Don't you?

Don't you wonder if when they are small
They're afraid of the terrible dark?
If they bury their heads and just shiver with fright
When the black clouds sweep by and put out every light?
Or if they behave
And are splendidly brave
When the Mother-bird bids them good-night?
I wish I knew. Don't you?

MADELEINE McDOWELL 1917.

INTROSPECTION

Sometimes I feel all queer inside
When I've been doing sumpin' bad,
Or made my little sister mad,
Then I feel all queer inside.

And then I feel all queer inside,
When first the little leaves are green,
And all the sky is blue and clean—
Then I feel all queer inside.

Now this is strange but it is true,
These queernesses inside of me
Are just as *different* as can be,
I know it's strange but it is true.

'Cuz oh the queerness when I'm bad
It kind of chokes 'n makes me sad,
But when the sky is blue and clean,
And all the little leaves are green,
Why then — I'm glad!

DOROTHY KEELEY 1917

My first impression of Smith College was obtained while visiting my sister here two years ago. To my sub-freshman eyes every girl in college went to chapel every morning with an armful of books, which she left either on the Library steps or in the vestibule of John M. Greene Hall. After chapel, picking up their books, some girls went to classes and others went for a walk or rowed on Paradise. At about five minutes past one all the girls appeared for luncheon. As the conversation at lunch concerned not at all books or lessons, as soon as luncheon was over everyone seemed to have no anxiety about lessons. Some procured hats from the closet and went down town shopping, while others, armed with tennis rackets, strolled off to play tennis, and whoever had a little sister visiting her went calling. At about half past four all the girls seemed to make for some tea room or other for "eats," after which they went home for dinner and, strange to say, ate hungrily.

Dinner over the girls in the house assembled in the parlor to dance or to sing for a while. At seven all donned their kimono and hunted up their books, long since apparently forgotten. Then each girl with a neat pile of books on her desk entertained at least a dozen callers, until she went to make candy in the room across the corridor.

At a quarter past nine I left the girls eating candy and having a jolly time, and at chapel in the morning they appeared to have the same carefree attitude. The perplexity in my mind was, how the books the girls carried about happened to look so worn out, for I never saw them studying them. Since then I have learned, however, that a few girls study all the time, and all some of the time, but not all the girls study all the time, and also that books are bought second-hand.

ANNA PARKER FESSENDEN 1918

EDITORIAL

Why is the element of sport in college examinations so nearly negligible? Why is our semestral test so much more closely synonymous with chastening than with gamesomeness? The evolution of mid-years and finals in Smith College is interesting. Time was when the examination was as variable a factor in a course of study as the personal equation is in biography. The nature of the thing itself was not clearly or fully defined. There was the "sprung" and the "announced," more or less deadly or dreadful according to imperfectly understood signs and symptoms. Their relations to other duties were not obvious, certainly not self-demonstrating. The cry of the children went up: "Give us time and place for these examinations. The mood they call for is not possible in the still air of delightful studies nor can we find room for the delightful studies in these moods. So, because we have been thoroughly converted to the principle of division of labor, let us be given a time for examinations, that we may do justice to them, to all our studies, and to ourselves."

So an examination period was set apart, everybody was given a full share in the program which grew steadily longer that congestion might be avoided by the use of repetition and careful grouping. And then a great many students and some of the teachers, packed trunks or suitcases and went on vacations. And the air of the college halls and campus walks gradually took on the most curious resemblance to that of the anteroom of the operating ward of a hospital. Awesome quiet reigned in the dwelling houses of the students; nourishing brews and pre-digested foods were provided for types of extraordinary exertion; soothing and consoling, sustaining and stimulating melody was

dispensed in the John M. Greene Hall afternoons. And daily some students found themselves and their friends approaching closer to the line of crisis and nervous breakdown. But week ends and outings were still planned for and carried through. And most of those who achieved social recreation or learned the advantages of a "real change" took little joy in reminiscence or anticipation of their examinations nor did the report card of marks seem a desirable or rewarding thing to them.

There were others. They indulged a natural curiosity about their own performance—something like that attending the interest of possible partners at a dance—or talkers at a dinner party. A genuine sense of adventure lured them into intellectual activity, exertion, achievement. They had their chance at last. To remember, to reproduce, to organize, to comment, to create even:—for at last, they were free to work, to find a real thing to do. Some students, some teachers; the teachers who worked with these students have needed no better sport than the mid-years afforded; for all sport is mimic work and the best sport is real work.

M. A. J.

EDITOR'S TABLE

EAST AND WEST IN TAGORE

“For East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet
Till earth and sky meet presently at God's great Judgment Seat.”

Those words of Rudyard Kipling came out of his knowledge of East and West, because he knew the life of England and of India; we believed them until out of India came a dignified denial in the form of Rabindranath Tagore. Occident has joined with Orient in honoring Tagore. We of the West were slow. We allowed the street boys of Bengal to sing his songs and see his plays, to learn from his wisdom, for twenty years before we recognized him. But at last East met West and the Nobel Prize for Literature was awarded to Tagore, the Indian poet, who is “here to sing thee songs.”

That is Tagore's humble statement of his purpose in this life; he is modest as a great man is modest. He is humble because he is sensitive to the greatness of God. This keen sense of his own littleness is illustrated in his song offerings; he says:

“I came out alone on my way to my tryst. But who is this that follows me in the silent dark? He makes the dust rise from the earth with his swagger; he adds his loud voice to every word that I utter.

He is my own little self, my lord, he knows no shame; but I am ashamed to come to thy door in his company.”

Rabindranath Tagore does more than sing songs. It is the spirituality made real of his songs that has brought the East to the West. Tagore is then neither Eastern nor Western. He is of the world. His is a spirit which transcends boundaries of race or nation and rises above the earth to find Truth. In his quest he has identified himself with the seekers after truth of all the world. He has not united the restless spirits of East

and West, but he has shown them that their aspirations and their hopes are identical.

His song offerings have been called "love songs of the soul to God." In them he sings of a God who is personal and loving, yet mighty, infinite, all-powerful. He sings of a God who is one for white man, brown man or yellow man. And he is neither a Christian nor a Buddhist. We grow to know this God whom Tagore speaks to in the hush of loving, reverential communion. And, lo, we find that there is the God of whom we have conceived, vaguely perhaps, from the teaching of Jesus Christ. Quotations from the songs illustrate this. Tagore says:

"I know not how thou singest, my master! The light of thy music illumines the world."

The footstool of this master is "where live the poorest and lowest and lost." And, "He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the path-maker is breaking stones." Yet, "I have not seen his face," he says, "nor have I listened to his voice; only I have heard his gentle footsteps from the road before my house;" and "I touch by the edge of the far-spreading wing of my song thy feet which I could never aspire to reach."

Here are described some of the phases which Christianity in its purest teaching ascribes to the Supreme Being: humility, sublimity, love and sympathy. We can understand, I think, why the Hindu philosopher has written poetry of such universal spirit and aspiration that French and English and East Indian can read his words with equal pleasure and spiritual satisfaction. And perhaps Tagore is fulfilling the one condition which Kipling imposed in the two lines quoted above; he is bringing East and West together before God's Judgment Seat, where creeds and prophets will no longer alienate or keep apart the children of men.

K. B.

What an exceptionally good magazine the *Vassar Miscellany* is. Each month we comment on this fact but their latest issues seem to us to be peculiarly worthy of commendation. "The Man from Lone Rock" we think is a very powerful story dealing with large issues and dealing with them in a large way. It is the story of a vivisectionist who has been socially ostracised

and who, embittered against humanity, goes, with his little girl, to live on bleak Lone Island. Then an epidemic comes and he, a doctor, comes to the mainland and stays until he has broken the edidemic. Then he goes back to his daughter who, in a few days, dies of the disease. Very different from this is a story of the detection and capture of an exceedingly crafty thief known as "The Rube." The story is very well worked out except that the point on which the conviction hinges, the discovery by the thief of a certain letter among a woman's papers, seems to us a rather improbable circumstance on which to base the plot. "Heroes of War" is a most vivid, realistic picture very similar in atmosphere and treatment to "The War Brides" in the current *Century*. "Slitter" has as one of its most telling features a pervading feeling of mystery. Also it makes one wonder how many young widows are offered up, by the hands that love them best, in continual sacrifice to the memory of their husbands. "Isabella del Verroectiro" is disappointing in that it suggests more than is carried out. "The Strogonoft Papers" also is a disappointment in the weakness of its final sentence although the story itself is admirably worked out. In *The Harvard Advocate* is the only good poem we have seen this month. It is "Dusk," quite charming and elusive. There are several clever and interesting plots worked out in this magazine, "The Hanger On," the story of a man who kept on going to college until he was more than fifty. "The Higher Education," a story on the order of "Brewster's Millions" except that Monty Brewster could have gotten some hints from the hero of this story. "The Vicissitudes of Dohls" might well have been on the editorial page so blatant is its moral.

AFTER COLLEGE

THE WAR-YEAR CHRISTMAS AT THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR GIRLS IN SPAIN

Christmas was celebrated at the International Institute in a particularly happy way this year. Our students, old and young, agreed that since there was so much poverty and distress for thousands of families, they would rather give than receive presents. So they made toy furniture, original Christmas cards, and whatever else they could, and then distributed these presents among the poor families here in Madrid. Other things they had sent some weeks before to the Belgian orphans. Our girls have never enjoyed the holiday season so thoroughly as this year—an additional proof that it is happier to give than to receive.

The term closed on Wednesday with a Christmas Tree and party for our own girls. You would all have enjoyed seeing them as they stood around the tree, singing "O, Little Town of Bethlehem," "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear," and other Carols that we all love in English. Then came in the Three Kings, singing of the gifts they brought of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, each in a high, girlish voice, all the girls joining in the chorus with feeling :

"O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light."

The kindergarten children had trimmed the tree with paper chains and little lanterns which they had made themselves. The older girls trimmed the large Assembly Hall, twining ivy about the white rails and encircling Mrs. Gulick's picture with garlands.

After the carols came recitations of Christmas poems and then teachers and students danced the Virginia Reel and other dances learned in the gymnastic classes, the party closing with the serving of refreshments made by the class in cooking. We were all proud of their dainty sandwiches and cakes, bonbons in homeopathic doses, and chocolate, always dear to the Spanish heart.

On Christmas Day itself those of the boarding pupils whose homes were too far away for them to reach, the orphans who had no homes to go to, the few remaining teachers, and five Americans who had come to Madrid to

work on the new revision of the Bible in Spanish, gathered for Christmas dinner. A spray of mistletoe and a bunch of holly, the turkey, and the good cheer, all contributed to the spirit of the day and helped to make it one to be remembered.

MABEL E. HAYWOOD, Goucher College 1910.

NOTE—This is the school in which Gretchen Todd 1913, is studying.

SENIOR DRAMATICS

Applications for Senior Dramatics may be sent to Miss Florence H. Snow, General Secretary of the Alumnae Association, College Hall, Northampton. Details as to the day of the performance and the price of tickets will be given later.

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be addressed to Lilian Peters, Dickinson House, Northampton, Massachusetts.

ENGAGEMENTS

- 07. Mary Irene Miller to Frank Wesley Chaffee.
Agnes G. Vaughan to Harry M. Latham of Boston.
- '10. Helen Bigelow to Francis Brewster Hookes, Jr.
Florence Gates to Harold Lee Judd.
Aldana Quimby to W. Lee White.
- ex-'10. Eva B. Adams to Thomas Dalglish Macmillan.
- '11. Katherine L. Wilbar to George Benjamin Utter.
- '12. Dorothy Stoddard to Hardin Roads Glascock.
- ex-'13. Charlotte Hemenway to Lewis M. Witherell, Jr.
- '14. Eva Denison to Harold H. Neale.
Florence McConnell to Frank Le Roi Main.
Dorothy Williams to Henry M. Hughes of Franklin, Pennsylvania.

MARRIAGES

- '00. Kate Fairbank Puffer to Philip Barry, October 17, 1914. Address: 49 Irving Place, Cambridge, Massachusetts.
- '01. Helen Witmer to Garard S. Nollen. Address: 2900 Grand Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa.
- '04. Christine Seward to Chaunter Cornish. Address: 164 North Parkway, East Orange, New Jersey.
- '07. Florence Jackson to Rex Knight Latham, September 4, 1914. Address: Wentworth Military Academy, Lexington, Missouri.

- '08. Clara Louise Hughes to Joel Edward Ferris, April 14, 1914. Address : 319 Sumner Avenue, Spokane, Washington.
- Faith Hamilton Reed to James Taylor Greene, February 12, 1914. Address : New Braintree, Massachusetts.
- Mabel Emma Wiggins to James G. Cochrane, July 9, 1914. Address : Tunxis Club, Tolland, Massachusetts.
- cc-'08. Lillian Hunter to Garrett A. Brownback, May 20, 1914. Address : 124 South Van Pelt Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
- '09. Helen Seymour to Clive S. Newcomb, September 22, 1914.
- '10. Marion E. Booth to Henry Sherwood Trask, October 24, 1914.
- Margaret L. Gilbert to Rev. William Le Roy Haven, September 4, 1914.
- Margery Haynes to Felix E. Held, August 25, 1914.
- Ruth Leighton to Emil Hansen, October 21, 1914.
- Pearl Le Veque to Walter Will, July 1, 1914.
- Carrie Newhall to Homer Chidsey Neal, October 3, 1914.
- Esther F. Porter to Rev. Robert G. Armstrong, August 12, 1914.
- Marjorie E. Simmons to John Lewis Kaus, Jr., August 8, 1914.
- Anna A. Streibich to John David Wilson, April 15, 1914.
- Vera Urquhart to William G. Davidson, June 24, 1914.
- Loraine Washburn to Rev. Basil Douglas Hall, December 15, 1914.
- cc-'10. Mary Louise Jackson to Joseph Graham Fogg, May 29, 1913.
- '11. Clara Franklin to Enos Smith Stockbridge, December 29, 1914. Address (after March 1) : 11 Bretton Place, Baltimore, Maryland.
- '12. Elsie Frederikson to Paul Benjamin Williams of Utica, New York, December 12, 1914. Address : 1125 Park Avenue, Utica, New York.
- Helen Stoppenbach to Dewitt Buchanan, November 19, 1914. Address : 5488 Everett Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.
- cc-'13. Dorothy Haskins to Rawleigh Warner, October 14, 1914.
- Marion Foster to Abbott Allen, September 12, 1914.
- Marjorie Montague to J. Allen Davis. Address : 2195 West 27th Street, Los Angeles, California.
- '14. Mary Olive Phillips to Sidney Aaron Bailey, December 7, 1914. Address : 19 East Street, Northampton.

BIRTHS

- '01. To Mrs. James Fear (Maud Douglass), a son, Douglass, born November 18, 1914.
- cc-'04. To Mrs. Richard Hooker (Winifred Newberry), a daughter, Mary Newberry, born November 6, 1914.
- '06. To Mrs. Otto H. Seiffert (Marjorie Allen), a daughter, Helen Stephens, born November 6, 1914.

08. To Mrs. Raymond Douglas Lord (Ruth Adams), a son, Robert Douglas, born April 14, 1914.
- To Mrs. Maxwell Meyer (Martha Alice Campbell), a son, Robert, born March 7, 1912.
- To Mrs. Bartlett Walton (Helen Davidson), a daughter, Marion Claybaugh, born March 24, 1914.
- To Mrs. William Haller (Malleville Emerson), a son, William Jr., born August 11, 1914.
- To Mrs. Lucius Arthur Wing (Amy Everett), a son, Lucius Townshend, born May 31, 1914.
- To Mrs. Sigmund Adler (Ethel Farrill), a son, Edgar Farrill, born August 27, 1914, died September 28, 1914.
- To Mrs. Everett Francis Dodge (Florence Grey), a son, Roger Everett, born October 5, 1914.
- To Mrs. M. Dison Griffith (Grace Kellogg), a daughter, Grace Callaway, born August 13, 1914.
- To Mrs. Roland Tracy Will (Gretchen Moore), a daughter, Jean.
- To Mrs. Daniel Criss Seltzer (Alice Stahl), a son, Robert Edward, born November 14, 1913.
- To Mrs. C. Hadlai Hull (Grace Stoddard), a son, Hadlai Austin 2nd, born May 30, 1914.
- ex-'08. To Mrs. Daniel Alexander (Minnette Baer), a daughter, Janet.
- To Mrs. Edward Muscoe Garnett (Mary Louise Maddison), a son, Robert Bruce.
- To Mrs. Egerton L. Crispin (Angela Shipman), a son, Charles Honnold, born July 26, 1914.
- To Mrs. Ernest R. Cooper (Esther Taggart), a daughter, Mary Esther.
- '10. To Margaret (Cushman) Warren, a daughter, Alice Louise, born October 27, 1914.
- To Josephine (Frawley) Yantis, a daughter, Josephine, born October 28, 1914.
- To Heloise (Hedges) Tappan, a son, William Richard, born November 7, 1914.
- To Chase (King) Leake, a daughter, Mary Chase, born October 23, 1914.
- To Elise (Montgomery) Taylor, a daughter, Anne Montgomery, born October 6, 1913.
- To Florence (Murray) Gardner, a son, John Jay, September 5, 1914.
- To Marion (Richards) Bailey, a son, William Howard Jr., born September 25, 1914.
- To Laurel (Sullivan) Ely, a daughter, Helen Weare, September 24, 1914.
- To Clara (Thieme) Cooke, a son, John Thieme, born October 6, 1914.
- To Amy (Wallburg) Southwick, a son, Benjamin Gilbert Jr., born June 20, 1914.

- '10. To Dorothy (Waterman) Waldron, a son, Louis Van Antwerp, born November 9, 1914.
- ex-'10. To Dorothy (Averill) Harman, a son, John, born February 12, 1914.
To Mae (Bickford) Brooks, a son, Edwin Bickford, born September 21, 1914.
- '11. To Mrs. Russel Mosley (Mary Rice), her second son.
To Mrs. Park West Allen (Dolly Searle), a son, Edward Searle, born January 26, 1915.
To Mrs. B. F. Tillson (Florence Smith), a son, Benjamin Franklin, Jr., born November 20, 1914.
To Mrs. James S. Currier (Alice Thompson), a son, James Swasey, Jr., born January 1, 1915.
- '12. To Mrs. Ernest Sachs (Maisie Koues), a daughter, Mary Parmly Sachs, born November 4, 1914.
To Mrs. Philip H. Thayer (Jeanne Pushee), a son, Philip H. Thayer, Jr., born November 1, 1914.
- ex-'12. To Mrs. Leon E. Ashley (Edna Mary Gloeckler), a son, Charles Richard, born October 28, 1914.
- ex-'13. To Mrs. John Jay White (Gertrude Griffith), a daughter, Doris Bew White, born August 9, 1914.

CALENDAR

- February 15. Sixth Concert of Smith College Concert Course.
- “ 17. Freshman-Sophomore Basket Ball Game.
- “ 20. Group Dance.
- “ 22. Rally Day.
- “ 27. Group Dance.
- March 3. Orchestra Concert.
- “ 6. Freshman-Sophomore Basket Ball Game.
- “ 13. Meetings of Alpha and Phi Kappa.

The
Smith College
Monthly

March - 1915

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MARCH, 1915

No. 6

EDITORS:

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KATHLEEN ISABEL BYAM	ELEANOR HALLER GIBBONS

ALICE LILIAN PETERS

BUSINESS MANAGER AND TREASURER

ALICE BRADFORD WELLES

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

HESTER GUNNING

MADGE HOVEY

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY ODE

GRACE ANGELA RICHMOND.

Today we pay our honor to the name
Of Washington, who, in our country's need
Brought her his courage, loyalty in deed,
In thought and word, his disregard of fame,
Who earned through sacrifice and struggle her release,
And after conflict—peace.

The freedom that he purchased we hold dear;
The justice that he cherished is our pride;
The heritage for which our fathers died,
Their liberty, their faith and godly fear,
We boast, and in our calm security of mind,
Will share with all mankind.

Today we are aloof amid a world
That hate and greed and cowardice have torn
And rent asunder. Nations weary, worn,
Yet struggling for the fair name they have hurled
In mud and mire, struggling call on us to aid
In havoc they have made.

We have known struggle; we have known the grief
And all the anguished suffering of strife.
We too have felt the sharpness of the knife
And met the faithlessness that kills belief.
And, from the tragic murk of passion, hate and lies
We have seen Freedom rise.

We have seen Justice; and that torch, her name,
We call our own; we dare not let it die.
We dare not let all faith become a lie,
A trampled horror in the depths of shame—
With justice, liberty and faith our boast and pride,
We must not turn aside.

So let us prove our worthiness to bear
The name our fathers loved; and let us give
The gifts they left to us. Oh! let us live
And serve our fellows; let us gladly share
Our treasure, that injustice, hate and war may cease
And nations live in peace.

THE WAKING

A ONE ACT PLAY

ELLEN VERONICA McLOUGHLIN

CAST OF CHARACTERS

TIMOTHY O'FLAHERTY, deceased.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY, his wife.

JIMMIE, }
NELLIE, } their children.
MAGGIE, }

SAM BENJAMIN a Jew.

P. J. QUINN, an undertaker.

ALOYSIUS CAHILL, a butcher.

JOHN MCCARTHY.

MRS. LEARY.

MRS. SULLIVAN.

BUNDLE-BOYS, JEWS'S ASSISTANTS, ETC.

Time: the Present.

Place: Irish-American settlement in inland town.

THE WAKING

(Sitting-room of the O'Flaherty home. The room is full of chairs of every description, with undertakers' seats piled in the corners. On the mantel is a cretonne spread and a clock and two vases. The desk is a high, old-fashioned one, with a mirror above it. There is a red damask cover on the table, and a large glass shade with a fringe of glass prisms on the lamp. There are a couple of enlarged portraits on the wall, also a gaudy calendar. Stringy lace curtains are at the windows, not over-clean, tied bobbinet-fashion. There is a large hole in the couch, and the straw is sticking up through it. Portieres hang between the sitting-room and the parlor, and beyond them may be caught a glimpse of candles lighted, and of fancy "sets" made of flowers.)

When the curtain rises, the room is empty, but from the parlor may be heard the voice of John McCarthy.)

JOHN.

An' he says, "How many are yez?" an' we says, "Sivin" an' he says, "Thin half av yez I'll threat," says he. (JOHN laughs reminiscently.)

(The door from the dining-room opens, silently and cautiously. MRS. O'FLAHERTY tip-toes into the room. She is a woman about fifty years, with a rather good-looking face. Her gray hair is done in a knob at the back of her head, tightly, but none too neatly. She wears a shiny black silk shirt-waist, with a black brooch, a black skirt, and a large white apron trimmed with quantities of hand-made lace. She is slightly effusive in manner, strongly inclined to boasting, and throughout the piece is studiously careful to put her best foot forward. She looks into the parlor, and then softly goes over to the couch, puts her hand into the hole, where the straw is sticking out, and draws out a rusty black wallet. She looks cautiously around once more, then opens the wallet, counts the money and puts it back in the hole. She remains standing with her back to the parlor door.)

JOHN.

(*Still talking.*) Ye'll niver buy the dhrinks fer half av sivin agin, Tim O'Flaherty.

MRS. LEARY.

(*From the parlor also.*) He will not indade.
(*She comes out. She is a tall, spare woman, with snapping black eyes, and a chin that suggests the same snapping quality. Her face is usually stern, her gray hair is pulled tightly to the top of her head, and fastened there with a large fancy gray shell comb, into a small hard knob. She wears a black and white sateen dress, of polka-dot design. She is decidedly beligerent in manner, quick to take and give offence. Her voice is harsh and loud.*)

MRS. LEARY.

Why don't ye git a bit av slape, now, Mrs. O'Flaherty? The others'll be comin' soon, an' ye look fair worn out.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

(*Turning quickly.*) Thank ye, Mrs. Leary, I'll niver slape the night they're wakin' me own mon.

MRS. LEARY.

'Tis mornin' sure now. I was thinkin' ye might get a wink before 'twas toime to dhress the childern fer the funeral.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

(*Draws up the window-shades and blows out the lamp.*) It is mornin' surely. But I'll not slape a wink until afther the funeral. Did ye notice how the childern niver dhropped off till one o'clock, an' afther, the darlin's? I'll just go now an' tell Nellie to be sure an' put thim black hands on thir coat sleeves. (*She goes into the dining-room.*)

MRS. LEARY.

(*Calls into the parlor.*) JOHN, JOHN McCARTHY, I say!

JOHN.

(*From within.*) Will yez be waitin' a minit—sure I'm thryin' to light me poipec be the candles they've got here. But nary a dhraw kin I get.

MRS. LEARY.

(*In a shocked voice.*) It's bold ye are, lightin' yer pipe be the candles near himself.

(*Pause.*) Do ye think, now, Mike Donegan'll be comin' to the wake, JOHN?

JOHN.

(*In the doorway, takes a long draw, silently.*) Why woudn't he?

(*JOHN is a big, red-faced Irishman of about sixty-five—fond of his bottle and his joke, both of which he usually takes at the expense of his friends. Unimpressed with the dignity of the occasion, he has taken off his coat, and smokes a huge corn-cob pipe.*)

MRS. LEARY.

I dunno—I was thinkin' Mike ain't the mon to fergit—

JOHN.

(*Coming out and sitting down. Garrulously.*) Why woudn't he, I say? Sure him an' Tim was always the bist of frinds. There's thim thot say as Tim done him out av tin dollars last Patrick's day, but himsilf niver bore Mike a grudge fer thot. It was Tuesday a week, he says to me, says he, "Sure Mike an' I's good frinds," says he, an' I says, "Why not," an' he says "I niver let a matter av money sthand bechune frinds," says himsilf.

MRS. LEARY.

No more did he.

JOHN.

(*Growing excited.*) He did not, surely. 'Tis mesilf as has had him before the jedge, three times, an' more too, an' niver a cint did I git, but he always spoke to me as civil-loike as ye plase the day afther. Says he, "I'm not the mon to let a matter av money sthand bechune frinds."

MRS. LEARY.

He did not, indade. (*Pause.*) 'Tis an iligant coffin they're afther buyin' him.

JOHN.

It is thot, an' more too.

MRS. LEARY.

And an' iligant suit av clothes. (*Doubtfully.*) But I do be fearin', tonight he's lookin' a bit peaked—
(*A knock is heard at the door.*)

JOHN.

(*Lifting his voice.*) Nellie! Come open the door, achushla!

(*NELLIE comes in from the dining-room. She is a quiet-looking girl of about twenty-five, not too pretty, yet good to look upon. She has wavy dark hair, parted simply and done in a coil at the back of her neck. She wears a plain white shirt-waist and a black skirt.*)

NELLIE.

Who would it be now, I wonder?

MRS. LEARY.

I suppose it'll be Bridget Sullivan comin' at this hour. She niver could go to a wake at a dacent toime. Some say she goes to bed an' gets a night's rist before iver she starts out.

(*NELLIE opens the door.*)

NELLIE.

Good avenin' Mrs. Sullivan.

(MRS. SULLIVAN comes in. She is a little woman about sixty years old. She has pretty white hair and a rather pretty but insincere smile; is very plaintive in voice and manner, and whiningly sympathetic. She is wearing a black fringed shawl, a feather-trimmed bonnet, tied under her chin, and a black and white calico dress.)

MRS. SULLIVAN.

Good evenin', darlint. (She kisses NELLIE.) 'Tis sorry I am yer Pa's in Hivin this minit.

JOHN.

Don't ye be too sure av thot now, Mrs. Sullivan.

MRS. SULLIVAN.

(Turning to him.) How are yez, John McCarthy? An' Mrs. Leary too? Good evenin' to yez both.

MRS. LEARY.

The top av the mornin', Mrs. Sullivan. I hope ye slept well the night.

MRS. SULLIVAN.

Nary a wink! 'Twas me boy Dinny had the tooth-ache, an' I could not lave him at all. (Growing more plaintive.) I'm not falin' so well mesilf!

MRS. LEARY.

'Tis a bit early to be comin' to the funeral. Would yez tell me the toime, John?

JOHN.

(Producing a huge silver watch.) 'Tis nearer four than three, an' high toime to eat, I would say—eh Nellie?

NELLIE.

Mother's bilin' the eggs this minit. Would ye loike to view the remains Mrs. Sullivan?

MRS. LEARY.

Ye're in plenty av toime for the supper, Mrs. Sullivan.

MRS. SULLIVAN.

(*To NELLIE.*) Yes, darlint. (*As they go into the parlor.*) An' a prayer from an old woman loike mesilf won't be hurtin' him, I'm thinkin'. I've always heard as a mon thot was mean to his wife an' stingy to his children has a hard toime gettin' out av Purgatory.

MRS. LEARY.

(*Indignantly.*) What think ye av thot now? She's not foive minits in the house before she throws the sins av himsilf in his childern's face!

JOHN.

(*Moralizing.*) Ain't it quare now, Mrs. Leary, the way a coffin makes a saint av a mon—Sure 'tis an arch-angel himsilf will be now, I'm thinkin', wid his solid-mahogany casket, an' his twelve candles all lighted to onct!

MRS. LEARY.

(*Shocked.*) I'll not listen to yer goin's on, John McCarthy—we should spake well av himsilf now he's dead an' gone. There's many a mon has lived down a bad reputation afther he was dead—an' Tim O'Flaherty's wife is not the woman will listen to a word agin him now.

(MRS. SULLIVAN and NELLIE come out.)

JOHN.

Come in, Mrs. Sullivan. Sit down.

MRS. LEARY.

Sit down, Mrs. Sullivan. Come here, Nellie, mavourneen. Let ye be lookin' more cheerful-loike, darlint.

(NELLIE and MRS. SULLIVAN weep.)

JOHN.

What koind av a rough-box will he be havin', Nellie?

NELLIE.

(*With no interest in the discussion.*) Mother was sayin' 'twas a hard white concrate.

MRS. LEARY.

An' what would a rough-box be?

JOHN.

Have ye niver heard av thim? Sure wan av thim sarves the same as an indulgence from the prast—an' no prayers to say at all. 'Tis the rough box that promises the smooth journey to the loikes av Tim O'Flaherty. (*John is the only one who laughs at his joke.*)

MRS. SULLIVAN.

(*Whose tears have ceased to flow.*) Ain't he lookin' grand though? Sure, I thot it was slapin' he was.

MRS. LEARY.

Thot's just what I'm afther sayin' to John. "He's slapin' as peaceful-loike as a lamb" sez I—an' just as natural, he's lookin'!

NELLIE.

(*To change the subject.*) 'Tis nice weather we're havin'.

MRS. SULLIVAN.

It is thot. Nary a sign av rain. 'Tis himsilf will be mis-sin' his three drops on his coffin, I'm fearin'.

JOHN.

'Tis not three drops av rain he'll be missin'. He was niver the mon to chuse wather alone.

NELLIE.

(Angrily.) Let ye be sayin' no more, John McCarthy.

MRS. LEARY.

Will he hush, John?

JOHN.

No offence to yez, Nellie. But ivery-wan as knew yer Pa'll say he was not the wan as took his whiskey wake.

NELLIE.

We'll spake no more av thot, now. 'Tis himsilf thot's lyin' there cold tonight, an' it's not a good wurrd will hurt him, I'm thinkin'.

JOHN.

(Vexed.) Whist, Nellie. Would I be wakin' himsilf at this toime av night—an' niver a dhrop to cheer me yet, if I did not estame him highly?

MRS. SULLIVAN.

Ye would not, John. Nor I aither.

NELLIE.

I'll tell Mother ye're here, Mrs. Sullivan. *(She goes out.)*

MRS. SULLIVAN.

(Looking after her.) Do you think, now, she's falin' so bad?

MRS. LEARY.

Indade an' ye niver kin tell about thim quiet koind.

JOHN.

Why should she fale bad? Sure himsilf niver ixpicted his own fambly to fale bad fer him. I'm thinkin' they'll enjy the change. 'Tis his frinds thot do be missin' him tonight.

MRS. SULLIVAN.

Did he lave thim a cint?

MRS. LEARY.

There's thim thot say himsilf had a mint av money stored up somewhere. (*Meaningly.*) 'Tis a handsome coffin—they're buryin' wid him.

MRS. SULLIVAN.

Are ye thinkin', now, it's right, the way th're kapin' him so long?

MRS. LEARY.

I do not. I was just afther sayin' to John, how he's not lookin' so good tonight.

JOHN.

Divil a bit! 'Tis himsilf always did be gettin' a little blue, the toime he'd no dhrop av spirits fer a day or two. (*Laughs heartily at his own joke.*)

MRS. LEARY.

Shame on ye, John McCarthy!

MRS. SULLIVAN.

(*Sees the dining-room door opened.*) Whist now!
MRS. O'FLAHERTY comes in.)

MRS. SULLIVAN.

(*Rises, kisses, MRS. O'FLAHERTY. In a whining voice—*)
Good avenin', Mrs. O'Flaherty.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

Good avenin' Mrs. Sullivan. Sure 'tis good ye are to come to me in my disthress!

(Maggie and Nellie come in from the dining-room. Maggie is a pretty, affected, girl of about twenty—with a babyish face, large eyes, and a great deal of fuzzy hair, done high and wide. Her dress of thin black silk has many ruffles, and some lace, and she wears a heavy old-fashioned gold neck-lace.)

MAGGIE.

How do ye do, Mrs. Sullivan?

MRS. SULLIVAN.

Good avenin', darlint. *(She kisses MAGGIE.)* Indade an' I'm sad to be wid yez tonight. But he's lookin' foine! 'Tis an iligant coffin yez have!

(All sit. Women dabble with their handkerchiefs—except NELLIE.)

MRS. LEARY.

Did any av yez hear the death-clock?

MRS. LEARY.

No.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

Indade yes, Nellie. I heard it mesilf, two months, an' more!

MAGGIE.

Why did ye not tell us, Mother?

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

Why should I? *(To MRS. SULLIVAN.)* An' would ye' be-lave ut? A wake ago I heard the Banshee!

MRS. LEARY.

Ye could not—'tis not in yer fambly.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

Is it not indade? Me mother's own cousin married wan av the O'Neils av Connemara.

MRS. LEARY.

I did not know thot. So ye've got the Banshee connicted with the fambly!

(Maggie shivers and looks toward the parlor.)

MRS. SULLIVAN.

P. J. Quinn is the undertaker, I'm thinkin'?

(MRS. O'FLAHERTY nods.)

JOHN.

Why wouldn't he be? Eh, Maggie, girl? Ah, now don't ye be afther blushin'. 'Tis well known ye loike P. J. betther nor thot moon-faced butcher-chap, Aloysius Cahill.

MRS. LEARY.

Ye might be doin' worse nor P. J. 'Twas Peter Riley was telin' me the other day, how as P. J. has the contract fer all the Hibernian funerals this year!

MRS. SULLIVAN.

An' they say he'll have Molly O'Brien's husband too, thot isn't ixpicted to live this month.

JOHN.

Ye might be doin' worse than P. J. Maggie.

MAGGIE.

(Pettishly.) I might be doin' me own choosin'! I'll niver marry an undertaker.

MRS. SULLIVAN.

Lave her be, John McCarthy.

MRS. LEARY.

Don't ye be mindin' us, dearie, 'tis an interist we're takin' in yez, that's all.

MAGGIE.

(Sullenly.) I'll not be marryin' an undertaker.
(A knock is heard at the door.)

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

Will ye open the door, Nellie?
(Nellie opens the door. A large flowered cross is shoved in at her, as a voice outside says—)

BUNDLEBOY.

O'Flaherty?

NELLIE.

(Taking the piece.) Yes. *(All crowd up to see it.)*

JOHN.

(In pretended disgust.) Another wan av thim things!

MRS. LEARY.

(In real admiration.) Ain't it a beauty?

MRS. SULLIVAN.

'Tis handsome, indade—who sint it, I wonder?

NELLIE.

Take it into the parlor, Maggie.
(All troop into the parlor except NELLIE and her mother.)

NELLIE.

Who sint thot, I wonder?

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

Ain't it wonderful the way all poor Tim's frinds is sindin' flowers! Yer Pa was a very frindly mon, Nellie. (*Softly.*) Do be falin' a little worse, girl. People'll think ye've no falin's. Yer Pa's dead an' ye not dhroppin a tear!

NELLIE.

Maybe I have no falin's fer people to see. Maybe I'm kapin' thim mesilf—maybe thirs tears inside av me I'll not show to gossipin' ould men an' women—(*She breaks down for a moment.*) 'Twas tin year ago whin I started in to work, he says to me "Yer startin' to work pretty young, Nell," says he, "yer startin' pretty young, but I hope ye'll get on. Yer a good girl, Nellie O'Flaherty," says he.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

(*Impatiently.*) Yer a quare girl, Nellie O'Flaherty. I'll just step in an' look at the flowers mesilf. Do be gittin' the supper on a bit.

(MRS. O'FLAHERTY goes into the parlor. MAGGIE rushes out, runs to the door of the dining-room, and calls—)

MAGGIE.

Jim! Jim, she's gone—come quick, will ye?

(*Jim comes in from the dining-room. He is a large, heavy type of man, about thirty years old—with a great deal of brute strength showing evidence of being none too often used. His features are not bad, but his hair is carelessly brushed and his cravat is carelessly tied. He wears a new black broadcloth suit, too long in the sleeves, a stiffly starched white shirt, and a collar several sizes too large for him. He is a lazy, indolent sort, with a stubborn disposition.*)

JIM.

Where are they?

NELLIE.

What's ailin' the both av yez?

MAGGIE.

(*To JIM.*) In the parlor with himsilf.

(*To Nellie.*) 'Tis the money we're lookin' fer.

JIM and MAGGIE have begun the search. They lift up the corners of the carpet, peer under the table-cloth, put their hands under the cretonne mantel-spread, pull back cushions from chairs, look under the couch and book case, open some of the books, etc. JIM is very awkward, and knocks over two pieces to every one he examines. NELLIE follows him about the room and picks up the things he knocks down.)

NELLIE.

What money?

JIM.

Whist now, they'll be hearin' ye. Father's, in coorse.

NELLIE.

Did he lave a cint?

MAGGIE.

(*Scornfully.*) To be sure he did.

JIM.

(*Impatiently.*) Begorra, but ye're stupid, Nell. Would we be huntin' fer it if there wasn't any?

MAGGIE.

'Tis a fortin he lift.

JIM.

Here, look under the couch for me. I'll not go down on me knees wid me bist suit on.

MAGGIE.

I'll do it. (*She dives under the couch.*)

NELLIE.

(*Disapproving.*) 'Tis plain to be seen, Jim O'Flaherty, ye don't go often to church wid yer bist suit on!

MAGGIE.

Whist now Nellie, an' hilp us a bit.

JIM.

Did ye look in the coal-bin, Maggie?

MAGGIE.

I did not.

JIM.

'Tis a good place, I'm thinkin', to be hidin' a fortin!

MAGGIE.

(In great excitement.) It is surely—be quiet now, Nell.
(They rush out.)

NELLIE.

(Disgustedly.) Wid his bist suit on!

(A knock is heard. NELLIE opens the door to P. J. QUINN, and ALOYSIUS CAHILL. QUINN is a little man of about thirty-five, the kind that grows old and settled early in life. His hair is already thinning at the temples. His eyes are small and cunning. His clothes are very correct, as are his manners, and he gives the impression of treating everybody as a future customer. ALOYSIUS CAHILL is a pleasing youth of twenty-five, slender, good-looking, and modest—almost bashful. His clothes are a little out of fashion, a little out of season, but not grotesquely so—merely picturesque. His manner is winning, and he fancies that he is very much in love with Maggie.)

NELLIE.

Good avenin', Aloysius, good avenin', Mr. Quinn.

CAHILL.

Good avenin' Nellie.

QUINN.

Good day, Mrs. O'Flaherty.

CAHILL.

How are yez, Mrs. O'Flaherty?

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

How do ye do P. J.? an' Aloysius Cahill, too? Nellie, take Aloysius in to see the flowers: they're beautiful flowers, Aloysius.

(Nellie and Cahill go into the parlor.)

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

(Stealthily putting her hand in the hole in the couch and drawing out the black wallet.) Here it is P. J. Count it quick—Noine hundert an' fifty-sivin dollars an' forty-three cints, an' all he had in the wurld. *(Boasting.)* Himsilf'll not be complaining I did'nt give him a grand funeral!

QUINN.

(After counting the money.) 'Tis all there—the receipt is all made out to yez too.

(He hands her the receipt, which she reads carefully, and puts in her blouse. MAGGIE and JIM come in from the dining-room, both slightly smudged with coal-dust. They sneak around and search for a while before making their presence known.)

QUINN.

'Tis an iligant funeral, Mrs. O'Flaherty: solid mahogany, satin lined, open couch, drhop-side casket, hard white concrete rough-box, candles in gilded candelabra—'Tis an iligant funeral! An' a dale av flowers ye've ordhered to go wid it all!

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

Ye don't have many so foine perhaps?

MAGGIE.

(Comin forward, shyly.) Good avenin', P. J.

QUINN.

How de ye do, Marguerite? An' Jim?

JIM.

How do. (*He goes into the parlor.*)

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

Maggie, darlint, would ye be hilpin' yer sister a bit—'tis hoigh toime we had somethin' to ate.

(MAGGIE goes out—and she and NELLIE lay the table for supper. NELLIE dons a big gingham apron, while MAGGIE puts on a fluffy little white one. Each time MAGGIE comes in, she lingers, lookis in corners, taps the floor with her foot etc.)

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

(To QUINN.) Ye don't have many funerals so foine perhaps?

QUINN.

I'd not say thot, Mrs. O'Flaherty, I'd not say thot—I've sivaler very rich customers, an' av coorse, they always has to have the bist av iverything—the very bist. There was a mon last wake, contracting mason he was, an' his widder would have no less than twinty carriages. Twinty carriages must she have, and thot many did she have!

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

What koind av a coffin?

QUINN.

'Twas a half-couch polished oak I do be thinkin'.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

Very chape it was thin. I always said, P. J. 'tis the coffin thot counts, not the carriages—'tis the coffin that counts. Did yez tell thot newspaper reporter we're havin' a solid mahogany?

QUINN.

I did thot, Mrs. O'Flaherty.

(The others come in from the parlor.)

QUINN.

(Affably.) Howe are ye, Mrs. Leary? an' Mrs. Sullivan too—good day to yez, John McCarthy?

MRS. SULLIVAN.

How are ye, P. J?

MRS. SULLIVAN.

Good avenin' P. J.

JOHN.

'Tis a foine wake we're havin'. *(He looks at the table.)* an' a foine funeral it'll be.

QUINN.

It will surely.

NELLIE.

Would ye sit down now, an' ate a bit?

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

Sit down, all av yez—don't ye be bashful.

(All draw their chairs up to the table and begin to eat.)

NELLIE.

I'll get somethin' strengthenin' fer ye, John McCarthy. 'Tis desthroyed ye must be, settin' up this blissid night. *(She goes into the dining-room.)*

JOHN.

(Plaintively.) I'm not denying thot a sip or two would do me wonderful good. I were just thinkin' as how I were a bit tired-loike.

(NELLIE comes in with a bottle of whiskey and a glass.)

NELILE.

'Tis sorry I am we've naught betther nor this.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

(*Interrupting.*) Have ye taken the plidge, P. J.?

QUINN.

Not I, Mrs. Flaherty. I always say as how a dhrop now an' thin will niver hurrt a mon.

JOHN.

(*After drinking.*) It will not indade!

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

What about ye, Aloysius Cahill?

CAHILL.

'Tis plidged I am fer five years, I thank ye.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

'Tis sorry I am—I'll bring ye a glass, P. J. (*She goes into the dining-room.*)

JOHN.

(*More cheerful.*) Nellie, would ye be mindin' me askin'—I always loikes to know if there's to be any here-after.

NELILE.

There is to be sure, apple-pie just out av the oven.

JOHN.

(*Pours another glass.*) 'Twill be a hot here-after, I'm thinkin'.

(*Looks into the next room.*) A hot here-after. *Raises his glass.* Here's to ye, Timothy O'Flaherty, may yer here-after be betther nor yer deserts!

MRS. LEARY.

(*Indignant.*) Wisha now, John. 'Tis takin' a dhrop too much ye are, I'm thinkin'.

MRS. SULLIVAN.

Would ye be afther tellin' me, P. J. who I'm ridin' in the carriage wid, the day?

QUINN.

'Tis not I thot knows. Ye'll have to ask hersilf.

MRS. LEARY.

(*Scornfully.*) Is it ridin' in a carriage ye are, Mrs. Sullivan?

MRS. SULLIVAN.

Why wouldn't I be?

MRS. LEARY.

Are ye thinkin' there's not enough rilitives to fill thim—an' frinds too?

MRS. SULLIVAN.

(*Dolorously.*) Do ye call yersilf a frind, Katie Leary? Or is it a rilitive ye are?

JOHN.

Whist now, Mrs. Sullivan.

QUINN.

(*Pacifically.*) Say no more, Mrs. Leary.

MRS. LEARY.

(*Her ire rising.*) Is it ye thot are tellin' me to hold me tongue, P. J. Quinn? 'Tis betther wurruk y'd be doin', I'm thinkin', the way ye'd be makin' Bridget Sullivan kape her pace.

MRS. SULLIVAN.

Now listen here to me, P. J. an' don't ye be afther payin' no attintion to the loikes av her.

CAHILL.

Hush now.

(NELLIE *clears the table.*)

MAGGIE.

Would ye be quiet now, I'm sayin'.

MRS. LEARY.

Tell her, Maggie, darlint, how 'tis not fer her to be ridin' in hacks at yer Pa's funeral—her thot niver hod a wurrd fer him whin he was alive.

(MRS. FLAHERTY *comes in.*)

JOHN.

Whist now.

MRS. SULLIVAN.

Whist yersilf, John McCarthy. (*Changing her tone as she sees* MRS. O'FLAHERTY.) Oh, did ye come back, Mrs. O'Flaherty?

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

I did, to be sure. (*She sets a cup down before* QUINN.) 'Tis the bist chiny cup I'm bringin' ye, P. J. Himsilf always did loike the cup betther nor a tumbler. Would ye pass P. J. the bottle, John?

(JOHN *fills his glass, measures the height of the whiskey left in the bottle, and passes it grudgingly.*)

QUINN.

I thank you, Mrs. Flaherty.

(MRS. SULLIVAN and MRS. LEARY *are all the time looking daggers at each other, and each makes several ineffectual attempts to speak. Finally—*)

MRS. LEARY.

Listen to me, Mrs. O'Flaherty.

MRS. SULLIVAN.

Would ye tell me, Mrs. O'Flaherty—

(*NELLIE brings in the dessert.*)

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

What is it now?

MRS. SULLIVAN.

(*Appealingly.*) Is it her now as is goin' to ride in a hack, an' me walkin' all the blissid way, wid rheumatism in all me jints?

MRS. LEARY.

(*Belligerently.*) Is it me as is to walk to the cimitery, two miles—an' more, an' her loike a lady or a rilitive ridin' in a carriage?

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

Hush now.

MRS. SULLIVAN.

(*With spirit.*) A lady say ye? Well there's thim thot ain't too lady-loike, I'm thinkin'.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

(*Angrily.*) Now listen here to me!

MRS. LEARY.

(*Furious.*) An' 'tis not lady-loike I am, is it? Well if I'm not, me husband is no dirthy coal-heaver, comin' home ivery night, as black as yer boot!

MRS. O' FLAHERTY.

Will ye kape quiet now I'm askin'?

MAGGIE.

Hush now.

QUINN.

(*Soothingly.*) Yes, Mrs. Sullivan, don't ye be answerin' her back now.

JOHN.

'Tis disgraceful yer makin' this wake, wid yer goin's on.

MRS. SULLIVAN.

(*Rising in a rage.*) Shall I not answer her back, P. J. Quinn? Whin she tells me to me face thot me mon is a dirty coal-heaver, instid av a union dhriver as he is! Answer me truly, now, Aloysius Cahill, did Moike go out on the coal-heavers' sthrike last spring or did he not?

CAHILL.

He did not, Mrs. Sullivan.

MRS. SULLIVAN.

(*Pacing the floor.*) Did he jine the dhrivers' sthrike last August or did he not?

CAHILL.

He did surely.

(*MRS. LEARY rises and paces the floor on the other side of the table.*)

MRS. SULLIVAN.

An' did he git his ten-fifty a wake, an' eight hours a day, an' double pay overtoime, or did he not?

CAHILL.

Indade 'an he did, an' his name in the paper an' all!

MRS. SULLIVAN.

(*Loftily.*) In coorse there's this as don't know the diff-
rance bechune a coal-heaver an' a coal-driver—an' 'tis sorry
fer thim I am whin they don't know enough to concale their
ignorunce.

JOHN.

(*Facetiously.*) Why don't ye ride to the funeral in yer hus-
band's coal-wagon, Mrs. Sullivan? 'Twould be asier'surely,
than the ould-country jaunting cars.

MRS. SULLIVAN.

(*Shaking her fist at JOHN.*) Hold yer tongue John—I'll in a hack or nothing this day.

MRS. LEARY.

'Twill be nothin' I'm thinkin' thin, an' no loss to the funeral.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

Will ye let me talk now, the both av yez? (*Graciously.*) Yez kin all roide in a carriage—I've fourteen av thim ordhered, an' black tassels on the horses an' hoigh hats on the dhrivers. There's no wan as will walk to Tim O'Flaherty's funeral this day!

MRS. SULLIVAN.

(*Incredulous—stopping her walk.*) Is thot so, P. J?

QUINN.

It is surely.

MRS. LEARY.

(*Angrily—stopping next to MRS. SULLIVAN.*) Why didn't ye say so before thin? An' poor Mrs. Sullivan an' mesilf gittin' so worked up all fer nothin'.

MRS. SULLIVAN.

(*Putting her arm around MRS. LEARY.*) Theye were wantin' to see us foight all the toime, Katie. Will we be ridin' in the same hack, darlint?

MRS. LEARY.

(*Putting her arm around MRS. SULLIVAN.*) We will surely—an' let Minnie McKeown an' Nellie O'Brien go, too. I've been waitin' to see Minnie this wake, an' more. 'Twill be a foine chance to ask her if she's goin' to marry thot widower mon thot took her to church two wakes come a Sunday.

(*MRS. LEARY and MRS. SULLIVAN resume their places at the table.*)

MRS. SULLIVAN.

It will thot—she'll make a good mother to his children—an' 'tis hoigh toime she was steppin' off. She's the age of Nellie here, I'm thinkin'.

(*NELLIE comes in with an opened letter in her hand.*)

Ye'd betther be lookin' out fer a widower fer yersilf, Nellie dear.

NELLIE.

(*Showing the letter to her mother.*) Mother, would ye tell me whin this letter come from Sam Benjamin?

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

(*In some confusion.*) 'Twas Thursday or Friday—I disremember—

NELLIE.

(*Anxiously.*) Did ye sind him the money?

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

I did not—(*Nervously.*) I fergot all about it. 'Twill wait, Nellie. Put it away.

MAGGIE.

(*In panic.*) What does it say?

JIM.

What money?

NELLIE.

Fer the furniture—the installment mon. (*Reads.*) "If the thirty-one dollars back installments on the furniture are not paid by seven o'clock on the morning of October nineteenth, I will move the furniture out."

CAHILL.

'Tis the nineteenth today. (*CAHILL, QUINN, and JOHN take out their watches, and look at them, then at each other.*)

QUINN.

Six-fifteen.

CAHILL.

Quarter after six.

JOHN.

Musha Dick, he'll be here in no toime at all.

(They all close their watches and put them back.)

NELLIE.

Mother, will ye sind Aloysius wid the money at onct?

(A knock is heard. Everyone jumps up. . NELLIE opens the door.)

BUNDLE-BOY.

(Handing in a pillow marked "Husband," a wreath marked "Father" and a standing piece marked "Tim.") Flowers Mrs. O'Flaherty ordered. Tell her the "Gates Ajar" and the "Sheaf of Wheat" will be up immejitly.*(He bangs the door. Everyone looks at the flowers, then at* MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

MAGGIE.

Did ye ordher all thim yersilf, Mother?

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

No, just the "Husband" and the "Father"—

NELLIE.

But he said—

JOHN.

I was thinkin' 'twas funny most av the flowers had no cards to thim. People thot sinds flowers to funerals puts cards in, wid poethry loike, on thim.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

(Angrily—to Quinn.) Why did ye not tell me about the cards, P. J.? Now all me lovely flowers thot I bought will be useless widout cards.

NELLIE.

(*Not understanding.*) Ye're just afther sayin' ye did not buy thim all!

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

(*In a hoarse whisper, to NELLIE.*) In coorse I bought thim. Who ilse'd be sindin' wreaths to yer Pa? (*Aloud.*) Is it too late now to git cards, P. J.?

QUINN.

(*Condescendingly.*) The flowers are not wearin' cards this year, Mrs. O'Flaherty.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

(*Triumphantly.*) What did I say to ye, John McCarthy? They're not wearin' cards this year'!

(*NELLIE takes the flowers into the parlor.*)

JIM.

'Twas extravagant, I think, to be gittin' so many.

MAGGIE.

I'm thinkin' so too.

(*CAHILL nervously looks at his watch.*)

NELLIE.

(*Coming out.*) Mother, will ye give Aloysius the money at onct, and sind him to pay fer the furniture?

MAGGIE.

(*With a sigh.*) Yes, Mother—ye'll have to be usin' Pa's money, I'm thinkin'.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

(*In confusion.*) Yer Pa's money? An' what would yer Pa be doin' wid money?

JIM.

(*In a bullying tone.*) Ye know he had it now, an' a good lot av it too.

NELLIE.

Mother, plase, now will ye sind Aloysius?

CAHILL.

(Eagerly.) 'Tis glad I'd be to go, Mrs. O'Flaherty.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

(In complete confusion.) P. J.—?

QUINN.

(Coldly.) Have ye thirty-one dollars, Mrs. O'Flaherty, or have ye not?

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

I have not an' well ye know it—I have not two dollars in the wurruld.

MAGGIE.

What about Pa's money?

JIM.

Did ye spind it already?

(CAHILL looks at his watch.)

NELLIE.

Maybe he lift not a cint.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

Maybe he did, Nellie O'Flaherty. Maybe he lift noine hundred an' fifty sivin dollars an' forty-three cints to his fambly.

MAGGIE.

Where is it, we're askin? Where is it all?

(QUINN puts his hand in the pocket where the money is. MRS. O'FLAHERTY looks toward the hole in the couch. MAGGIE and JIM rush wildy around the room, looking for the money. JIM puts his hand in the hole in the couch and draws it out full of straw.)

JIM.

Where did yez hoide it all the toime?

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

'Tis gone, I'm tellin' ye—I spint it this day.

(MAGGIE and JIM turn and look at her, horror-stricken.)

JIM.

Ye spint it!

MAGGIE.

An' what did ye spind it on?

(QUINN fidgets—CAHILL rises and looks at his watch—MRS. LEARY and MRS. SULLIVAN nod their heads and whisper.)

JOHN.

Musha Dick!

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

(With an attempt at bravado.) On yer Pa's coffin I spint it—an' candles an' flowers, an' hard-concrate rough-box. Ye've not seen thot yet but ye'll loike it I'm sure. An' fourteen carriages we're havin' an' his coffin is solid mahogany all the way thru, is it not P. J. Quinn?

QUINN.

Solid mahogany, open couch dhrop side—the bist in the store. 'Twill be a grand funeral surely, an' chape at the price.

MAGGIE.

'Tis foolin' ye are.

QUINN.

'Tis not indade.

NELLIE.

Is the money all gone? Did ye save not a cint?

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

(*Breaking down.*) Not a bit did I save. Sure I niver thought a wurrud about the furniture—an' they'll take it all away, the pictures in the parlor, an' the gold cheer, an' the clock an' the lamp—an' Tim's rilitives from the country comin' at eight o'clock—an' the funeral at noine! (*She weeps.*)

MAGGIE.

(*In tears.*) An' me thot wanted a gold watch all these years!

JIM.

(*Mournfully.*) An' a phonograph too.

NELLIE.

How much did ye say?

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

Noine hundert an' fifty-sivin dollars, an' forty-three cints!

NELLIE.

(*Scarcely believing.*) Ye spint thot on the funeral an' ye not ownin' the cheer ye sit on—an' ye with barely a crust to feed the childern! Did ye not think av Dinny as'll have to go to wurruk on the section pretty soon—av Peter as is sellin' papers noight an' morn—did ye not think av Mamie an' Anastasia as have not a dacent dress to wear to school, an' cry out their eyes fer shame ivery noight on account av it? Did ye not think as their father neglected his childern enough without ye spindin' ivery cint ye own on his funeral. Fifteen year old I were whin ye sint me to wurruk—an' Mamie an' Anastasia'll have to go younger! (*She turns her back on her mother and the others, and weeps silently. CAHILL turns and gazes at her intently—then for some minutes seems to be mentally comparing MAGGIE and NELLIE.*)

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

For shame, Nellie O'Flaherty—(*Mournfully.*) me thot always done me bist fer all av yez—If Tim was alive, ye'd not be spakin' to me loike thot!

JOHN.

(*After taking another drink.*) Ain't thot just loike a woman now? Wan minit she's afther givin' him a foine coffin an' makin' an arch-angel out av him—an' the nixt minit she's afther bringin' him back to take me bottle away from me. (*He looks into the parlor—a little doubtfully.*)

MRS. SULLIVAN.

(*To MRS. O'FLAHERTY.*) There, there, darlint 'twill be all right!

MRS. LEARY.

Don't ye worry, dearie .

(*A knock is heard at the door. Everyone jumps up in dismay. NELLIE opens the door. A bundle-boy shores in a "Sheaf of Wheat" and a large "Gates Ajar."*)

BUNDLE-BOY.

Flowers for Mrs. O'Flaherty.

(*All look at the flowers with simulated interest.*)

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

Ain't they grand? Take thim in, Nellie. Fix thim nice now, won't ye? (*NELLIE takes the flowers into the parlor.*)

QUINN.

Are the candles burnt out, Nellie?

NELLIE.

(*From the parlor.*) They are—most av thim.

QUINN.

Will ye fetch the box av candles, Mrs. O'Flaherty?

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

I will surely. I fergot clean all about the candles. (*She goes into the dining-room.*)

MAGGIE.

I'll go fer some matches. (*She follows her mother.*)

(MRS. O'FLAHERTY comes in with the box of candles, followed by MAGGIE with the matches which she hands to QUINN. All go in to light the candles, except MAGGIE and CAHILL.)

CAHILL.

(*Abruptly, standing before her.*) Maggie!

MAGGIE.

(*Simpering.*) Would ye call me Marguerite, plase, Aloysius? 'Tis me roightful name.

CAHILL.

Marguerite—Mag—Mar-guer-ite—'Tis a pretty name. but long, I'm thinkin'.

MAGGIE.

(*With some asperity.*) 'Tis no longer nor Aloysius.

CAHILL.

It is not, Maggie—Marguerite, Will ye—Did ye iver think av marryin'?

MAGGIE.

Sure not, Aloysius. Why should I?

(NELLIE comes out, listens for a moment, then with a sigh passes softly through into the dining-room.)

CAHILL.

There's P. J. Quinn as would loike ye, people say, an' there's Dinny McGraw as took ye to church Easter Sunday—an' there's Patrick McKeown as sint ye a box of candy last Christmas—but there's none av thim loves ye loike Aloysius Cahill, I'm sure!

MAGGIE.

(Coquettishly.) Ah now, Aloysius.

CAHILL.

(With deep feeling.) I've no money to offer ye, nor a beautiful shop, loike P. J. Quinn—nor a handsome face loike Dinny McGraw's, but I've youth to worruk fer ye, darlint, an' a heart to love ye, an' me own father has told me I've an arm as sthrong as his own to swing the cleaver—an' wid yer lovin' face in me moind to cheer me in me worruk, I'd fair break the cleaver-block in two, colleen. *(He brings his fist down upon the table and makes the dishes rattle and the table shake.)*

MAGGIE.

Hush now, they'll be hearin' ye.

CAHILL.

(Not heeding her.) 'Ye kin stay here no longer whin the furniture is taken away. 'Tis worrukin ye'll have to be doin'—an' yer mother too, an' Jim an' the childern—Ah, Mavourneen, 'tis mesilf as'll give ye a job if ye'll take it—cookin' three meals a day ain't so hard worruk, fer a mon as'll give ye the love av his heart to pay ye. Will ye marry me this day, aroon? *(He starts to embrace her.)*

MAGGIE.

(Edging away a little.) Not this day—Aloysius, but maybe—

(A knock is heard.) ALOYSIUS looks at his watch—MAGGIE screams faintly—Everyone rushes in. MAGGIE opens the door. SAM BENJAMIN and his two burly assistants troop in. SAM is a little man of forty-five, with thin black hair curling slightly over the temples, a short black beard, and side-burns. He is dressed in a cheap dark suit, very much out of press, and wears a brown derby which he does not remove upon entering the house.)

SAM.

Hafe you got my money ready?

QUINN.

(*Roughly.*) Shame on ye—did ye not see the crape on the door?

SAM.

I vill nod be fooled py no crapes. I vant my money ad vonce or I vill mofe oud da furniture!

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

(*Seizing the straw.*) Foolin' ye is it? Will ye look in there onct? Is thot a coffin or is it not? Are those candles or are they not?

SAM.

(*Refusing to look.*) I do nod know. I vill hafe my money or my furniture.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

(*Angrily.*) Yer furniture, say ye? Did I not buy thot furniture from ye I'm askin'?

SAM.

Did you pay for id? You did nod!

NELLIE.

(*Quietly but appealingly.*) Mr. Benjamin, won't ye be waitin' till tomorrow? 'Tis a funeral we're havin' to-day.

SAM.

(*Angered.*) I vill nod wait any longer. I hafe waited long enough! Take oud dose tinks! (*To his assistants, pointing to the clock and vases on the mantel. They are taken out.*)

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

Wisha! 'Tis the clock's gone! What will Tim's rilitives say whin they see no clock in the house?

MAGGIE.

(*Coming forward.*) Plase, Mr. Benjamin!

SAM.

(Obstinately.) I can do nodinks for you. I must hafe my money or my furniture.

JOHN.

Woud ye be rasonable now.

QUINN.

Wait till tomorrow.

(The assistants come in, and take out the couch.)

JIM.

Yes, wait, now, till tomorrow!

SAM.

I can nod vait any longer.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

(Clutching his arm.) Till this afternoon would ye wait?

SAM.

(Squirming free.) No. nod till dis afternoon.

MRS. LEARY.

The funeral will be upset somethin' turrible.

MRS. SULLIVAN.

It will thot, poor dears. Bad manners to thot Jew!

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

(Weeping.) What will Tim's rilitives from the counthry be sayin'?

MAGGIE.

An' they comin' at eight o'clock!

JIM.

An' the funeral at noine!

(SAM goes into the parlor and brings out a gilt chair.)

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

An' the gold cheer too—oh dear, oh dear!

JOHN.

Well, this is a regular Irish stew to be sure!

QUINN.

(After some hesitation.) I'll see what I can do wid him.

QUINN follows SAM out-doors. *One assistant comes in and goes into the parlor.)*

CAHILL.

I'll see that he don't touch the flowers. *(He goes into the parlor.)*

JIM.

Well, Maggie, 'tis up to ye now.

MAGGIE.

What mane ye?

JIM.

Are ye sayin' ye don't know what I mane?

MAGGIE.

I do not know.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

Nor I aither.

MRS. LEARY.

Nor I aither.

JIM.

Wisha, Maggie. Maggie wants money—P. J. has money—P. J. wants Maggie. Sure 'tis as plain as the nose on yer face.

MAGGIE.

'Tis over sure ye are he wants me!

JIM.

Did he not bring ye home from Jinnie Murphy's parthy last wake?

MAGGIE.

(Sullenly.) Did he iver say a wurrud av love to me thin?

JIM.

Is P. J. the mon as says pretty wurruds av love?

MAGGIE.

Did he iver ask me to marry him?

JOHN.

Say now, did ye iver lade him on a bit?

MAGGIE.

(Obstinately.) I'll niver marry an undertaker.

JIM.

Faith thin, we'll niver git our money back.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

'Tis a good schame, Maggie. Lade him on a bit whin he comes in.

MRS. LEARY.

(Reflecting.) He's not such a bad catch fer a girl.

MRS. SULLIVAN.

He is not. He's a lot av money, has P. J. 'Tis a good trade he has.

JOHN.

Ye ought to do it, Maggie, to git back at him fer takin' all the money.

MAGGIE.

(Looking into the parlor.) He's niver asked me. I'll not marry him.

JIM.

(*Insists.*) Ye owe it to the fambly, Maggie. Ye owe it to the fambly, to yer Pa's mimory—an' all his rilitives comin' down from the counthry at eight o'clock—

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

(*Weeping.*) An' the funeral at noine!

JOHN.

An' nary a stick av furniture lift in the place.

MRS. LEARY.

Such a grand funeral it was to be—

MRS. SULLIVAN.

Fourteen carriages—

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

An' all the flowers an' wreaths an' candles—

MAGGIE.

(*At bay.*) He niver asked me! He won't be askin' me!

JIM.

Lade him on a bit—'tis aisy.

(*CAHILL comes in from the parlor. MAGGIE starts toward him impetuously.*)

CAHILL.

Oh Maggie!

MAGGIE.

(*Stamps her foot.*) Haven't I told ye not to call me thot, or haven't I?

CAHILL.

Ye have, to be sure, but Mag—

JIM.

Ye tell her, Aloysius, tell her to hilp us. She's the only wan as kin hilp us this day at all—an' she won't lift her finger—

JOHN.

Not to save the mimory av her father an' the shame an' disgrace av her mother.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

An' all the little wans upstairs. Dinny an' Petey an' Mamie an' Anastasia!

CAHILL.

Kin ye hilp thim, Maggie? Thin ye ought to be sure—Ye owe it to yer fambly to do all ye kin fer thim, this blissid day.

MAGGIE.

Ye don't know, Aloysius Cahill.

CAHILL.

There's nothin' too much ye kin do fer yer fambly, Maggie.

MAGGIE.

Haven't I told ye not to call me that?

JOHN.

If ye had any sinse, Marguerite, Maggie, ye'd answer to anything but "too late fer dinner."

(QUINN comes in, followed by SAM, who goes into the parlor.)

QUINN.

(Taking out his pocket-book.) 'Tis not possible to convince the old skinflint wid anything ixcept money. I moight loan ye a bit fer a day er two. (To MRS. O'FLAHERTY.) Would ye be lettin' me?

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

'Tis Maggie ye should ask, I'm thinkin', P. J.

QUINN.

(*A trifle bewildered, turns to MAGGIE.*) Marguerite, would ye accipt—

MAGGIE.

(*Softly.*) I will surely, P. J. But I'm thinkin' 'tis rather public ye're makin' yer proposals—an' at me father's wake too!

QUINN.

(*With some heat.*) I was proposin' nothin' I would not want to be publicly known. An' 'tis to save yer father's wake from ridicule I'm proposin' it.

MAGGIE.

Just fer thot, P. J.? Not fer mesilf at all?

QUINN.

For ye, surely—an' yer mother an' all the rist av yez.

MAGGIE.

(*Clapping her hands.*) Did ye hear thot now mother? He'll take keer av us all!

QUINN.

(*Confused.*) I was just offerin'—

MAGGIE.

Did I not say I'd accipt?

CAHILL.

He wants ye to take—

QUINN.

I was askin' if ye would be—

MAGGIE.

(*Turns her back on CAHILL. Half snuggles up against QUINN.*) Hush now, is it shameless ye are? (*Coyly.*) As if I wouldn't.

QUINN.

Ye mane ye will take—

MAGGIE.

(*Sighing.*) An' me thot always said I'd not be marryin' an undertaker, not if he was Saint Patrick himsilf come to life. Oh, P. J.—Patrick—

QUINN.

(*Accepting the situation and MAGGIE in his arms.*) 'Tis the holy saints thot would love ye, Mavourneen!

(*SAM comes in from the parlor with two pictures in his arms.*)

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

Oh Mr. Quinn!

JIM.

Oh P. J.!

MAGGIE.

(*Still in his arms.*) Oh Pat!

QUINN.

(*Releases MAGGIE. To the Jew.*) Git back wid ye now, an' put up those pictures agin! Let ye make haste too, er yer name'll be Dinnis.

SAM.

(*Hesitating.*) My pill iss nod yed paid!

QUINN.

(*Pulling out the roll of bills.*) How much?

SAM.

(*With a gasp.*) Thirty-one dollars back installments, fifty dollars cash down.

QUINN.

I'm givin' ye forty-eight dollars, an' don't ye be afther settin' yer nose inside dacent people's houses agin. (*He counts out the money.*)

SAM.

(Goes to the parlor-door.) Here Ike, bring in dem tinks!
(First assistant comes in out of the parlor and goes out doors. He and the second assistant bring in the furniture and hang the pictures. SAM counts the money and starts to go.)

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

(In tones of gratitude.) Oh Mr. Quinn!

JIM.

Oh P. J.!

MAGGIE.

(Going up to him.) Oh Pat!

QUINN.

(Thrusting her aside. To SAM.) Come back wid ye, ye blitherin' rapsallion! Where's me receipt?

(SAM produces paper and pencil and looks first at MRS. O'FLAHERTY and then at QUINN.)

QUINN.

None av thot now, let ye make it out to P. J. Quinn—was I the wan as paid ye the money or was I not?

SAM.

(Starts to write.) P. J. Quinn.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

What's that ye're doin'? Let ye make it out to Mrs. Timothy O'Flaherty—Was I the wan as bought the furniture, or was I not?

SAM.

(Writes two receipts.) P. J. Quinn and Mrs. Timothy O'Flaherty.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

Moind ye spell thot correct now—with but wan T—I'll not be havin' it said me Timothy was rilated to those rascally O'Flahertty's from Kilmorgan, wid their double t's an' their double tongues.

(SAM *hands a receipt to QUINN and another to MRS. O'FLAHERTY. Both read them carefully.*)

QUINN.

Git ye gone now, the whole ay yez. (SAM *and his assistants troop out.*)

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

Worse luck to thim!

MRS. LEARY.

Bad manners to thim!

MAGGIE.

(*Adoringly.*) Ain't ye the hero now, Patrick!

JIM.

'Twas I thot did it all. I'm the hero. (*Mournfully.*) Thot's the way it always is—there's niver a worrud av thanks I git!

QUINN.

What was it ye did?

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

(*Quickly.*) Pay no attintion to him, P. J.

MRS. SULLIVAN.

'Twill be a foine day afther all.

MRS. LEARY.

It will surely.

QUINN.

(*After a moment's reflection.*) I was thinkin', Mrs. O'Flaherty, as fourteen carriages was a bit too much now.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

Why would they be?

QUINN.

There's many as loike to walk on a foine mornin' loike this. Mrs. Leary here, and Mrs. Sullivan too—they'd rather walk than roide, I'm sure.

MRS. LEARY.

(*Bristling.*) I would not indade.

MRS. SULLIVAN.

Nor I aither. I'll roide or I won't go at all.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

What right have ye to cut down on the carriages, P. J. Quinn?

QUINN.

Did I not pay out forty-eight dollars fer ye right now?

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

Did I ask ye to pay it?

QUINN.

Did ye ask me to? 'Tis the price av eight carriages I paid out fer yer furniture.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

I paid ye mesilf fer fourteen this very day. I'll not stand fer yer cuttin' thim down, I say. 'Tis fourteen carriages I ordered an' thot many will I have an' no less. Do ye think as yer in the fambly now, ye kin boss me around? At me own husband's funeral? I won't stand ut, I say — (*She weeps.*) An' ye just afther askin' me Maggie to marry ye.

MAGGIE.

(*Tearfully.*) I told ye he'd not be wantin' me.

QUINN.

(In defiance.) 'Twas not I thot asked her to marry me.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

Who did thin if ye did not?

MAGGIE.

I niver did. Ye asked me yersilf.

JIM.

(With a sudden thought.) Perhaps ye would loike to be sued fer breach av promise, P. J.? Perhaps it'll be costin' a bit more than fourteen carriages to git out av thot!

MRS. LEARY.

'Tis a good thing ye've so many witnesses, Maggie darlint. They'll not let ye be threatad so, will ye, John McCarthy?

JOHN.

I will not.

MRS. SULLIVAN.

Nor I aither.

MAGGIE.

(Sobbing.) "'Tis the holy saints thot would love ye, Mavourneen" was the very worruds he said.

(CAHILL and NELLIE turn their backs on the scene and talk together.)

QUINN.

I'm not a saint.

JOHN.

(Jovially, after taking a drink.) Ye are not, P. J.

MAGGIE.

(Insisting.) 'Twas Mavourneen ye said.

QUINN.

(*After a moments consideration.*) An' I'll say it agin if they'll lave me alone. Ye'll be a sweet little wife. Mavourneen. An' yer mother kin have her fourteen carriages.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

What'll ye do fer Jim?

QUINN.

I nade a dhriver. Kin ye dhrive a horse, Jim?

JIM.

Niver did.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

In coorse he kin!

QUINN.

An' Nellie might—

NELLIE.

I'll have none av yer charity, P. J. Quinn. I've a job av me own an' I mane to stick by it.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

(*In a soothing voice.*) Don't ye moind her, P. J. There's the little wans upstairs ye kin provide fer, if Nellie is too proud. There's Petey, an' Dinny an' Mamie an' Anastasia. I was thinkin' to day as how Petey were a bit too young to be peddlin' his papers, noight an' mornin' He do git fair tired out.

QUINN.

(*Taken aback.*) Is it the whole fambly I'm marryin'?

JIM.

Why wouldn't ye be?

MAGGIE.

(*Playfully.*) 'Twas yersilf as said ye proposed to me because av me mother an' all the rist. Would ye go back on yer worrud now, Pat?

QUINN.

(*Mournfully.*) I'll not break me promise—tho I thought 'twas ye alone I were marryin'.

CAHILL.

(*As QUINN looks toward him.*) Don't ye be lookin' at me, P. J. Quinn, ye've done fer me already.

NELLIE.

(*Putting her hand upon his arm.*) Don't ye moind thim, Aloysius—they're a lazy lot, if they are me own fambly.

JOHN.

How ould are ye Nellie?

NELLIE.

What's thot to ye, John McCarthy?

JOHN.

(*Reflecting.*) I were thinkin' if ye an' Aloysius—

NELLIE.

Say no more John. 'Tis Aloysius an' me as don't nade yer hilp.

CAHILL.

(*Considering.*) I might be doin' a lot worse—Maybe I almost did a lot worse. (*He looks from MAGGIE to NELLIE.*) Will ye be to high Mass on Sunday, Nellie?

NELLIE.

I will surely. I always do.

CAHILL.

So do I always.

JOHN.

*Suddenly bursting for into song.—from KATHLEEN MA-
VOURNEEN.)* “It may be for years and it may be forever.”
(CAHILL siezes the bottle.)

MRS. O’FLAHERTY.

For shame, John McCarthy!

JOHN.

Sure I was only sayin’ good-bye to Timothy.

CURTAIN.

ABOUT COLLEGE

LOGIC

MARY FAKER

How do the little juniors
Improve three days a week?
By learning there are fallacies
In all the things they speak.

Morality is purity,
And once I was quite sure
That my food must be moral
Because, of course, 'tis pure.

But Logic says it isn't
And that other things aren't so—
Why I elected Logic
I'm sure I do not know.

I love the fair-faced fallacies,
And I from harm would shield
Those charming little "wild flowers
Of my intellectual field."

But Logic is a gardener
Who destroys the blooms of youth,
And where there once were flowers,
Grows now a turnip—TRUTH.

SENSATIONS

KATHERINE BOUTELLE

A dreadful numbness spreading o'er,
A quick pain, cutting deep;
And then sharp prickling everywhere;
—My foot has gone to sleep!

THE COLLEGE HELLO

ELSIE GREEN

Like ever so many other things "Hello" is in the college vocabulary, but not in the college dictionary with an accurate description. At least in Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, under "Hello" it says "See Halloo." That is the maddening thing about dictionaries. When they are of such size that you think you might become intimate with them, they tell you to see something else. It's like a next-door neighbor with a habit of swearing. You have to get used to it. Being, to a certain extent, familiar with the habits of this dictionary, I saw "Halloo." Under "Halloo" it said, "An exclamation to call attention or to encourage one."

But the college "Hello" is more than either of these things. It may be to call the attention of someone who is halfway across campus and who is your last hope of a "date" to go walking, skating, or "punging." Then again there is that self-satisfied, teasing "Hello" that floats gently down like a can of jam from a fourth floor window (before the house matron gets around to forbid it every year), just as you are returning from a long, weary round of classes or hard, hard work at the Library, and are wondering sadly why you came to college anyway. It does call attention to the fact that you have not properly disciplined someone, and also that some people loaf while you must work.

It may also be "to encourage one." If your skates collide with a crack in the ice, and you attempt to rise gracefully from your downcast position, someone is sure to come along with a broad "Hello" for encouragement. It's bad enough to take a tumble, but it's worse to have someone you know see you do it. In such cases, however, there is one thing that might be worse, —and that is the English equivalent "Are you there?" Before a much dreaded written you come from the Library with your notebook (and sometimes your head) crammed to overflowing with that "calm, systematic review," and when you meet another being in the same condition, there's a world of sympathy and encouragement, and a feeling of "And the next day will be Sunday" about the two "Hellos." It is also an en-

couraging "Hello" that meets you on your rapid way down to breakfast, still in the process of getting dressed, while the Breakfast Fate stands with uplifted hand to strike the gong that says you cannot enter the dining-room.

"Hello" is the college greeting from morning till night, wherever college girls must meet, on campus, in classrooms, on the street. It begins at the time of day when the rising bell sounds sweetly and you raise one eye above the pile of things for added warmth into the atmosphere of twenty below zero. There across the room is your roommate, beneath a similar pile. You exchange "Hellos" that rival each other in fatigue and sleepiness, because the end of the cord, by which the windows may be lowered without any noticeable effort, has removed itself to the middle of the room. Then you sink back to the land from which you recently came, fervently hoping your roommate will remember that she has to study before chapel.

There are many variations in the college "Hello" through the day. It varies somewhat with the degree of intimacy, and more with weather and with moods. That once in awhile it is overstrained is to be admitted. Did you ever, on meeting someone whose face seemed familiar, think "A Freshman I've met somewhere," and sing out a "Hello" brimful of the joy of living and good nature toward everyone, especially Freshmen? And then did you realize when she said "Good Morning" that she was a new Faculty? That was a time when "Hello" was overstrained.

Some persons always say "Hello" with a heart-warming smile. Others say it glumly away back in their throats and you wonder what they have gone and flunked now. Some are too busy with their own thoughts to say it at all.

In general, however, the college "Hello" is an expression of genuine comradeship and sincere friendliness. Perhaps at night one realizes this most. The "Hello" that greets you when you cross the campus at night is in a class by itself. Often you have no idea who said it in the dim light but you feel the spirit of college unity and human fellowship behind it, so you answer blithely and go home under the starlight wondering if people realize all that a mere "Hello" can be made to express.

BANJO LOVE SONG

NELL BATTLE LEWIS

Big white moon slips up above de low-groun's
Whip-po'-will's complainin' in de tree;
Little cricket-bugs, an' all de night-soun's
Chirps deir little chunes fer you an' me.

So Ah gits mah banjo good an' ready,
An' jes tries ter play er little chune,
Dat'll tell mah love so true an' steady
Fer mah Lucy here beneat' de moon.

T'aint no song dat's proud an' high falutin',
Dis here piece am simple f'um de start;
Jes' mah love dat's beatin' th'u' de music
Risin' free an' natchel f'um mah heart.

Lucy, how yer w'ite teeth is er-gleamin'
W'en yer looks up at me wid dat smile!
Night so cool an' fresh—Ain't Ah er-dreamin'—!
Lordy! But Ah loves yer, Lucy chile!

I can't tell yer Lucy, all my love; daugh,
Ef Ah wuz ter allus rip-an' rant
Lucy, gal, mah heart am in de banjo
Singin' all de things mah po' mauf càn't.

TO MY BABY

DOROTHY KEELEY

The world is sweet,
And so are you;
In my garden
Shines the dew.
The world is sweet—
And so are you.
(Be careful there—)

The world is sweet,
And so are you;
My heart's a-wing,
The silly thing
Beat's all for you—
(Leggo my hair!)

REVIEWS

As we glance through the mass of stories and poems and articles which the war has called forth, we note with the interest of satisfied expectation that the Smith College alumnae have not failed to contribute their share to this expression. Nor, after reading their contributions does our interest flag; the work is good.

Mrs. Grace Hazard Conkling (1899) has written two war poems, one "Rheims Cathedral," 1914, published in the *Century* of December, and the other, "The Chimes of Termonde," published in the December number of the *Atlantic*. In the first the language is well and delicately adapted to the subject, and the poem is lifted from the plane of sentimental regret, by the delightful note of philosophy, which, in the end, tells us that the bells will still ring on for those who have once heard them, and that now there will be "Heaven in their tone." Mrs. Conkling's second poem also treats the same subject. "The Chimes of Termonde" is an exquisite poem which has captured the clear spirit of bells while retaining the grave dignity befitting Munster Chimes. There are some lines here which in their inspired flash, reveal to us such reality that we close the magazine with the broken sound of falling bells, as they "stumble down the air," ringing in our ears.

In strong contrast to this lyrical representation of one phase of the war, is the intense and unique inquiry into the spiritual consequences of the European conflict, presented by Mrs. Josephine Daskam Bacon (1898) in the *Forum* for January. "The Twilight of the Gods" might be called a divine comedy. The first scene is laid in Paradise. Christ, and the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove, are before the throne of God. Voices and noises of battle are continually coming up from the world

below. Choirs singing, children praying, soldiers blaspheming, generals giving orders, and cannon thundering are all heard, although sometimes the sound of firing is so loud that the voices of the people scarcely can be distinguished and Christ, reaching out His hands as He tries to hear the little children calling Him, says with awful pathos,

"It seems that I cannot hear them so well tonight."

Mary brings the prayers of the world to God, but the noise from below is so terrific that He cannot understand, and He remarks wearily,

"They should pray more loudly or shoot more softly down there."

The second scene is laid in Valhalla. ' There all the gods of different ages and races meet and discuss their respective claims to supremacy.

The whole undertaking is a piece of strong and profound psychological and spiritual analysis. It is constructive criticism which, although admitting that Chrisitanity may not be standing the test, nevertheless, offers it as possible and a probable solution of the situation. The dignity of the theme and the boldness of treatment are well sustained throughout. There is to no descent to lower levels, which, in this case, would be dangerous and more than usually depressing. The success of the effort depended upon keeping the same pitch from begining to end. Mrs. Bacon has, moreover, gone to the limit of boldness and still been successful for, in a discussion of holy things, she has introduced humor, terrible yet grimly whimsical, without becoming either flippant or sacrilegious.

Mrs. Bacon has attacked a difficult thing with vigorous, unhesitating strokes which must either fail greatly or succeed greatly, and, to her honor be it said, she has succeeded. "The Twilight of the Gods" is an achievement of distinction.

The alumnae, however, have not been our sole representatives in this matter. The Commemoration Ode for Washington's Birthday, given by Grace Angela Richmond (1916), as well as the other odes which were submitted, treated the subject of the war. Also the "Gray Muffler" by Barbara Cheney (1915) in the January *Monthly* dealt with this topic.

H. V. T.

EDITORIAL

There is a kind of day in March when all the world, in spirit, goes a-gardening. Between two gusty and quarrelsome days there appears a morning which sets you tingling with its subtle promise; a morning mild, yet exhilarating, making its presence known by a soft moist wind, fragrant with pine. Tradition has it that on such a day as this, the first pair of gardeners went sorrowfully forth from their garden, and the gates were barred. So in all the generations of their children, are stirring, in the breath of that moist morning wind, vague longings, and memories of the first fair garden.

Many of them do not know what the longing means—nor do they feel drawn toward gardens in the concrete. There are those, in fact, who object to the nearness to earth, to the long waiting and the sometimes losing battle with forces great and small, which the garden brings. Yet they are gardeners at heart, every one, and their "gardening self" appears on the morning in question.

Some of them look over their farming implements, and get their seeds in order. The lover goes a-gardening when he

"Buys a bunch of violets for the lady
When the sky burns blue above."

The preacher goes a-gardening, and turns perforce to the miracle of the gardener's paradox "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die." The feminine desire for an Easter bonnet is likewise a product of the gardening instinct. She must have a garden and if a "little plot of ground" is denied her, the desire will find expression in her hat.

There are many kinds of gardens, and those who work therein find diverse things. There was the old-fashioned garden,

where the heroine of romance always walked down box-bordered paths. In India is Tagore's garden, where "my love sat idly tearing the petals of a flower. And of old, the garden of Epicurus, to whose restful shade the philosopher gladly turned from the perplexities and disappointments of the world.

That of Epicurus was, after all, but a partial use of the opportunities of the garden. Thoreau's bean field was not a place of retirement or retreat—it was a chosen field for research, in which the gardener found for himself the realities of life. The impatient champion of a theory has often found poise and balance in the garden, from watching the ways of the sun and the rain.

Yes, there are many kinds of gardens and we are all gardeners, doing in them many diverse things. The experiment of the reckless young man, who sowed dragon's teeth, with results so disastrous, is after all, not the only one that is being tried in gardening.

EDITOR'S TABLE

COLLEGE FRIENDSHIPS

There are certain things that are better left untouched as, for instance, the dust on a butterfly's wing, the dew on a flower, and among these is friendship. To talk of this gift, to analyze it and hold its elements up for discussion seems a sacrilege. Yet we have the temerity to say a word about college friendships.

Since each of us has her own conception of what the word friend means, what combination of qualities constitute a friend, we shall not define friend or friendship. But we call upon you who reads, to ask yourself what a friend means to you, and what part your friends play in your college life. We are told that college days are rich in friendships that last all life through; that college friends are true, and that the memories of such associations enrich the future. Watching the groups and pairs of girls that come and go upon the campus, we feel that we have here the outward semblance of such friendships. We observe happy companionships and kindred tastes made manifest. But sometimes do we not feel deep down an alien spirit, which is at variance with the qualities which promise stability to friendship? How prevalent this spirit is we cannot tell; we dislike to recognize it. But we have all felt its menace, sooner or later. When we allow the cut of her clothes, the prestige of her name, to influence us in making a friend, we are violating friendship's own edict that her bonds shall be those of mind and soul. Again, when we set out to *make* friends we are doing violence to the nature of friendship who has decreed that she will enter into the hearts of the worthy but will not yield to siege. In college, we go from one

thing to another so constantly, so vigorously, that it is hard to learn that all things, if approached in the right way, cannot be captured. But we must learn that friendship is one of these things, so intangible that we cannot grasp it, and so divinely unselfish that selfish motives entering in destroy it; leaving an empty place in the life of the person who has made a mockery of one of life's finest potentialities—the ability to be a friend.

K. B.

It is seldom that the student body sees any of the constructive literary work of its faculty, outside the cogent red ink criticisms to be found in the margins of our written papers. So it is with a sense of unusual pleasure that we read, in this month's *Vassar Miscellany*, a treatment, by Miss Jordan of the class of 1876, of the peculiar problems to which Vassar, by reason of its history, is subjected, and the overwhelmingly convincing reasons why Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken would seem to be the man to meet them.

We are grateful to Miss Jordan for it, for the sketch of his life and the list of his accomplishments. We are grateful, too, for the comprehensive sketch of Vassar's history, the history of the Presidents under whom she has become "beautiful and rich."

We feel justified in having been not unaware of the angel whom we have entertained, when Miss Jordan shows us how peculiarly fitted Dr. MacCracken is to deal with the three aspects of higher education, the democratic, the religious and the scholarly.

It is a remarkable tribute from Smith College to Vassar but, underlying that, from one able mind to another.

AFTER COLLEGE

SENIOR DRAMATICS

Applications for Senior Dramatics may be sent to Miss Florence H. Snow, General Secretary of the Alumnæ Association, College Hall, Northampton. Details as to the day of the performance and the price of tickets will be given later.

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be addressed to Lilian Peters, Dickinson House, Northampton, Massachusetts.

ENGAGEMENTS

- '11. Ada M. Gifford to Samuel Thompson Thausburgh of Hoosick Falls, New York.
- '12. Eugenie Fink to Howard Gregory Whipple.
Josephine McKey to Harold Frederick Stock of Hillsdale, Michigan.
Marion Pierson to Harvey Williams Banks.
Dorothy Stoddard to Hardin Roads Glascock.
Dorothy Whitley to Frederick Dickinson Goode of Brooklyn, New York.
- '14. Carolyn Davis to Thomas K. O'Conner.
Lucretia Thomas to Burton Carr of Richmond, Indiana.

MARRIAGES

- '12. Helen V. Flynn to Edward R. Feitsche, June 22, 1914. Address 4011 Harrison Street, Kansas City, Missouri.
Elsie Fredericksen to Paul Benjamin Williams, December 12, 1914. Address: 1125 Park Avenue, Utica, New York.
Janet Higby to Malcolm Lewis, January 1, 1915. Address: 93 Bayard Street, New Brunswick, New Jersey.
- ex-'12. May F. Koshland to Albert Earle Schwavacher, April 1914. Address: Atherton, San Mateo County, California.

BIRTHS

'00. To Mrs. John McWilliams Jr. (Carolyn Weston), a son, John McWilliams III, born August 27, 1914.

To Mrs. Bertram H. Hayes (Margaret Lockey), a son, Richard Carter, born January 3, 1915.

IN MEMORIAM

'10. Eloise R. Chandler of Manchester, New Hampshire, died January 27, 1915.

'11. Charlotte Rankin is taking the Normal Course in Salesmanship at the Woman's Industrial Union in Boston Address: 75 Carolina Avenue, Jamaica Plains, Massachusetts.

Edna Robbins is teaching at the Capen School, Northampton.

Vera Robinson (Mrs. Elwin Soule) is living in Alamosa, Colorado.

Aline Rosenthal is at home, writing book reviews for the Knoxville Journal and Tribune.

Gertrude Sexton is taking a Business College Course. Address: 2321 Blaisdell Avenue, South Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Margaret Shoemaker is teaching Gymnastics and Swimming at a Home for Deaf Children in Philadelphia.

Rebecca Smith (Mrs. Buckingham Chandler) is at home. Address: 33 Bellevue Place, Chicago, Illinois.

Marie Southard is Secretary at Chauncy Hall School, Boston.

Jane Swenarton is teaching English and Psychology at the Edinboro State Normal School, Edinboro, Pennsylvania. She is head of the English Department.

Helen Tanner is taking a course in dietetics at the Technical Normal School of Chicago. Address: 3335 Michigan Avenue.

Daisy Tobey is teaching third grade in Hartford, Connecticut.

Marguerite Underwood (Mrs. John R. Labaree) has a Camp Fire Club.

Ruth Van Deman is doing Editorial Work in Ithaca, New York.

Winnie Waid is living in New York City. Address: 268 West 84th Street.

Mabel Ward is Travelling College Secretary for Ohio and West Virginia for the National Board of the Y. W. C. A.

Marjorie Wesson is taking a secretarial course, and writing for magazines. Address: 164 Waverly Place, New York City.

Adine Williams has moved to Springfield, Massachusetts. Address 328 Union Street.

- '11. Carolyn Wooley's address is 594 Farmington Avenue, Hartford, Connecticut.
- '12. Maida Herman is working on a study of the Adolescent Boy under the auspices of the National Federation of Settlements.
Fanny Libbey is Assistant Librarian in the Public Library of Newton, Massachusetts.
- '13. Pauline Cole is working for the Massachusetts State Commission for the Blind.
- Helen Donovan is studying piano in Taroma. She returned from Berlin in August after studying Music and German for four months.
- Marietta Fuller is in the Reference Cataloging Room in the New York Public Library.
- Marion Gardner is taking courses in Education, Philosophy and Bible at Teacher's College and Union Seminary.
- Helen Gould is Secretary at the Efficiency Co. Publishers.
- Vodisa Greenwood is teaching English and Physics in the High School at Jay, Maine.
- Helen Harogood is Secretary to the Dean of the College of Agriculture, University of Illinois. Address: 511 E. John Street, Champaign, Illinois.
- Hart-Lester Harris is working in the College Club of Springfield, Massachusetts, and also in the Consumer's League and the Girl's Club.

CALENDAR

March 17. Glee Club Concert.

20. Gymnasium Drill.

Group Dance.

24-April 8. Spring Recess.

10. Alpha and Phi Kappa Meetings.

14. Open Meeting of the Debating Union.

The
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Monthly

April - 1915

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A TARDINESS IN NATURE

MARY AUGUSTA JORDAN.

There had been fog on the North Shore since summer really set in. At first, it aroused only the customary responses; the local newspapers turned back to the records of previous years, or secured interviews with the oldest inhabitants; the village people attacked or defended the weather, with the easy skill of those trained to redeem the immediate time and place in the interest of social intercourse; the summer colony found it getting on their nerves, and a fair proportion of them anticipated their annual dates for going somewhere else—and went. Those who staid, from necessity or from preference, confessed to a

curious feeling of tension that seemed to take on creeps and horrors of the vaguest reference, but of the most efficient absorption. Some explanation ought to come sometime for these golden masks by day, and gray shrouds by night, they hazarded, in chance meetings at train-time or bridge parties. There were several who had had meteorologically minded ancestors who kept records in '49 or '56, or in some other similarly featured seasons. Some of them were quite defiantly of the opinion—that it was all in a life time, anyway.

At a resolutely dripping, but palatially served, shore-dinner, an Important Person in the diplomatic service said to the woman sitting next him, "What do those combers say to you? Anything? I suppose not. Is there any limit to the tricks a man's memory or nerves can play with occasion and circumstance? Now, here we are, in the most tranquil surroundings, safe with the ultimate safety of people who can keep still behind a fog, and, if you believe it, those long oily swells beyond the pebbles there, are beginning, ending, beginning again, over and over, "Come, bring up my horses, Come, call up my men—Ah, its absurd and tiresome," he ended abruptly. Without noticing the close of his comment, the woman said slowly, and looking gravely into his lean-browed, sunken eyes over the pink and white fragrance of the sweet peas, filling a Cromwell silver bowl between their platters of steaming clams; 'I wonder if it's the west port that must open to free you? Does our bull-fog-horn play up to Bonnie Dundee? Doesn't the normal psychology call for a verbal reaction in—say, Europa? Will you forgive it to my birth and training in our indifferent century, and patient democracy, if I say that it is a shame that the habits of a vexing profession should deprive even clams and fog of their native dullness? Why not be just dull, and yawn behind the fog, and taste the salt on your lips instead of weighing your words and eating the bread of cautious bitterness? See, the coons are starting *Oh, Susannah, don't you cry for me*"—Her mingled sympathy, audacity, and criticism received neither thanks nor rebuke. There was a slight stir at the end of the long table, facing the blanket-like sheet stretching across the ocean, where their banker-host was sitting. One of his secretaries stood beside him with the

envelope of their private telegraph line in his hand. "The Archduke Ferdinand and his wife assassinated by Bosnian Serbs" the banker read, after a moment. The secretary took the telegram from his hand and disappeared into the amber avenues of shrubbery about the pavilion. The face of the Important Person cleared for an instant with a sort of flash of intelligence, then settled into the hard lines of an expressionless front that seemed as if it might hurt from its close fit. The woman's interested attention had not left his face, but she had missed nothing of what was happening at the end of the table. If anybody had been interested in watching her, a faint flush would have been seen creeping up behind her ears, and the tightening of the line of the neck, as if in reply to some sort of challenge. She half articulated her words, but conveyed an air of resolution through her direct appeal to her neighbor that effectively isolated them. "An international gunman case, this time, is it? The other world of the nobility of Europe and of Asia, and the fury of the Slav cloud-burst will be exploited for the newspapers and the "movies, doubtless,"—then, after a long silence—"I'd rather be the meanest Serb that grows"—and a half-defiant gesture of her head, completed her generalization.

The Important Person lowered and widened his set glance that saw seemingly through miles and events to their meaning, and then with air of gentle intimacy that was entirely flattery quoted; "We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our graves."

Their conversational help was almost immediately solicited by an earnest lady who was bringing about a sane Fourth for the village children. From that, the transition to the provision for the choir boys' vacation-camp was inevitable. The use in this connection of a certain roomy limousine, which had been promised, had to be lamentably withdrawn because the trusted and so gentlemanly chauffeur had taken a party of his friends to Far Beach on a moonlight joy-ride, wrecked the car, and disappeared. And so the excellent foppery of the world went on, with its ethics and psychology of chauffeurs and joy-rides as fools and folly by heavenly compulsion, and the Im-

portant Person and the woman learned again the virtue of telling old tales and of laughing at gilded butterflies for serving as pin pricks to revive the fainting soul. Gradually a procession of luminous spots outlined the edge of the road sweep, repeated honks under the hands of appealing drivers of cars awakened the homing conscience of the guests, and the shore dinner was over.

This was the evening of the first day. The next morning the Important Person left for Washington. The banker gave up any intention of going anywhere and strolled companionably with his wife in the rose garden, never out of reach of cypher telegrams. And the fog crept into the heart and mind of the woman who waited, and wondered; who wondered and waited, with an intensity poignant with the lack of details and a growing apprehension of the unknown. The fog horn never gave over for any reassuring length of time its warning. Finally the fatal dates seemed to crash out of the shifting mists of apprehension. July 2, came the assassin's confession and the implication of the Pan-Servian Union. In one and twenty days, the strain of conjecture broke into the full flower of Austria's ultimatum. In five days more came Austria's declaration of war. Within twenty-four hours, Belgrade was bombarded by Austria, and Russia was mobilizing troops for the assistance of Servia.

The caddies at the Country Club extended the operations of their union to the local control of war news, and between trains, Society happened in upon the broad terrace of the club house to confirm its impressions of what there was still to be hoped for, in what was plaintively referred to as "the situation." Of course there were the thousand trifles, light as air, that might go to the burdens that whitened hair, rasped nerves and sometimes filled purses or the bankrupt files. The Illario boy was one of the worst of caddies, but his mother was a widow, and the good natured golfers took him, by turns, and really caddied for themselves until one day, when his absence was more prolonged than even his custom made natural, it was explained by a breathless rumor. "He" had gone swimmin' in the pool, and was drowned—never came up at all, and another boy was nearly dead on the bank, trying to get

him—three doctors, and they worked on 'em two hours, but Vanni. was done for." The funeral was large and pathetic. The local newspapers accounts were much in demand. When it was all over, Mrs. Illario, Vanni's mother, came with a very young lawyer to the Governors of the Club. He explained that his client felt that she ought to have a pension. There were three younger children; Vanni was her wage earner, with what she could do at day's work. The Governors looked at each other, one or two of them coughed, but they appointed a committee to "look after" Mrs. Illario. The Ladies' House Committee was called into conference. For several days the local situation was absorbing and spiritually diverting. But, at best, the hours ragged heavily by for the woman who waited and wondered. The price of living seemed to her very vaguely estimated by dollars and cents. Small fruits and plump broilers, at their best, were economic generalizations, while, at their worst, they were wormy or tough. Through it all, the war news and the war thoughts twisted hissing heads of doubt and a slimy trail of decay into her endless musing. The consolation of fierce partisanship was denied her. She could not yield to the fascination of bridge, played with a triumphant sense of wiping out old scores, as the Countess with an up-the-Hudson income, a dead husband of German name and French title and sympathies did. Outwardly life went still its accustomed way, but ruin and desolation displaced the woman's ordered life of the spirit.

August 2. Germany declared war on Russia, and the next day, without declaration of war, invaded Luxemburg. So history may record it, but the woman on the North Shore will never forget the way it came to her. As she neared the brick and brownstone structure, of uncertain style architecturally, that housed ticket-office, pay-telephone booth and slot machines and their toothsome or musical selections, and otherwise dreary waste of dust and social aloofness, the slender and virtuous Antinous who offered first aid to those overcome by the shock of learning the baggage, freight or express regulations of the railroad came forward with a rattling bundle of paper sheets almost covered by scare lines of huge black letters. The woman met the sight almost as if it had been

a physical assault, but with steady composure. The man murmured "awful." The woman's glance turned to the sweep of the wooded hills in long curved ranges and sharp bastion-like advances. Between the lines of the trees could be seen the flaming tanks of the water towers as if giant's fezes were leading a battle line. Or were these eastern powers marshalling to God's funeral? She wished that it would do any good to break her heart or rend her garments. Suddenly she was aware of someone standing formally erect in the "sphere of influence" of the upheld newspapers. It was a particularly well set up and exclusive chauffeur. He saluted gravely, saying: "Now the Kaiser will be master of all Europe." The mere words produced a reaction of terror so vivid that life, real life began again for one woman. Great nature was affronted by such an open oracle. The history that she intends to do is unspoke. To wait, to wonder,—rich privilege. In the still courage of that conviction, the woman lives. Among those who are or who wish to be God's spies, she will not be numbered.

LITTLE THINGS

MARIE GILCHRIST

The little pool of silver rain,
Which holds the rainbow's happy smile;
The cricket hid among the grass
Which chirps so briskly all the while;
The bob-o'-link on joyous wings,—
Each gives the joy of Little Things.

The clover fields with daisies laced;
The rose which burst its bud today;
The butterflies that lurk within,
Like bits of sunshine gone astray;—
Each one a bit of pleasure brings,
The sweet content of Little Things.

The smile that cheered; the gladdening word;
For joy of these my eyes grow dim.
For joy of these my soul is stirred,
As gratefully I turn to Him.
Ah, God is good! My glad heart sings—
They are so big—His Little Things.

THE UNATTAINABLE

MARIE GILCHRIST

A bit of song—so finely pitched, I scarce can catch the faint sweet notes;
A fragrance wafted back to me of roses crushed in dew;
A bit of laughter, distance—hushed, which gladdens like a sunbeams'
mote;—

All these re-echo in my heart and tell me it is you.

When twilight falls—and with it rain, which slips and drips from off the
eaves,

You tap upon the window pane and lure me on anew.

I see a graceful shadow form fast disappearing through the leaves,
Ah, linger but a little while, dear Heart, it must be you.

Too late I hear your dancing feet,—you pass me e'er I am aware;

A whispered word drifts back to me and I must still pursue.

Forever just beyond my reach,—my heart is sickened with despair,
And yet if I could fold you close, my Dear, would it be you?

SPRING

ANGELA RICHMOND

Apple blossoms like drifted snow.
Birds that sing in an orchard nigh
Laughing their songs to a list'ning sky.—
Soft little whispering winds that blow
Clouds and a sudden silver rain.—
Lo! It is spring again!

Earth astir with a waking thrill.
Flash of blue through the leaves' green mist.
You may find violets if you will,
Here in this spot that the sun has kissed.
Sun—and a sparkling silver rain—
Lo! it is spring again!

A BALKAN WAR SCARE*

ELLEN E. WILLIAMS

Vienna, Austria,

Saturday Evening, July 25, 1914.

Austria declared war against Serbia tonight, and now the streets below are filled with a shouting, singing mob, that sweeps up and down the boulevards, yelling the national hymn, and in their enthusiasm for war, cheering every officer on the street. All day long there has been a feeling of unrest, and the desire to know what reply Serbia would send to Austria's ultimatum. We saw guard change at the palace today—"Die Burg"—as it is called—and when the crack Hungarian regiment came marching into the court yard, to the stirring notes of their wild Hungarian music, the crowd cheered and waved their hats madly. That was at noon. At three o'clock, this same Hungarian regiment left for the front.

At six o'clock tonight it was made known that Serbia's reply was unyielding. We were at dinner in the great *salle à manger* of our hotel, when our waiter came in with the news. It was instantly communicated to the diners at other tables. Everyone was alive with excitement, especially the tourists, who were, of course, eager to know if they could get out of Austria, and whether the trains they were planning to take would be confiscated for the transportation of troops. The waiters, usually so obsequious and silent, became quite chatty, and volunteered information on the political situation in Austria, on the relations between the two countries, and on the length and condition of military service.

For of course service is compulsory in Austria, as in all European countries. Two years of service in the early twenties, and six weeks of training every summer until a man reaches his fortieth year. Then he is liable for service until he is forty-two, or sixty, if he is an officer. Because of this liability for military service, four waiters were called from

* Extracts from an actual diary

this hotel this afternoon, and the others are ready to go at a moment's notice if their regiments are posted.

After dinner we went out on the broad street in front of the hotel. People were hurrying to and fro, or stopping on the street corners to talk over the situation with friends. News-sellers—men and women—were crying their extras, which were snatched up at any price. A man would thrust a coin into a news-seller's hand, grab the sheet, and, without waiting for his change, rush to the nearest arc light, where, holding his paper at arms length, so that others might peer over his shoulder, he would eagerly read the boldly printed lines. Everybody spoke to everybody else, whether they were acquaintances or not. I bought an extra, and in the course of three minutes had shared it with two women, a priest, and five Americans.

About nine o'clock, they began to show *organized patriotism*. A band of perhaps fifty men and boys, arm in arm, and cheering enthusiastically, came marching down the broad street, much as the college men do in a snake dance after a football victory. These were quickly joined by other men,—women, too, (mostly girls accompanied by their "steadies") until the crowd reached considerable proportions. Then some one came out with an Austrian banner, and was quickly shown to the front as standard bearer. An older man took his position as leader and started the Austrian national anthem. It is the hymn that we sing:

"Glorious things of thee are spoken
Zion, City of our God,
He, whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for his own abode."

I think I shall never forget the deep-voiced roar that followed each verse of that song.

They kept up the marching, the singing and shouting all the evening—not one swarm of men, but several, that circled the boulevards, that stopped to cheer officers seated in cafés, that surged here and there, marching and counter-marching in ever-increased numbers.

About ten o'clock the crowds had augmented so that we thought it best to return to the hotel and watch the procession

from the foyer. We saw several officers walking in one direction. In front of our hotel they met another officer. They spoke to him, clapped him on the back, and parted after wringing his hands. He was wearing a big travelling cloak, and had evidently been ordered to the frontier.

Except for the few regiments I have mentioned, there is not yet a general mobilization, and you can see the officers smoking and reading in the cafés, and the young soldiers promenading with their best girls, much as on ordinary nights. The military men take it quietly enough. It is the *hoi-polloi* that is so wildly excited. . . .

The most thrilling event of the evening has just occurred! I had come upstairs to write—since sleep was impossible because of the incessant cheering, the clanging of tram bells, and the honking of motor horns—and had just finished inscribing the above, when I realized that the crowd had left the wide boulevard which our hotel faces, and had turned down the side street on which our rooms are located. Mother and I turned out the lights and leaned from our windows. We saw the mob, precipitated into a narrower pathway, jostled hither and thither, and yet sweeping onward beneath our windows, ever cheering. The sound, whereas it had been loud in the boulevards, now that it was cooped up in the canyon of the narrow street, rose like a mighty roar. Poor Marie Antoinette! I now knew how she felt when from her balcony she looked down upon the surging, swarming mob that overflowed the courtyard at Versailles.

Then, just below our windows, an arrest took place. Just as a whirlpool seems to detach itself from the rushing current of the main stream, so a little eddy of people, the men cursing and the women shrieking, while both pulled and fought, separated itself from the greater crowd. I suppose the man was a pickpocket. At any rate two gendarmes cut their way through the crowd, yanking people right and left, clapped the culprit into handcuffs, and in the twinkling of an eye, hustled him down a side alley. The mob tried to follow, and instantly a cordon of gendarmes just *grew* up across the alley mouth. A second before there had not been a policeman in sight, and where they came from is still a mystery to me.

The crowd gradually dispersed. I think the authorities, who for patriotic purposes had aided and abetted in the earlier manifestation of enthusiasm, now thought it time to disband the revellers; perhaps the revellers themselves may have transferred the scene of their processions to a distant part of the city; or it may have been that midnight had sounded and the police have the right to enforce quiet on Sunday—at any rate, the crowds melted away, and peace reigned on the Kärntner Ring in Vienna.

Sunday, July 26th.

Quiet was supreme in Vienna all day until evening. We visited the Imperial picture gallery, a magnificent structure in itself, to say nothing of its valuable collections, wrote some letters, and chatted with friends in the hotel about the war. Everyone holds the impression that it is a flurry that will pass in no time. Surely Austria ought to make quick work of poor little Servia—and we all agree that it is rather fun to see what the beginning of a Balkan war is like. One young American girl wants to go home, for “one man was knocked down, and another stabbed, right in front of our hotel.” Personally, I believe that the “man who was stabbed” is my “pickpocket” of last night. It is a marvel to me that anybody kept their feet at all amid that mad enthusiasm. At least these are plausible explanations, and show how simple facts may be exaggerated in a short time.

About eight o'clock we walked down the Ring from the little restaurant where we had our supper, and saw that the scenes of last evening had recommenced. Tonight, the processions were all organized with one leader who carried a black and orange banner, and with a second who led the singing. The national hymn was punctuated between each verse with shouts of applause and cries of “Oesterreich” and “Nieder Serbien.” One such procession made the tour of the boulevards, which encircle Vienna like a ring—while another marched and counter-marched the intersecting arteries. Everywhere the streets were lined with gaping citizens, and wherever an officer passed, applause would follow. Yet I repeat that the officers seem calm, mind their own business, and avoid, rather than seek, public ovations.

You can imagine how congested traffic was: strings of trains were held up five minutes at a time at the street crossings until the processions should pass, while the occupants leaned out to cheer those marching by; some automobilists, fortunate enough to be stopped under an arc light, read the papers; people in limousines eagerly bought extras and turned on their electric lamps to scan "the news from the front." All traffic went by fits and starts, and the clanking of trains, shrieking of sirens, and holla-ing of cab-drivers made the night a perpetual discord.

I have spoken of the news-sellers. They must be making their everlasting fortunes, for they accept whatever coin is offered to them, give no change, and withal, the sheet they sell tells nothing new, but that the regiments that are in readiness are being sent at once to the front.

The registration of all those liable to service goes on night and day. This evening, just before we went in, a larger crowd than we had yet seen bore down upon us, overrunning sidewalks, parkways, and street. They carried white paper lanterns and were escorting a band of car conductors to register at the barracks, a few blocks above our hotel. As the street car men over here wear a blue uniform with red braid trimming, their appearance is not un-military. Many of them were accompanied by their best girls, clinging proudly to their arms. I have ever noticed, say I sagely, that all the members of the fair sex have a penchant for the military!

THE HUMMING BIRD

HELEN WHITMAN

Dipping, darting,
Hov'ring, starting,—
Tiny sprite of sunlit hours,
Fragrant sprays and honeyed flow'rs,
Bright, elusive as a jay,
Hither, yon, and far away
Gleaming, glancing,
Glinting, dancing,
Thro' the clear, sweet summer day.

THE CALL

RUTH WAGER

There's sunshine in the heart of me
As down the road I dance,
The twisted ribbon of a road
That leads me on, perchance
To the city's shimmering, jewel-decked streets
And crystal turrets high.
Oh is it there I'll find my love?
Or will I pass him by?

I'm a-weary of the meadows
And the forest dim and dark,
And the sunset's glow fades quickly,
And the little singing lark
Calls unceasingly, and saddens me,
For so well I know the rest—
To the city I must turn my heart
And hasten in my quest.

But when purple shadows fold about
The whispering, sighing pines,
And the moon's gold-tipped fingers
Touch the sky with shadowy lines,
My heart turns to the meadows
And the sunset's flaming hand.
There's a memory that's calling me—
At the road's last turn I stand—

A flushed leaf flutters from the bough,
The soft breeze brings a breath of rose,
The clovers nod their drowsy heads,
Do you suppose—do you suppose
I care for all the city's stir
Its bigness and its throbbing hum
With you a-waiting all alone?
Heart of my heart, I come!

"BLACK DEVIL'S ROCK"

NELL BATTLE LEWIS

No one who has ever spent any time in the neighborhood of the University of Virginia could ever fail to recognize "Uncle Peter." So when I saw the old man coming slowly up the path towards the rock upon which I was sitting I greeted him heartily. Upon seeing me he grinned his fascinating, toothless grin and bade me good evening, dropping his battered hat upon the ground, and bowing to me with great courtesy. I made him sit down with me upon the rock, and began to talk to him. Previous experience had proved to me that Uncle Peter's discourses were always well worth listening to, aside from the picturesque language in which they were delivered.

"Marster" he said after a while, "does yer see dem stains on dis here rock?" And he pointed to where on the rock upon which we were seated, there were three reddish-brown stains, quite close together, each about the size and general shape of a twenty-five cent piece.

I replied in the affirmative and Uncle Peter continued:

"Folks says dat w'en Marse Jeems Go'don run his han' over dem stains, dat some uv 'em cum off on hit. Dat why Marse Jeems he lef' dese here parts an' went whar'bouts don' nobody know;—kase de stains dey stuck an' dar warn' no water dat could wash 'em off'n his han'."

"Who was your Marse James Gordon," I asked, "and what are these mysterious stains?"

And this is the story that Uncle Peter told me, as nearly as I can remember it.

"You knows dat place on t'other side o' town whar Marse John Ballin' Lyle live at," said Uncle Peter, "Dunlora" dey calls hit? Wel' dat's wha we-all useter live 'fo' de war. Yas Sah, I'se one o' de 'riginal Ballin' niggers. Ole Marse John Ballin' wuz my ole marster. Marse John, he had de purtiest lil' gal name' Jean dat yo ever did see. Ain't yer

never hearn tell er Mis' Jean Ballin'? Wel', Marse John died erbout er year atter she wuz born, an' her ma didn't wait fer long. So de lil' gal live dere wid her aunt, Mis' Marthy Randolph, an' she wuz sho' ole Mis' Marthy's eye-ball. Mis' Jean growed up er-runnin' wil' all over de plantation. Ever sence de time she wuz er teensee gal she wuz allus ridin' sump'n. She useter ride er heap by herself, 'scusin' de times dat Marse Jeems rid wid 'er, an' dem times wuz tolerb'le of'en. De Go'don place wuz right 'cross de river f'um ourn, an' Marse Jeems wuz wid Mis' Jean constant. Dey growed up together, an' hit' pear like ter me dat dey had allus set right much stock by one' 'nother. I'se 'fraid Marse Jeems growed up right smart reckless, but dere warn' no finer ge'man anywhars dan him. All de gals useter look sideways at Marse Jeems, an' he warn' de kine w'at wuz slow ter look back ergin. But dough he wuz allus er projeckin' 'long er wimmin he didn't never luv nobody but Mis' Jean.

"Mis' Jean kep' er-gittin' purtier an' purtier ev'y day she live. I hear Ole Mis' Marthy tell sum'un onct dat Mis' Jean favored er flower but dat hit wuz sho' er wil' 'un. Let er lone dat, Mis' Jean wuz de purties' and de smartes' gal in Verginny 'long erbout de time she wuz 'bout nineteen year ole, 'an dar wuz allus sum'un er comin' er er-gwine f'um Dunlora er-cotin' 'er. An' Marse Jeems, he wuz dar constant. He sho' did luv Mis' Jean. I ricollict one night pertic'ler: Marse Jeems had done rid out f'um de university whar he wuz er-studdin' law, an' er-playin' cyards, a' er-writin' po'try ter Mis' Jean. Hit wuz er night in eahly June, an' dar wuz er big moon comin' up over de low-groun's, an' hit made er ripply streak er light along de river, an' de roses on de po'ch wuz all er-bloomin'. Mis' Jean come out'n de do', dres' all in w'ite wid de moon-light makin' ner yaller hyar look like gole, an' 'fo' Gawd, marster, I ain't never seen nuthin' like de look dat cum over Marse Jeems face w'en he lay eyes on 'er. He look like he done seen giory, sho' nuff.

"All de folkses thought dey wuz gwine ter be married fer sho' ez soon ez Marse Jeems leave de University.

"Things wuz er-gwine on dis-a-way, wid dem two allus together, w'en dat "Black Devil" f'um 'way down yonder in

Louisiany cum ter de University. Yer axe me how cum I ter call 'im "Black Devil"? Dat w'at ev'ybody call 'im. Kase he wuz dat dark complected dat he mought er bin er nigger, an' if he warn' de devil his-self den 'fo Gawd, he wuz sho' sum er his nigh kin. He cum er-ridin' up, folks says, on 'er big black mare w'at had de purties' leg an' head an' de swiftest' foot er any horse ever I did see. Folks said Black Devil could ride dat mare er hundred miles er day an' w'en he come back she'd be ez peart ez any colt let out ter graze. Dey said de mare wuz er sperit,—like de one w'at rode 'er, kase dey ain't nobody yit seen 'im lay spur er whup ter her. He'd jes' whusper in 'er ear, an' she'd carry 'im wharsomever he want ter go. Den dar wuz er nigger w'at come wid Black Devil, an' de nigger waited on 'im and tuk keer er de mare. Dat wuz sho' one curus nigger man. I dunno whar he cum f'um, but he wuz some sorter furruner, kase he uster talk ter Black Devil in some sorter fool gibberish dat dar couldn't nobody understan' 'sides him. He couldn' talk like 'spectable folks, an' he wouldn't have nothin' fer ter do wid nobody. Ev'y now an' den folks would catch 'im mumblin' ter his-self, an' makin' quare signs. My granny say he wuz de wurst cunjer-man she ever did see.

"Dar could'nt nobody fin' out nothin' 't all 'bout Black Devil cep'tn' dat he come f'um 'way down yonder in de Souf som'ers. He wuz er great big man, strong ez er horse, an' yer hear me, marster, dat man did sho' have hell-fiah in dem eyes er his'n. W'en he warn' winnin' all Marse Jeems Go'dons money playin' polky at de University, he wuz er-ridin' dat black mare all over Albermarle. Dey said he didn' never fool' long er no wimmin, an' scarcely any er de men knowed 'im 'cep'n by sight. 'How come he ter live so ter his-self? I tell yer, Marster, dar didn't nobody know.

"One day in de early fall w'en Mis' Jean wuz er-ridin' out by 'erself jes ez she cumter er turn in de road, dar she wuz smack face ter face wid Black Devil ridin' de sperit mare. I wuz comin' 'long back f'um Charlottesville wid de mail fer Mis' Marthy, an' I seen hit all. Dat wuz de fust time dat Mis' Jean had seen de man, leastways dat's what I thinks, an' dat must er bin de fust time dat de man had seen Mis' Jean—but suh, dat warn' de las'. Mis' Jeans hyar had kinder slip down,

an' hit wuz blowin' 'roun' 'er face in lil' yaller curls dat turned ter gole w'en de sun light wuz on 'em. An' 'er cheeks dey wuz dat pink—an' 'er eyes dey wuz dat blue—!! But I done tell yer dat Mis' Jean wuz de purties' gal in se'm states. An' she warn' no clinging' vine, 'nur. She wuz strong ez er boy, 'an w'en she move, hit wuz like de long straight golden rod, w'en de win' blows on hit. Well, Marster, ez I wuz er tellin' yer w'en Black Devil catch sight o' Mis' Jean he give dat mare er jerk dat sat 'er square back on 'er haunches, an' wuz out'n sight 'fo' we knowed whar he went. 'An Mis' Jean,—she rid straight home."

"All dis time hit seem like dat ev'y thing Marse Jeems want ter do at de University, de Black Devil wuz dar erhead er him. Black Devil could jump higher, run farster an' shoot straighter dan any man at de University, 'an ev'ybody said dat he had de devil's own luck wid cyards—I useter hear Marse Jeems an' de ge'mans dat useter cum ter Dunlora talkin' 'bout hit. Well Marse Jeems ain't never been used ter bein' balked, an' hit hurt his pride consider'ble. An' hit wuz 'bout dis time dat hit seem like ter me dat Marse Jeems 'gun ter change. He wuz allus in er bad 'umer. Hit mought er bin all dat money he wuz er-losin' ter Black Devil, dat wuz er eatin' on 'im an' er-makin' 'im so low-spirited, er maybe hit wuz de way Mis' Jean wuz actin' dat wuz how cum he seem so peevish. Fer hit 'peared like she didn't seem ter be ez glad ter see Marse Jeems ez she uster be. "Wel' after de time w'en Mis' Jean met Black Devil in de Big Road I useter see 'er w'en she cum back f'um ridin' of er ev'nin', an' mos' gin'lly dar wuz sum'un wid 'er, sum'un on er big black horse. But whoever hit wuz he didn't never useter cum ter de house but he'd allus leave Mis' Jean at de gate an' ride on down de Road to'ds Charlottesville. Den one day ez I wuz gwine on home I thought I hearn folks talkin' back er dat big clump er crêpe-myrtles down by de gate. So I stopped ter listen, an' hit wuz Marse Jeems voice, but hit sounded curus-like, an' fer-er-way"

"'Jean!' he wuz er-sayin' 'do yer think I kin stan' dis! I know yer luve 'im'"

"An' 'bout dat time I thought 'bout w'at my granny done

tole me 'bout dat cat w'at died f'um cur'os'ty, so dat wuz all I hearn Marse Jeems say"

'Bout er week atter dat, Sukey, my wife, w'at wuz Mis' Jean's maid, said dat Mis' Jean wuz er-standin' in' by de window in 'er room wid 'er lookin' glass in 'er han', w'en ole Mis' Marthy cum ter de do', walkin' rale easy, like she allus did,—and call Mis' Jean. Mis' Jean wheel- 'roun' suddint-like, an' wid dat—Smash! dar went de lookin'-glass, broke all ter pieces on de flo'. Mis' Jean laugh, an' say she gwine have se'm year er bad luck, an' she ain't never spoke er truer word dan dat.

"De nex' day Black Devil disappear, but at furst didn't nobody think nothin of it, kase he useter go 'way by his self right smart. But atter 'bout er week er two dat curus nigger man er his'n got on de black mare widout sayin' nothin' ter nobody an' rid on down de Big Road back ter whar dey cum f'um, an' den folks 'gun ter wonder wharabouts Black Devil. An' right den wuz w'en Mis' Jean 'gun ter pine an' look peakéd. But she ain't never say er word 'bout Black Devil.

"Now Marster, dis here w'at I'm gwine ter tell yer now is de tale w'at Marse Tom Lindsay's Pete tole ter me. Dat allus wuz er low-lived nigger. Well, he say dat one day right atter de man disappear he wuz er-grubbin' fer sassyfras roots in dat clump er bushes right over dar. (He lived in dat cabin down in de holler w'ar I lives now) Well w'ile he wuz grubbin' fer dem roots all of a suddint he hearn folks talkin' an' dar wuz Mis' Jean and Marse Jeems. Dey had rid out on horseback. Mis' Jean—she useter luv ter cum here kase er de view er de Blue Ridge yonder over de valley.—Wel', dem two got down off'n de horses an' sot down on dis here rock an' 'gun ter talk, an' dat 'ere low down nigger dar in de bushes ain't said nothin',—he jes creep down out er sight an' listen. Atter w'ile Mis' Jean see dese here stains, an' she axe Marse Jeems ef he knowed how dey come dar. He 'gun ter sorter git on-easy, an' den he put his han' over em quick an' say dey warn' nothin' tall 'cep't weather stains he didn't reckon an' dey went on talkin' bout sumpin' else. But w'en Marse Jeems tuck up his han' dar wuz de print er de stains on hit. He caught his bref' right quick-like, and tuck out his pocket-han'cher, an'

tried fer ter rub de stains off'n his han' but dar dey wuz, an' dar dey stuck, an' dar dey is ter dis day I reckon. Den Marse Jeems drop on de groun' befo' Mis' Jean, an' say,

" 'May Gawd fergive me, Jean I killed 'im, an' he's buried underneath de rock. Dese are his blood stains.' "

"Den Mis' Jean give er li'l moan, an' Marse Jeems had ter ride home wid her in his arms. Kase she done fainted."

"Soon atter dat Mis' Jean tuck ter her bed. Folks says hit wuz kase er some sorter fever she done catch. I dunno 'bout dat. But f'um dat day ter dis d'aint nobody seen hide her hyar er Marse Jeems. Well atter Mis' Jean bin sick 'bout er week er sich er matter dey foun' er one mornin' all dres' up in w'ite like er bride, lyin' wid 'er head on dis here rock wid de dew all in 'er yaller hyar. Dar she wuz dead! She had done got up in de night w'en she wuz out n' 'er head an' come ter de rock wharbouts Black Devil wuz buried. Folk says her heart done fail. I speck dats so.

De night she died, my granny say der cum er turrible beat er horse's hoofs erlong de road an' 'er horsem'n passed, so quick dat hit 'pear like er streak er de gray mis' out'n de holler. He wuz holdin' er woman in his arms, an' her long yaller hyar wuz whuppin out free in de win'. Folks says hit wuz Black Devil an' Mis' Jean, ridin' hard down de Big Road to'ds Gawd-Knows-Whar.

TWELFTH STREET-NEW YORK

MARGARET SYBIL MELCHER

The street is choked with wagons, horses strain
And rear, and back at every shouted word.
Their hoofs sound hollow on the asphalt street,
The axle groans, the towering van is stirred
And backed against the sidewalk, with a ringing sound
Of iron wheels against the frozen asphalt ground.

The pin drawn out, the back then clatters down,
The man begins unloading, with a thump
The first box lands, then creaks, as end on end
They roll it to the cellar and then dump
It down below: and all the while the streets exhale
The smell of fresh pinewood, and sweet, and musty ale.

Still further on there is a restaurant
Where garlic fries, and onions always boil;
Below this down some crooked wooden steps
Where dark mysterious shadows hide the soil
A little, worn out shoemaker still plies his trade
And sews with squeaky needle and a greasy thread.

The barber's pole with stripes of red and white,
The fruit store on the corner, laden down
With shining apples, oranges and nuts
The only color in that world of brown,
A sorry world, where everything is dull and old,
Where but drab cloth and poor, moth-eaten fur is sold.

The sunlight never touches that dark street,
But far above, the window's gleaming eye
Reflects its brilliance on the earth below
And all shines bright where buildings meet the sky,
A lovelier blue than e'er on country landscape falls
A cool, soft blue against the towering office walls.

THE TALE OF A PIXIE

MARY DIXON

A gay, wee bit of the pixie kind
With long, green legs and a short, pink smock
—As bold a bit as you'd hope to find
Came riding astride of an eastern wind,
And dropped to rest on a rock.

But that rock is a barren and gray old hump,
Only a lichen its baldness relieves,
So down with a hop, a skip, and a jump,
The pixie fell in a laughing lump
On a bunch of leathery leaves.

Under the leaves it was dry and warm
And just the place for a nice long sleep,
Secure from the raging roaring storm—
So the pixie rolled up his wisp of a form
In a hibernating heap.

I turned back those leaves just yesterday,
For a hint of pink was among the sticks
Beside the boulder so worn and gray,
But before I could wink it was whisked away—
Do you think it was Mr. Pix?

SKETCHES

FAMILY PRIDE

FRANCES MARGARET BRADSHAW

Though pride in an individual is a sin, deadly and unforgivable, to be whitewashed with care and palmed off as self-appreciation or the like, pride in a family may be counted the most laudable of passions. A family is not a family without its own family pride. Could the Fergusons still be Fergusons shorn of their Roman noses, "the Ferguson nose, you konw?" Picture to yourself the consternation of the Williamses, should their youngest hopeful learn to spell normally. "The Williamses have never been able to spell." They are lineal descendants of William the Conqueror, and he was a notoriously bad speller. So it goes; even "persistent idiocy" may become the Penates of a benighted family, to be cherished with jealous watchfulness and care.

The household god which the Wilsons endeavored to keep bright was their sense of humor. The Wilsons had always been famous for their yarns. From East Harwich to Harwichport there had never been found the equal of old Lish Wilson, when it came to cracking jokes and swapping stories. Old Lish, like Vespasian, had "died in a jest." Perhaps the reputation of the Wilson family might have died with him, had it not been for his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Jake Wilson. Having been before her marriage merely Miranda Jenkins, of a family worthy though lacking in other distinction, Mrs. Wilson had felt much satisfaction in her union with the son of so notable a person as Lish Wilson, and that the glory of the family should die with him was far from her intention. If Mrs. Wil-

son had lived in Boston and had moved in the circles which abound in women's clubs, she would have been appreciated as a woman with great "executive ability." As it was, Jake, her husband, considered Miranda a good manager, and being of an easy-going temperament himself, he was glad enough to let her manage. Hence, when two weeks after old Lish died, Mrs. Wilson suggested that perhaps they'd miss Pa less if they tried to tell stories as he used to do, Jake was quite ready to agree. He was a little surprised at the systematic way in which his wife undertook the consolation of the family. Everyone must have a joke to tell every night at supper, she said. Then they'd get the habit of remembering all the funny things they had heard. It seemed kind of like going to school, Jake thought, but Miranda had taught district school one term. Maybe that was why she got notional once in a while.

At first, since Jake had not inherited a taste for any jokes except of the practical order, his part of the supper's entertainment was performed in rather a perfunctory manner. But when the men who gathered at Dobbin's store grew to call upon him more and more for a yarn, Jake's family pride assented itself, and he outdid even his wife in his search for the humorous.

The only refractory member of the family was Martha, aged twelve. The other children followed the inclination of their parents willingly enough. To be sure, there was little originality in the jokes they told and the riddles they propounded, but "Why is a crow?" and "When is a door not a door?" were always received with the smile which greets old friends, so all were content. But Martha from the first had refused not only to contribute to the general fund of jokes, but even to laugh at the attempted humor of the rest of the family.

"They aren't funny" was all that she would reply to the exhortations and commands of her mother. At last Mrs. Jake was forced to abandon Martha as hopeless.

"Martha's the only one of us that ain't got a sense of humor," she would say, shaking her head sadly. The other children jeered at Martha on account of her deficiency, and made life rather hard for her. She had always been a solitary child, fond of reading and of wandering along the shore

far away from where the other children skipped stones and built houses in the sand. The teacher at East Harwich said that Martha was her best pupil and this partly reconciled Mrs. Jake to her daughter's lamentable failure in the home circle. Then too, Mrs. Jake's summer boarders were always more interested in Martha than in the other children. One of them, Mrs. Houston, grew very fond of the little girl. Martha had even visited Mrs. Houston several times in Boston, so that there was no special surprise in the Wilson family when Mrs. Houston asked that Martha might live with her and go to school.

"I guess you can get along without me," said Martha, quite without bitterness.

"Yes, I think we can spare you, and you'll be such a comfort to Mrs. Houston" replied her mother. For once Mrs. Jake forgot Martha's lamentable lack of humor. She was already picturing to herself the awestruck and envious faces of her neighbors when she should tell them of this honor to the Wilsons.

Martha said little, as was her want. Nevertheless she was happy, tinglingly happy, that she was going to Boston to live with Mrs. Houston. Mrs. Houston felt sympathy for all the quaint imaginings and fancies which Martha revealed to her alone, so that life with her was delightful. At supper that night, Martha was so happy that she actually laughed at one of her father's jokes. Her mother looked upon her with new approval.

"Perhaps you'll get a sense of humor some day after all," she said.

During the years that followed, reports reached East Harwich from time to time. Martha had stood at the head of her class, or Martha had written a story for her school paper. When Martha had finished High School, she wrote home to her mother that Mrs. Houston wanted to send her to college. East Harwich was stirred with excitement. Lulu Jenkins of the Sunday School Library proffered the information that college girls did nothing except have parties and midnight spreads. Marie Lewis who attended occasional dances at Harwich Centre, and in consequence was eyed askance by the good

ladies of East Harwich, was of the opinion that college girls smoked. This created a furor in the sewing circles of East Harwich, and the rumor of it spread even to Harwich Centre. Jake Wilson himself was so excited by it that he went down to Harwich Centre to interview John Henderson, whose wife's second cousin had gone to college. John stated confidentially that college girls did nothing but study, so John went home, somewhat consoled as to his daughter's future welfare.

When Martha came home after her freshman year, she was an object of intense interest. She seemed, however, "about the same" to the great disappointment of the gay Marie Lewis, and of many of the more staid ladies, could the truth be known. By the end of her junior year, Martha was as much taken for granted as the town's one relic, a chair in which George Washington had once sat during his exceedingly sedentary trip through New England. East Harwich spoke of both Martha and the chair with the same general and impersonal pride.

When commencement came and Martha could at least sign herself Martha Wilson, A. B., Mrs. Houston could not bring herself to part with the girl so she lived on in Boston. Her mother informed the neighbors that Martha was "writing." East Harwich was doubtful about this at first. Writers, especially lady writers, were apt to be "queer" judging from those to be found among the town's summer boarders. But admiration for Martha had become a habit so, as she had always been "different," they reasoned that she might still be expected to be different from the objectionable "lady writers" who asked such impertinent questions about the family skeletons of East Harwich.

When Martha's first story came out in the *Woman's Home Companion*, Dobbins, of the village store, opened a copy to the page which bore the name, Martha Wilson, and spread the paper out in his window, holding down one side with an alarm-clock and the other with a bottle of shoe blacking. East Harwich flocked to admire, and bought Dobbins out of *Woman's Home Companions* within half an hour.

Martha's next visit home was to be in the summer. Her mother could scarcely contain her joy at the opportunity for

exhibiting her pride to the admiring eyes of the summer boarders.

"My daughter Martha is coming," she said, the night before Martha's arrival. "She writes, you know," she added proudly.

"Oh, is that Martha Wilson your daughter?" asked one in surprise.

"She writes delightfully," said another, "she has such a quaint sense of humor."

Mrs. Wilson smoothed her apron and tried to appear unconcerned.

"Oh, the Wilsons have always been famous for their sense of humor," she said.

SOME DAY

ADELAIDE HEILBRON

There are roses in my garden
Just for you,
There are lilacs, there are lilies
Pansies too.
There are leafy, winding ways
Leading where a fountain plays,
There is golden sunshine, dear, and sky of blue.

Day by day I tend my flowers, dear,
With care
Lilies slender, lilacs fragrant
Roses fair.
And each blossom seems to say
—Breathing sweetness—that some day
I shall in my garden seek and find you there.

IN THE LIGHT OF THE RED PLANET MARS

CONSTANCE CAROLINE WOODBURY

As soon as I received my commission, I set out from Dunster to join my regiment at Lewes. How I ever happened to lose the way in such familiar country I don't know, but at six o'clock instead of approaching Lewes, my horse was floundering over heavy country roads. A cold rain added to the discomfort of darkness. I finally saw lights and pressing forward came to a farm house. I stopped to ask my way and to my sorrow learned that I was still many miles from my destination. To try to go on, I saw at once, would be as futile as unpleasant so I accepted the invitation of the old farmer to spend the night in his house.

As we sat over the fire that evening, my host asked me if I were going to the front.

"So you're going to Lewes to join your regiment, sir" he said. "Its many a brave lad that's ridden down that road before you, some to honor and fame, and some—" He paused and taking a little box from his pocket opened it. Within lay a small bronze cross with the inscription "For Valor." It needed only a little encouragement on my part to make the old man tell its story.

"Last Christmas," he said, "Mr. Charles came home to the big house up there on the hill. 'Twas kind of a lonesome home coming for him, sir, for my lady was dead a year come Whitsunday and he couldn't stand the big house without her in it. So Christmas night he gave a dinner for some of his friends—all from the school, sir,—as fine a lot of young gentlemen as ever I laid eyes on, and all of them anxious for a chance at foreign service, the only place they could distinguish themselves then. The dinner was in the old dining hall. It's a big room with dark panels and a view of the marshes through the windows. The table was round and there were red shaded candles, sir, and a toy soldier at each place. Mr. Charles wouldn't have anyone but old John there.

'You were with my father in the Transvaal, John,' he says to me 'and nobody but you shall be here Christmas night.' I knew he was missin' the father he'd known so little (the colonel died in my arms, sir, at Kimberly) and his lady mother. So I looked to all the fixin's.

At the last minute, in comes Mr. Charles looking kind of disturbed.

'John,' says he 'Don King has fallen and got a hurt so just take out his chair. We can't have any empty places' says he.

"So I takes away the chair and pretty soon the young gentlemen comes in, and fine they looked, too. I gave them my best salute and Mr. Charles, he says 'This is John, boys, my father's orderly. He's seen more service than we're ever likely to see so don't talk loud and show your ignorance of matters military before a veteran.' Then they all laughs and begin the Christmas dinner. While they eats I watches them. Mr. Charles and a Mr. Phil that he sets great store by, they're the life of the party. Mr. Phil he's a little, dark man an' he knows how to keep the gentlemen laughing, that he does. Then there's Mr. Jack and he's nervous. The hall's kind of big, sir, and the corners were deep, 'spite of the roaring fire and the red glow of the candles, while the old armor on the wall looked alive in the half-dark. Mr. Jack he tries to forget the queer glimmerings and join with the rest, but there's somethin' fascinating for him in the long room and the rows of portraits, for all the gloom. There were a bit more there, sir, but I can't remember now—"

After a pause, the old man went on "Now, at last, they're through the dinner and when I brings on the walnuts and wine, the gentlemen gets to tellin' stories as gentlemen will. Mr. Phil, he sees that Mr. Jack doesn't like the queer dark corners and the white glow of the moon on the marshes, an' he starts to tell a ghost story. 'Twas about some young people who were dining at a manor house that was said to be haunted. As they were sitting at table, they heard a queer clanking, jingling noise far away, an' it came nearer and nearer. Now just then something queer sounded in the garden below the window and Mr. Jack leaned back in his chair, quick and then says, kind of sudden, 'And what happened next, Phil?' Mr. Phil laughs,

'Now none of you are superstitious enough to believe an old story though it's perfectly true,' says he. 'Come, what superstitions do you believe in? If you can prove yourselves bad enough, I'll finish my true story.'

All the young gentlemen wants to hear the end so one says, 'I never start on a journey Friday' and another 'I broke a mirror an' I've had bad luck ever since.'

'Now aren't you convinced, doubter?' says Mr. Charles. 'Go on.' Mr. Phil he starts off when, sudden-like, Mr. Jack makes a queer noise in his throat and they all look at him. He's lifting a glass of wine and his hand shakes so that he drops the glass an' it crashes on the table an' the red wine spots his shirt like blood.

'What's the matter?' says Mr. Charles, starting to go to him.

'Don't get up, Charlie, don't get up,' says Mr. Jack 'O my God,' says he, 'there are thirteen at table.' We look around, an' it's true.

Now most of the gentlemen they treats it like a joke, but Mr. Jack's so nervous they think they'd better go into the other room. 'Come, Jack,' says Mr. Charles, 'we'll all get up at once and that will break the charm. It can't kill thirteen of us within a year. John shall say 'Ready!' and we'll go.' So I says 'Ready!' an' they all gets up together—but Mr. Jack's shirt is stained with the red wine. They go into the other room and the servants come in and clears away the glass,—an' only one of the little toy soldiers is still standing at Mr. Charles' place an' as I look it falls over, too."

There was silence in the room broken only by the crackling of the fire. "They all rode away to the war last August, sir, an' I closed up the house an' came here. Mr. Charles waved his hand as he went down the hill and Mr. Jack was with him but Mr. Jack never turned."

The old man fingered the cross. "And it come true, sir, all Mr. Jack said. None of them will ever walk up the hill to the old house again. We'll never know where Mr. Charles lies, sir. They sent this home to his people, but there's only old John left to keep it. He was the last to go sir an'—"

But I did not see the cross nor hear the story of the brave young subaltern's death which the old man was painting. I saw a candle-lit room, a dismantled table, and, in the midst, a little toy soldier toppling—toppling—toppling.

AN ELFIN INTERLUDE

MARIE EMELIE GILCHRIST

Place—The bit of sandy beach made by the curve of a meadow brook.
Time—just after sunrise of a perfect September day.

Persons.

CHUCKLEKIN—small and chubby.	} Elves
DAFFY—the medium-sized one.	
TIP—tall and slender for an elf.	
CHORUS OF CRICKETS.	
CHORUS OF WHITE BUTTERFLIES.	

THE ELVES sing (lying upon the sand—Chucklekin with his heels in the air)

Our home is in the bitter-sweet
That tangles up the brook.
You'll find us there at sunrise
If you'll only come to look.
We tease the minnows as they play
Along the grass-grown edges;
And when the dragon-fly goes by—
We hide among the sedges.

Chorus of Crickets.

Cool-so cool!
Where the green fern grows
And the water-bugs skate
On their shadowy toes.
The jewel-weed lantern
Is beacon to guide;
Come! Look for us here—
We hide! we hide!

Daffy Sings—

The muddy-turtle pokes his nose
Into the oozy silt.
The crabs are backing round the
Muddy houses they have built.
I climb upon the turtle's shell
And stretch a leafy sail,
And steer him by a *very*
Gentle tweaking of his tail.

Tip Sings—

I swing on my vine
In a leaf-shaded nook.
The bitter sweet berries
Fall into the brook,
With pattering splashes
And bubblesome spray,
They strike on the water
And then float away.

Chucklekin Sings—

I found a drunken bumble-bee
Down by the water's edge.
I poked him with a broken twig
And pushed him off the ledge.
He couldn't help but float, you know—
He was so very stout;
And when he seemed quite sobered up,
I went and fished him out.

Chorus of white butterflies (flying over the brook)

Sweet clover's ripe
Freighted with honey-dew—
Meadows of barley
And tasselling corn.
Hark to the pipe!
For the fairies are calling you—
Come where the fragrant
Sweet clover is born.

Tip Sings—

Here where the beach is all sandy and pebbly
 Rippled and ruffled—
We can make music all sweet piping trebley
 Daintily muffled.
 Each take a fist full of sand, fine and wave-whitened,
 There by the mallows.
Now we will throw it so, twinkling and sun-lightened
 Into the shallows.

Sand-Music (sung by all three as they toss the sand into the brook.)

Pattering, spattering
Pebbley harmonies
Rippling run—
Trippingly, drippingly
Watery chords
Music is done.

Echo—

Slipping, dripping
Echo is gone.

FINIS

ABOUT COLLEGE

THE ANNUAL ATTACK

ELKA SAUL LEWI

Sing a song of Spring Term,
The girls have all come back.
Fifteen hundred students
'Round Students' Building pack.
When the clock strikes seven
They all begin to sing.
The steps are damp, it's almost dark,
But still it's SPRING.

FACTS

ELEANOR HOLLISTER PARK

There was the usual confusion attendant upon a fire. I wonder why people always become so alarmed! Now when the firemen told me to go and gather up my valuables, I didn't hesitate a second. I dashed right up to my room and tore all the clothes in my closet off their hangers.

Then I stood in the middle of the room and just calmly decided what to take. That blue dress I always did look a fright in. Well, now or never was my chance to get rid of it. (Mother is an economical soul and she said year before last that it would dye.) I decided against the blue dress. Then I decided that I'd better take my new winter suit. Even though I got it so early in the season that it has no style now. And my hat. Also the new pink chiffon petticoat. And that reminded me of the new picture of Jack. For I was going to wear the petticoat to a dance during Christmas time. So I got the picture and added it to the winter suit and pink petticoat.

I decided that I'd better be sensible in my choice, so I left Bob's picture on my desk. I really don't care as much for him as I used to and my room-mate thinks he has a weak chin. So I left him to destruction. My note-book I seized and my best shirtwaist from under the bed. Then my party dress and slippers. Also my Civil book for I was sure we'd have Civil no matter what happened. As I haven't paid for that book yet I thought I'd better take it. And then I thought of my Bible. Somehow it seemed as though it would be fitting to save that, though it's very heavy. While I was getting the Bible (I really had quite a hunt for it) I remembered my Belgian scarf so I fished that out. I simply wouldn't take my old school dress. It would be such fun to go around in a suit all the time and have people ask me when I was going away. Also I took all my white gloves and my best new shoes. They are bronze and really are stunning. And my Senior Pin! I'd already lost the one "She" gave me and had to buy a new one, so it seemed rather silly to leave that behind. Then I got my "jewels." That is to say my Ingersoll watch which keeps *perfect* time and the safety pins which I can't dress without. These things I packed in my laundry case, and carrying my empty travelling bag, I went downstairs to await disaster.

Nothing serious had occurred, and I've spent the entire morning picking up my room; (by the way, I have on the old school dress) and in writing a safe and sane account of the excitement.

(These are the bare facts and might go to the Associated Press).

MY MEMORY BOOK

PHYLLIS EATON

I have a dear old Memory Book
And every gloomy day,
I turn its pages o'er and o'er
To drive the blues away.
I started it when I was ten
And now it's just as fat,
I go to it as my best friend

For homelike cozy chat.
The things I've pasted in it
Would make you laugh, I fear;
But every single one of them
Brings back a memory dear.
The rose I wore to my first dance,
The programme of a "show,"
The ribbon of a candy box
From my first and bestest beau.
A lovely lacy valentine,
And a bud from the bouquet
My dearest cousin carried
Upon her wedding day.
There's a tiny bit of holly,
With a sprig of mistletoe,
To bring back that jolly Christmas .
At the farm so long ago.
There's a tiny piece of linen
From the apron that I wore
The time we had the candy-pull
That summer by the shore.
The hook I used 'way up in Maine
To catch my biggest fish,
And the largest half of a wishbone
To show a granted wish,
And here there'll be a bit of silk
And here a slipper bow
And half the fun of the Memory Book
Is that other folks don't know
Just what these things all stand for
And you and the book together
Can laugh and dream o'er its secrets
In the gray and rainy weather.

TRANSLATION OF THE 11th ODE OF THE 1st BOOK OF HORACE

NELL BATTLE LEWIS

Mandy, don' be allus tryin'
Fer ter know w'ats comin' nex',
An' er-axin' cunjer-niggers
Fer ter tell yer w'at dey 'spects
Gwine ter 'cur dis time termorrer,
Er nex' week,-er sich ez dat.
Don' yer worry 'bout no future,
Do de bes' whar you is at.

Lordy! Hit don' make no diffunee
 Gal, how long you're livin' here:
 Ef yer git old ez yer granny,
 Ef yer die befo' nex' year,
 Ef you're wise, you'll seize de pleasures
 An' don' look too fur erhead, kase
 Dis here time we got am short
 Dat is give yer-ez yer ought—
 Fer de whilst we stan's er-'sputin'
 Chile, de time ain' standin' still
 An dat sun dat riz dis mawhnin'
 Have done sot behin' de hill,
 An' you listen ter me, Mandy,
 Dis here' vice am sho' de bes':
 Go an' 'joy yerself *terday*, gal,
 An' jes let erlone de res'!

A DILEMMA

HELEN BACHMAN

Yet ten whole hours
 And what to do?
 I'm in the most
 Terrific stew!

While Mr. Gardiner's
 Watching me—
 Saying: "A is A—
 That's Identity!

No, this is not
 An enthymere—
 These statements are not
 What they seem!—"

I do not *dare*
 Now try to write
 Or I'd be in
 An awful plight!

* * * * *

I cannot hand
 My work in late
 And now I'm here
 In "History 8"—

Will Mr. Bassett
Call on me?
I would *so* like
To rise and flee.

What's that he says?
"A compromise
In Missouri
Long ago did rise!"

Oh yes! I know that
But *do* take care—
Don't call on me
Quite unaware!

My full attention
I must give
To English Thirt—
If I would live.

The bell just rings—
What *have* I done?
My work's most due—
I've—not—begun! ! ! !

SPRING

ELEANOR HOLLISTER PARK

You walked along the path today
Beneath your feet a muddy way
Puddles or mud, you did not care
For Spring was in the air.

The children sail their boats with joy
Do you ever wish you were a boy
To build a dam or take a dare
When Spring is in the air?

And roller skates are on the street
While tops and marbles both compete
With jump-ropes—Hush—a blue-bird there,
Ah! Spring is in the air.

DRYDEN AND HIS CRITICS

EXTRACT FROM AN EXAMINATION PAPER

ENGLISH 4.2

JEAN MACLEOD GIESON

Just after the ten o'clock bell had rung John Dryden's ghost entered the Smith College Library. For several minutes—"a thousand years is but a day"—he had felt something drawing him thither and he was determined now to find out what it was. For a while he stole about, silently stopping every now and then to draw out a book from its place on a shelf. We finally decided that he had enough to keep him busy for a while, so he sat down at one of the tables with the books before him.

The first book which he opened was "Among My Books" by J. R. Lowell and he hadn't gone far in it when he came upon his own name. He was interested immediately. In reading on he discovered to his satisfaction that the author considered him first in the second class of English poets and before all others as a critic. To be sure Lowell admitted that Dryden had faults. In fact he said that Dryden was one of the most unequal and inconsistent writers that ever lived but he agrees with Pope in saying that he had "as many well said things in his writings as anybody;" and with Cowper in acknowledging that "his faults were numberless, and so were his beauties," his faults being those of a great man. Dryden, he said, had no high ideals or fixed standard to which to look. He was judged not by his average work but by his best and in this judgment almost every criticism of succeeding generation has been entirely in his favor.

During this reading a spark of Dryden's former self-pride was kindled and was soon to be formed into a flame for he was now opening "The Life of John Dryden" by Scott and Saintsbury. Almost every criticism in this whole big volume was in his favor. To be sure, once Scott characterized part of his work as "heavy" but he picked out every possible good point that he could. In speaking of the severe contemporary criti-

cism which Dryden received he says that it was due to the fact that these people were jealous of the superior attitude which he assumed and in which he was perfectly justified. This rather amused the ghost but soon a wave of mortification passed over him. He was reading of the affair which he had had with Settle and Rochester and how, carried away with his anger, he had stooped to Settle's level to revenge himself and try and win back the favor of the public which he felt that Settle was taking from him. Scott, although he was Dryden's "staunch champion" could not overlook this and Dryden closed the book, wishing with all his heart that he had treated Settle with the same seeming indifference and indirectness that he had Rochester, Clifford, Milbourne and the various others who had criticized him.

He next drew from the pile Johnson's "Lives of the Poets." He read with extreme pleasure his new name, "Father of English Criticism" and also the comment which the author made on his prefaces—"although all is easy, nothing is weak; and although all seems careless, there is nothing harsh." Johnson, contrary to Lowell's opinion, says that he did have an aim in life. It was to put rhyme on a higher level in the drama and to better the English language; he undoubtedly accomplished this. In fact the author says that he did more for the English language; undoubtedly accomplished this. In fact the author says that he did more for the English language than any other person. He agrees with Wordsworth that he was a remarkable reasoner but not that he was no poet. He rather takes his stand with Saintsbury, that Dryden's poems are not as good as his central writings but that "they are better than most." One thing has especially interested the ghost was the author's account of his conversion to Catholicism. Dryden, he said, did not turn to Catholicism because of material gain but because at that time he had occasion to look into the doctrines of both religions and found after so doing that he really believed in the Catholic faith. A half-smile passed over the ghost's face. Johnson is second only to Shakespeare and Milton and Dryden's ghost smiled again when he remembered how he had criticized Shakespeare and

tried to improve on him and Milton, for which he has been so severely criticized by North.

But alas, "Pride cometh before a fall"—Dryden had begun to read Macaulay's critical essays. Whereas Johnson and also Scott had tried to put him in the best possible light, Macaulay seemed to be working for the opposite effect. We accused Dryden of "cringing" before the public in order to obtain public favor and of turning to Catholicism because of pecuniary gains. According to this author Dryden had no dramatic or poetic powers. He enforces Milton's criticism that "he was a good rhymers but no poet." The critical and poetical mind are incompatible. Dryden had the former. He had a wonderful command over the English language and had splendid reasoning powers but was too well aware of them. His contemporaries were perfectly justified in criticizing him for his pride and arrogance,—Dryden could go no farther. A night which had prospects of being so enjoyable was being spoiled. There were several other books which he had intended to read but he decided not to rush it. So he quietly gathered the books up and put them back in their respective places. "But after all," he said to himself, "they say that the greater a man is the more he is criticized. I guess I was a great man"—He was preëminently a reasoner.

REVIEWS

"THE TURMOIL"

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON—PUBLISHED BY HARPERS

The name, Booth Tarkington, is an alluring bait for a magazine cover or a table of contents. It has an enticing quality due partly to the fact that it is a silent promise of something at least interesting, partly to a fascinating uncertainty as regards the worth of that interesting matter; for if it is good it may be very good indeed, and if it is bad it may be even very bad indeed.

"The Turmoil," however, is a hybrid. There is a good deal of both qualities in its make-up. In the external plot, there is nothing very unusual. The Sheridan family is the usual kind-hearted, common, rich, story book type. None of them except Bibbs, the youngest son, has any education or interest in books and things of the mind. He is, therefore, despised and neglected by the rest of the family, who in the scramble for money and social position find neither the wish nor the time to understand his reticence. The next door neighbors, the Vertrees, are an old family whose money is rapidly disappearing. The daughter in the interests of the family fortunes almost decides to marry Jim, one of the elder Sheridan boys, but finally writes a letter refusing him, on the same day that he is killed by an accident.

Shortly after Jim's death, the next son goes to pieces and Bibbs is the only one left for his father to depend upon. His whole life has been a struggle with the elder Sheridan, who cannot understand his son's love for books and what seems "useless" thinking. He has pitifully little respect for Bibbs, but tries to induce him to work, calling upon him to uphold as

the best life affords, the family name and position. Bibbs who, although he does not realize it, is in love with Mary Vertrees finally consents to go into business with his father in the hope of being able to aid her financially. He is, of course, entirely successful, learns to understand and respect his father, and finally marries Mary.

The real story, however, is concerned with the "worship of Bigness," as the turmoil of the city and the rush for money and financial greatness are interpreted: and with the power of family love to survive. Bibbs, representing the hostile attitude, is little by little drawn into the whirl, and at last is almost reconciled to his work and gradually finds a place for himself in the family circle.

The best character in the book is that of Mr. Sheridan. He is symbolic of the city, and his relations to Bibbs are symbolic of those of the city and the down town business world to Bibbs. Mr. Sheridan is called the "high priest in the temple of Bigness," and he is well fitted to the ritual. Common like the city, dominating like the city, crushing like the city, kindhearted like the city, into his mind comes no suspicion of frailty or unworthiness in the master whom he serves; his is a whole hearted and therefore noble worship.

The heroism in his toil, his son at last recognizes and honors, but it takes him a long time. Bibbs is not a convincing character. He fits too nicely into Mr. Tarkington's scheme of things. At first the reader's pity is expended upon him as a misunderstood and neglected poetical genius. Later his two brothers being disposed of for the purpose, a cruel fate thrusts him into the business world, and he instantly meets all problems with a shrewdness and business insight lacking in his more practical and more experienced father.

Mary Vertrees, on the other hand, although not violating probability, leaves an impression surprisingly light in consideration of her prominent part in the book. The number of pages which she occupies is large, but her real importance in the story as a tale of turmoil is small. She is, for the most part, a concession to the love demanding public. It is due also to this pandering to public opinion that the end of the book although not weak is inartistic. It deals with the reconciliation

of Mary and Bibbs, which being in such an important position gains extraordinary emphasis, and the reader's attention and interest is deflected from the real story of strife and struggle and ugliness and nobleness and the realization of family love to the love interest. It inclines one to wish that Cupid had been kept in a subordinate and, if possible, humble position, if for no other reason than to show how the public would have stood for having their sugar coating on the inside of their pills. It would have been curious to see whether or not Mr. Tarkington's name would have carried the experiment through.

Taken as a whole the construction of the book is good: the story moves along easily and interestingly, although the action is repeatedly interrupted while Mr. Tarkington takes the floor. Considering the amount of time that is spent in description and analysis of character and situation the book is curiously unpsychological. It has little more than a kind of search light psychology which turns a bright unnatural glare upon everything and yet discovers nothing below the surface.

This philosophizing is, however, interesting and as a whole pertinent, but there is too much of it. Everyone is made to jump around very curiously to the crack of Mr. Tarkington's circus whip, and meanwhile he keeps up a steady stream of satirical and really unkind remarks. He has forgotten to be subtle in his satire, and he has forgotten that "charity is the greatest of these."

On the whole, although the book is enjoyable reading as Mr. Tarkington's books always are, we are inclined to agree with the walrus in regard to the plot and with the carpenter in regard to the satire.

" 'It seems a shame' the Walrus said
 'To play them such a trick.
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!
The Carpenter said nothing, but
 'The butter's spread too thick!' "

H. V. T.

EDITORIAL

"The leaves of the winter wither and sink in the forest mould
To colour the flowers of April with purple and white and gold."

The past dark winter has kept us so completely occupied with death and destruction, with the uprooting of cherished illusions, that we have thought very little of what may be left. The withering leaves were before our eyes, and we had forgotten about the flowers of April, until their subtle fragrance drifted in to us as we sat among the ruins. Then Spring came to our hearts with a rush of deep joy, for we saw that the buds were the fairest in promise that the world had ever known.

Our poets and philosophers, looking down from the mountain-tops upon the troubled world of men, have seen for ages how such a spring might be. They have told us of the illusions to which we have been clinging, even as to withered leaves: of the trivial things which have been crowding out the essential in our lives. They have sometimes fired us for a moment with a vision of the flowers to be, as we listened with them to the stirrings of life within the bud. But the vision faded, and we called the poet a dreamer of dreams, whose fanciful pictures could not be translated into living. We needed something stronger than the voice of a poet to smite our "ears that heard not;" something more substantial, more lastingly near than a vision, to cleave the grossness of our sight, and open our eyes to the difference between the trivial and the essential: the evanescent and the permanently real.

In the last terrible months we have been living close to the eternal verities of life and death. In their presence we are coming to see more clearly the things that are essential in ourselves, in our age, and in our relation to the Infinite. We shall

not easily sink back into a state of self-centered indifference to others, having witnessed such a spectacle of human life, we cannot lose sight again of the importance of the individual. Nor will the fat materialism of the age arise with its complacency unshaken from the ruin in which it has involved its vaunted civilization.

"Give us our gods again!" was the cry of the past, from the midst of the century's unrest. The year of 1915 is pointing toward an answer. Mrs. Bacon in "The Twilight of the Gods," after keenly, pitilessly dissecting, and rejecting, as inadequate our man-made theories about God, gives us back what we have been seeking—the permanent reality. She shows that when all the trappings are torn aside, there are left the Eternal Spirit and the human soul. If these are the flowers of April, who can regret the withered leaves?

The Spring of 1915 is not as other springs. The leaves of winter are still withering; illusions are still being torn away. But fairest of the flowers of April is the spirit in which the world, when the tearing down process is ended, can face its task of building. Ruins cleared away, trappings torn aside—"O Master Poet, I have sat down at thy feet. Only let me make my life simple and straight, like a flute of reed for thee to fill with music."

EDITOR'S TABLE

Along with the spirit of spring term, shouting to us to romp and play, comes the feeling that accompanies the beginning of each new college term. For most of us our old scores are set aside and we feel an incentive to begin over and to make the most of the weeks left in the college year. We should like to avoid the mistakes and the confusion of the past and to increase the number of our worthy achievements, large or small, in the future. If we will look into the past we shall discover how some of our best and brightest hours came about.

You remember the night you stood alone watching ragged clouds tossed across the sky; and you lifted your face in joy to the sharp, wild wind. A weight seemed to fall from you then; you felt free, exhilarated, conscious of power. A spirit too strangely big to define but too real to ignore swept into your being—out of the winds, the sky, the clouds—and you were bigger, better, stronger. Perhaps this spirit—call it nature, infinity, what you will—crept into your soul as you watched a cloudless sky pricked with the eternal stars; or as you listened to the ceaseless roll and thunder of the sea. At any rate, you remember such moments. You remember how in some strange way you were alone with the universe. The power to do tingled through you to your finger tips. And from that moment of inspiration arose your best and most significant hours of action and of thought. You look back upon those times as your best moments, and perhaps you regard them as the result of mere caprice and accident.

Unfortunately those best moments are followed by periods when we forget the sublime realities with which we came in

touch in a brief moment of solitude. And the old impediments which our freed spirit cast aside for the time close about us again; we are overwhelmed in the endless rush of little moments, petty strifes and anxieties. Perhaps, at times our spirit stirs and questions the object of our constant stampede but we do not hear; we go on with a mighty buzzing like blue-bottle flies on a window-pane. We are lost in the mass—not only lost but feverishly eager to identify ourselves with the mass. We forget our sacred privilege of individuality. And why do we forget? Why do we go 'round and 'round in an endless circuit, acting automatically thinking automatically? Because we are making the mistake of supposing that we haven't time to stop; that we haven't time to balance ourselves against the spirit of the universe, haven't time to *think*—the one process of the human mind that separates it from the brutes.

There is a great emphasis placed upon college spirit, class spirit, the spirit of every group and organization. Is there no individual spirit which demands that each of us think and act as intelligent, responsible, high-minded beings for the good of the aggregation of individuals which college represents? If we have found any one thing which will free us from the "wheel of things" let us make use of it. If a few moments, spent alone out under the sky or in our own rooms with minds open to receive new ideas, will stimulate us to do our best, to feel our own worthiness and our responsibility, should we not make such moments a part of our life? They need not be the result of accidental circumstances or passing fancy, but the conscious effort of each one of us to make the most of her own consciousness, and to reach out toward the true and constant values of life.

K. B.

It is most satisfying to find in the flux of light material, so much of it so plainly labelled—College Monthly Style, a really thoughtful article. There are several this month which, without being didactic are serious and at the same time well

written. Two of these, "The Art of Living" and "Tolstoy, a Writer of Short Stories," are in the "*Wells College Chronicle*." The former compares the art of living as it has been developed in this age with life itself and greatly deplores the fact that we can never "recapture the fine careless rapture" of Life but must be satisfied by perfecting the art of living as highly as possible. The treatment of Tolstoy is a more or less conventional one and cites one of his stories after another to prove the writer's thesis. The principle merit of this article is in the abrupt staccato sentences with which the writer describes the powerful impression made on one by this characteristic of the Russian language.

In *The Occident* we find "Vachel Lindsay, a Troubador of the West," the treatment of which disproves a pet theory of ours, the theory that the purpose of criticism is not to quote from the work one is reviewing but to stimulate interest in it. This appreciation of Vachel Lindsay is, however, principally made up of quotations and without them would be, we must admit, quite worthless. Vachel Lindsay, we maintain, is an exceptional poet and one of whom an amateur criticism would be utterly inadequate and unstimulating. The profuse quoting of well selected passages, therefore, gives the much to be desired result, at any rate it made us read "The Congo."

So many of the short stories for this month struck us as trite and left us with so impressionless an impression that we will not consider them at all. The poetry, however, was exceptionally good. There were some poems which gave a most distinctly marked Spring atmosphere without, however, being labelled with the conventional Spring poetry characteristics. "His Roundelay" in *The Mount Holyoke* was one. "The Wind" in the same Magazine, was most delightful, giving an impression, not of a blustering grey bearded old man but of a rollicking, rosy little boy. "A Woodland Fantasy," also in *The Mount Holyoke* is one of those dainty fairy sketches about which so little can be said in description of their delicacy. In *The Harvard Monthly* a new note is struck by a man who breaks a lance for the place spirit of the dull city street in a poem "The Street." Sometimes, bidden by the rain, the street

tries to get back to the days when it was a grass marked path, he says "Pastelles" in *The Harvard Advocate* gives, in most sympathetic meter, the feeling of a dull, grey skied winter day.

"The spectre pine trees rising tall
And indistinct with snow are all
That break the dead expanse of white."

E. G.

AFTER COLLEGE

SENIOR DRAMATICS ROOMS FOR COMMENCEMENT

Applications for Senior Dramatics for June 10 and 11, 1915, should be sent to the General Secretary of the Alumnæ Association, College Hall, Northampton. Alumnæ are urged to apply for the Thursday evening performance if possible, as Saturday evening is not open to Alumnæ, and the tickets for Friday evening are limited. Each alumnæ may apply for only one ticket for Friday evening; extra tickets may be requested for Thursday. No deposit is required to secure the tickets, which may be claimed on arrival in Northampton. The prices of the seats will range from \$1.50 to \$.75 and on Friday from \$2.50 to \$.75. The desired price of seat should be indicated in the application. A fee of 10 cents is charged to all non-members of the Alumnæ Association for the filing of the application and should be sent to the General Secretary at the time of application. In May, all those who have applied for tickets will receive a request to confirm the applications. Tickets will then be assigned only to those who respond to this request.

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be addressed to Lilian Peters, Dickinson House, Northampton, Massachusetts.

BIRTHS

- '99. To Mrs. Roland Rogers Cutler (Mary E. Goodnow), a son, Joseph Stone, born February 10, 1915.
- '11. Mrs. Henry D. Ervin (Marguerite Butterfield), a son, John Spencer, born October 31, 1914.

- '11. Joyce Knowlton is Head of the Secretary Department at the Finch School in New York.

Marguerite Lazard is studying at the University of Pennsylvania in the department of Sociology, and training in the Social Service department of University Hospital.

Edith Lobdell is studying composition at the American Conservatory of Music.

Marion Lucas is Research Worker with the International Health Commission in Washington.

Grace Mangam is teacher of English at the Girls' High School, Brooklyn, New York.

Frederica Mead is in Kuling, China. She is interested in the college work which is being started in China by the Smith alumnae.

Marguerite Miller is studying Singing and Art.

Gertrude Moodey is doing graduate work at Teachers' College.

Elizabeth Moos is teaching Physical Education in the Eleanor Clubs of Chicago.

Doris Nash is doing editorial work with D. C. Heath and Co., New York, and singing at St. Mary the Virgin's Church.

Winifred Notman is studying Law at New York University.

Mary Patten is Physical Director at Winthrop College, South Carolina.

Mae Patterson is beginning her third year's work as Principal of the Piketon High School, Piketon, Ohio.

Dorothy Pease is teaching Biology in the High School at New Haven, Connecticut.

Charlotte Perry is Private Secretary and Assistant Dancing Teacher to Portia Swett, 1910.

Myra Poler is teaching English Literature in the High School at Attleboro, Massachusetts.

Charlotte Rankin is taking a Normal Course in Salesmanship at the Women's Industrial Union in Boston.

Sophronia Roberts is Social Worker, Registrar of the Associated Charities, and Secretary of the Pittsburg Clearing House of Charitable Information.

Susan Sawyer has entered the Training School for Nurses at the John Hopkin's Hospital in Baltimore.

Henrietta Scott is teaching English History in the High School at Exeter, New Hampshire.

Gertrude Sexton is attending the Minnesota School of Business, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

- '11. Ruth Spaulding is teaching Latin and Geometry at Sayville, Long Island, and is Preceptress of the High School.
Margaret Shoemaker is teaching Gymnastics and Swimming at a Home for Deaf Children in Philadelphia.
Helen Tanner is taking a course in Dietitics at the Technical Normal School of Chicago.
Mrs. John Randolph Labaree, (Margaret Underwood) has a Camp Fire club.
Mrs. Hermance Howard (Mary Vidaud). Address: 103 Joralemon Street, Brooklyn, New York.
Anna May Walsh is teaching in the Roberts School, Cambridge, Massachusetts.
Ethel Wilson is teaching Mathematics in Salem, Massachusetts, and is living in the House of the Seven Gables. She has Phoebe's room.
Dorothy White is attending the New York Normal School of Physical Education.
Marian Yeaw is Secretary of the Alumnae Association.
Helen Donovan is studying Piano in Taroma. She returned from Berlin in August after studying Music and German for four months.
Anne Dunphy is teaching Latin and German at Williamsburg High School.
- '13. Helen Estee is Instructor of German and English at Glen Eden, Poughkeepsie, New York.
Phyllis Fergus is studying music with Adolf Weidig, and devoting her time to composition.
Marietta Fuller is in the Reference Cataloging Room in the New York Public Library.
Marion Gardner is taking courses in Education, Philosophy and Bible at Teachers' College and Union Seminary.
Helen Gould is Secretary at the Efficiency Co. Publishers.
Vodisa Greenwood is teaching English and Physics in the High School at Jay, Maine.
Helen Harogood is Secretary to the Dean of the College of Agriculture, University of Illinois. Address: 511 E. John Street, Champaign, Illinois.
Hart-Lester Harris is working in the College Club of Springfield, Massachusetts, and also in the Consumer's League and the Girls' Club.
Helen Hood is teaching Mathematics in Danvers High School, Danvers, Massachusetts.
Helen Kempshall is President of the Elizabethan Branch of the Consumer's League of New Jersey.

- '13. Mary Larkin is teaching History in Milford High School. Address: 12 Chestnut Street, Milford, Massachusetts.

Marjorie Lincoln is a second year student in Miss Amy Sacker's School of Design, Boston.

Beatrice Litchfield is teaching Latin, English and History in Mahopac, New York.

Agnes McGraw is doing private secretarial work.

Ruth McClelland has charge of the English Department at Hosner Hall. Address: 4296 Washington Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri.

Mary Mead is in the Advertising Department of the Guaranty Trust Co., of New York.

Dorothy Merriam (Mrs. Henry Abbott). Address: 206 Remington Gables, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Marion Parker is teaching Domestic Science at Standish Manor, a private school for backward girls. Address: Halifax, Massachusetts.

Ruby Parmalee is teaching English, German and History at Bernardston, Massachusetts.

Gertrude Patterson is Assistant Principal of the High School at Piketon, Ohio.

Lillian Pearson is teaching in the Forest Park School, Springfield, Massachusetts.

Helen Plumer is teaching American History, English, Mathematics, Domestic Science and Physics at North Bennington, Vermont.

Sarah Porter is teaching English in East Dedham, Massachusetts.

Ruth Remmey is doing library work at the Natural History Museum, Brooklyn, New York.

Harriet Richardson (Mrs. Allen S. Hubbard). Address: 157 East 81st Street, New York City.

Mary Shea is teaching in Holyoke.

Annie Smith is teaching in the Hawley Grammar School, Northampton.

Helen Sneider is teaching English at the Smead School, Toledo, Ohio.

Edith Strong is taking a Secretarial Course at Simmons College. Address: 108 Gainsborough Street, Boston.

May Taylor is studying at the Institute of Musical Art, Mountain Lakes, New Jersey. She is also teaching Music.

Lucy Titcomb is giving violin lessons. She is likewise doing Club Work.

Emily Van Order is teaching Music and German at the South End Music School. Address: Caldwell, New Jersey.

- '13. Gertrude Walsh has a private kindergarten of her own.
 Anna Wallace is teaching History and Science in the Bennington High School.
 Edith Weck is teaching Latin, Geometry and Physics at Chettenango, New York.
 Elsie Williams is teaching Mathematics in the High School at Ithaca, New York. Address: 308 Farm Street.
 Ruth Wilson is teaching Physiology, Hygiene, Folk Dancing and Gymnastics in the Chicago Commons.
 Marguerite Woodruff is teaching Violin and Piano at the State Normal School, Edinboro, Pennsylvania.
 Mina Winslow is doing graduate work in Zoölogy and assisting in the laboratory at the University of Michigan.
 Sara Wyeth is Chairman of the Executive Board of the School of Sociology and Junior Recording Secretary for the Diocese of West Missouri.
- ex-'13. Mary Bloss (Mrs. Roger S. Vail). Address: 435 Laurel Avenue, Highland Park, Illinois.
 Margaret Caldwell (Mrs. Samuel M. Rees). Address: Care Filter Manufacturing Co., Farmers Building, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.
 Adelaide Henermann is doing post-graduate work at the Institute of Musical Art, New York City.
 Dorothy Lhseng is "teacher in charge" at the Ridge School for Boys, Washington, Connecticut.
 Katharine Jones is doing Settlement Work.
 Katharine Potter is teaching in the Woodville Grammar School.
 Madeline Smith is teaching Domestic Science in Settlement Classes in Chicago.
 Dorothy Taylor is doing Library Work.
 Mildred Willyoung is teaching Domestic Science in the Central High School, Canton, Ohio.
- '14. Gertrude Posner is a member of the Educational and Industrial Research Department of William Filene's Sons Co., Boston.
 Portia Pratt is at home. Address: 15 Hedge Road, Brooklyn, Massachusetts.
 Adrienne Raby is teaching French and English in the High School, Boothbay Harbor, Maine.
 Ruth Ralston is taking a Secretarial Course in the Extension Teaching Department of Columbia University.
 Ruth Reed is at home. Address: Whitman, Massachusetts.
 Agnes Remington is Secretary to her father, Judge Remington.

'14. Laura Rice is at home. Address: 240 Bradley Street, New Haven, Connecticut.

Ruth Ripton is teaching German and Ancient History in the Scotia High School, Schenectady, New York.

Florence Root is teaching Mathematics in West Winfield, New York.

Minnie Rose is at home. Address: 1414 Cherry St., Vicksburg, Mississippi.

Helen Rounds is taking courses in Social Service at Yale and is also working on the records of the Visiting Nurses Association, New Haven, Connecticut.

Josephine Rummler is teaching in the Hillside School, Norwalk, Connecticut.

Eleanor Saladine is taking a secretarial course at Simmons.

Harry Schlesinger is State Secretary of the Equal Suffrage Party of Georgia.

Marian Scott is at home. Address: 489 Washington Street, Brookline, Massachusetts.

Ruth Seabury is teaching Latin and German in Andover, New York.

Helen Sheridan is doing Y. W. C. A. work in Chicago.

Lois Sillesky is Supervisor of Music in Public Schools, Roslyn, Long Island.

CALENDAR

April 17. Group Dance (8).

Dewey House Reception.

21. Seventh Concert of Smith College Concert Course.

24. Division C Play.

28. Open Meeting of Alpha and Phi Kappa.

May 8. Meeting of Alpha and Phi Kappa.

12. Junior Promenade.

15. Group Dance.

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THE
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

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THE ALOOFNESS OF MILTON'S "PARADISE LOST"

INEZ HOWARD KNEIFEL

"Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the World, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat."

This is the theme of "Paradise Lost." Milton took this Biblical narrative as a symbol of the failure of life's ideals; and, in particular, the symbol of the failure of his country to reach the ideals he had set for it. This story of the fall of Man was not related as a mere tale—as a record of tradition—

or an enlargement on the Bible version. Had the purpose been no other than to paraphrase, we should have preferred the Bible. Although Milton used the fall of Man as the background for his epic, he brought into the poem all of the ideals which he, as a Puritan, had cherished during his life. With his whole heart in his task, and perhaps aided in his purpose by that blindness otherwise so great an affliction, Milton often succeeded in doing that for which all true seventeenth century Puritans were striving,—he forgot the earth and all upon it.

Imagine, if you can, shutting your eyes to the material world; then forget to reason in the worldly way; and, as a Puritan with a Puritan's ideals, let your mind (or shall I call it your imagination?) float as an airy spirit up somewhere or nowhere indefinitely in the clouds. You care not where you go nor how long you stay; for an idea of place or time brings back thoughts of earth. Then feel—not think,

"Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid,"

and dream of

"Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm;
Others whose fruit burnished with golden rind
Hung amiable—Hesperian fable true. . . .
. . . . Meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank, with myrtle crowned
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their stream."

But the men into whose hands these verses were to fall—the men who were first to give the approval or disapproval of the public—were not such as were willing to shut their eyes to the material world. They disdained to let their souls drift off into—oblivion. For when Milton gave his poem into the hands of the public, that public was no longer Puritan in character. The age which had influenced the writer and inspired him was a thing of the past. Butler's "Hudibras" was the popular book; Pepys was writing his diary; and Dryden was just publishing his "Essay on Dramatic Poesy." These

first judges of "Paradise Lost" were men of the beginning of the Restoration. Their models were the Greek and Roman classics; their ambition was to be correct. They revered Milton, to be sure; for they could not help looking up to a man of lofty ideals, but his poems were outside of their realm, and Milton stood aloof from the time of the first publication.

A few years later, Johnson truthfully said, "'Paradise Lost' is one of the books which the reader admires and lays down, and forgets to take up again. . . . We read Milton for instruction, retire harassed and overburdened, and look elsewhere for recreation; we desert our master, and seek for companions." So it was not merely the Restoration that found Milton hard to enjoy. That he was aloof was not a criticism that could have been uttered only at the time of Dryden and of Pope. The age coming after these two brought no revival of popularity for "Paradise Lost." It was a poem that had set itself high up on the shelves as a treasure; and was one of the treasures which men were not likely to touch. People who had heard of its reputation would read criticisms, but would seldom touch the book itself. Just as one who does not understand a beautiful picture will often remark, "It is good. I suppose," so many a person shrinks from the task of interpreting "Paradise Lost," and from written criticisms will remark, "It is good."

We try to understand Milton—we whose lives are so far removed from the influences which inspired the writer. "But," we may suggest, "we feel that we understand fairly well Pope in his 'Rape of the Lock,' and Dryden in 'Absalom and Achitophel.' Their times and influences are far removed from us. Why then can we not understand Milton?" Are not the thoughts and ideals of other writers easier to grasp than those of Milton? The gift of intellectual inspiration is attainable by many; that of spiritual inspiration is given to few. We strive for intellectual inspiration; and then try to use our attainments in judging the works of one who had spiritual inspiration. What is the result? It is as Johnson said, "We desert our master, and seek for companions." Perhaps no doctrine is as hard for the outsider to comprehend as that of the seventeenth century Puritan. Why should we expect

to understand what it took the Puritan a life-time to acquire? He has gone as far as possible from the worldly life, and in it dwells apart from us. We may look straight in the sober face of a Puritan; yet when we try to realize what thoughts are going on within, we feel that we must look upward—that he is apart from the masses just as he has tried to be. This is the way we look at Milton. We can read his poetry; we sometimes enjoy it; but we more often reverence it. There is ever the feeling within us of something that we fail to comprehend—to appreciate. Yes, we must reverence Milton in his "Paradise Lost" as Dryden did, as Johnson did, and as Burns did; but we must also admit that he is aloof from us, as he was from all publics. Then too, let us realize that the reason he dwells apart from our world is that he was truly consecrated to Puritanism, and to his "Paradise Lost."

THE VALLEY-HEART

MARION SINCLAIR WALKER

Leaped there a fire from your eyes into mine,
Kindling in me your ardor for the quest,
At daybreak, when you took me by the hand
To journey with you toward the clear cold light
That glistens on the snow-clad mountain-top?

—You could not know

Mine was a valley-heart, meant for soft slopes,
For waving branches, singing birds, and brooks,
And pleasant haunts of men. The light you seek
And love as life itself—you did not know
I may not look upon, blinded with tears
By its too dazzling whiteness. My tired feet
Long for the meadow-grass and well-worn paths
They knew before the light in your rapt eyes
Summoned me to the quest. Yet can I climb,
Planting my wavering feet where yours have stepped
So sure. Through me you shall not fail to mount
The toiled-for heights. Still shall my eyes smile back
Courage and hope. For, love, how could you know
Mine was a valley heart?

LOADED DICE

MILDRED CONSTANCE SCHMOLZE

Miss Waters chuckled as she carefully blotted her paper and folded it into symmetrical halves.

"I guess that will make some men sit up and take notice," she said to herself.

A half-smile lingered on her face while she addressed and stamped the envelope. Then as she picked up her bank-book and flipped over the pages to the last entry, the smile faded and an uncertain little frown took its place.

"After all, I wonder if I'm acting like a blooming idiot," she mused softly. "Staking everything on one throw with every chance in the world of having double blanks turn up. Still after all, I can call it a business investment. No one can write about good times unless one's had them, can one? And one can't have good times without having a man to take one about. And if one is not attractive—how can one get a man? And the most apparent answer is—have one made to order or failing that, rent one—rent a man to help you to good times to give you experience to write interesting stories to earn the ducats with which to buy your bread and butter, which disproves my first statement—I am *not* a blooming idiot—so here goes." And Miss Waters snatched up her hat, rammed it down on her head, and picking up the letter and her coat hurried down the stairs. Once on the street she almost ran to the mail-box and shoved the letter in, giving the chute a vicious little snap as she pushed it back into place.

Back in her room she picked up her mirror and laughed at herself. "Oh Jane, Jane!" she said tauntingly. "Silly idiotic fool! Serves you right if not a soul answers that! Advertising for a beau at your age! Sensible—staid Jane Waters!"

Then sobering for an instant, "But you deserve it, Janie. Twenty-nine years old with nary a joy-ride, nary the theater save in gallery seats, nary a dance save the one we went to a

century ago in high school, and nary the littlest bird and bottle supper! and all for why? Because your hair is straight and you've been too busy hustling around after bread and butter to have time for jam in the shape of a marcel wave."

There was more than the traditional grain of truth in her words. There was the full kernel—outer husk and all. Jane Waters had been born in a nondescript mid-western factory of nondescript parents—nondescript in social position, ideas, and finances. She had had a tolerably thorough education in the really excellent schools of her native town and at the close of her high school course had gone to the state university to work her way through. There was really no reason for her staying at home. Her mother had died the year before and her father, curiously indifferent to his only child, seemed to get along as well without as with her. During Jane's sophomore year at college he too died, and when his affairs were settled, it was found that he had actually left a few hundred dollars of legacy to his daughter—a paltry sum perhaps, yet enough to enable her to devote her time exclusively to her studies and not to devising ways and means to keep alive.

On leaving college she had plunged with feverish energy into journalism, her chosen work. In the midst of it all she had contracted a malignant case of typhoid and following close upon its heels came the nervous breakdown that had been hovering about for four years. When she emerged from the sanitarium, she found her small emergency fund absolutely gone, her future heavily mortgaged to doctors and nurses, and worst of all, herself strictly forbidden to go back to the nerve-racking strain of journalistic work.

In desperation then she had turned to teaching, securing a position in a tiny town. Gradually by virtue of short hours, long vacations, and the wholesome life of a country place, her health had returned until at the end of three years when she obtained her city teachers' certificate she was as well and strong as the traditional ox.

That was four years ago. Since then her life had been that of any lone city school-teacher, fairly comfortable but unspeakably monotonous. Had it not been for her lively imagination Jane Waters must have inevitably gone mad or become

as dull as her surroundings. Gradually her ceaseless dreaming began to take concrete form in the shape of clever little stories that were published here and there by stray magazines; and now one of these, a comparatively new periodical published in her own city, had offered her a minor editorial position. Jane's heart had jumped when she read the letter; to her it meant the second rung of a ladder that led to possible literary achievements. But there were grave matters to be considered first; the salary was far smaller than that which she was now receiving as a teacher; dared she throw away the means of earning a perfectly comfortable livelihood? And while she was debating thus, Fortune chanced to stop for an instant in her eternal hide-and-seek game with Life, and saw the figure of Jane Waters approaching in the distance; and because Jane was trim and good to look upon, Fortune smiled—a little half-smile of approval, with the result that far away in sunny California a long-forgotten uncle of Jane's died and bequeathed his niece five thousand dollars; not a princely inheritance to be sure, but to Miss Waters it meant that the second rung of her ladder had been found to be of solid gold and that she could stand on it with both feet and not be in danger of breaking through.

So exit Miss Waters, Schoolma'am, and enter Jane Abercrombie Waters, Editor, who was now on the point of becoming J. A. Waters, Gambler and Speculator in Romance. Psychologists tell us that gamblers are always very nervous as they shake their dice for the first throw; but the mind of a woman is unfathomable so who of us can rightly assert that J. A. Waters, Gambler, had any qualms as she went to bed that night? For all history has preserved to us is one brief utterance.

"At any rate," our lady said aloud as she snuggled down among the pillows, "This is going to be a strictly *business* gamble!"

* * * * *

Early the next afternoon, Jane was seated at her desk vainly attempting to revise the sentence structure of a rather badly written manuscript. But in spite of her most strenuous

efforts she could not concentrate her attention upon it. Involuntarily her eyes would stray to the morning "Tribune" neatly folded and placed on the farther edge of her desk. At last in desperation she got up—tucked the annoying object into the lowest drawer and turned the key securely upon it. But still its presence haunted her; clearly before her she saw the advertisement—only now the tiny type had grown to an inch in stature and seemed flauntingly bold and black.

"Wanted—attractive, personable young man between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five to—"

Ting-a-ling-a-ling! jangled the telephone bell at Jane's elbow, startling her into an undignified jump.

"Hello! hello!" she cried hurriedly into the mouth-piece. "Yes, this is Oakland 206. What's that? Oh! this is Miss Waters speaking."

"This is Donald Egerton, Miss Waters," came a deep, pleasant voice over the wire. "May I come up to see you immediately?"

"Oh!" Jane Waters gasped in astonishment. "But do I know you, Mr. Egerton?"

The unseen Mr. Egerton laughed heartily.

"I beg your pardon! Of course you don't. I am calling in answer to your advertisement in the "Tribune" this morning. I—" There was a sudden click as if the connection were broken.

"Hello! hello!" he called impatiently. "Operator, I think you've cut us off. Please—"

"No she hasn't," broke in Miss Waters' voice calmly, "I inadvertently let the receiver slip for an instant. You were saying?"—

"I want to present myself as a candidate for the job—I mean for the position." Jane smiled at the change in words. "May I have an interview with you immediately? I live fairly near—and I can be up in ten minutes."

"Yes indeed, Mr. Egerton; I shall be ready for you. Good-bye," and she hung up the receiver. Afterwards, Jane wondered how she had made her tone so casual when inwardly her heart was pounding and her temples throbbing with excitement.

"So the game has begun in earnest," she said to herself, "and apparently my first throw was not a double blank. It remains to be seen just what number did turn up."

Mr. Egerton was better than his word. It was exactly eight minutes later that the maid presented his card to Miss Waters and announced "The gentleman is waiting in the parlor."

Jane found him a tall, well-groomed man with a face not exactly handsome but frank and alive. Furthermore, when he laughed he displayed a set of even white teeth and a pair of most engaging dimples. Altogether Jane liked his appearance.

"It is very good of you to come, Mr. Egerton," she said a trifle nervously when they were seated. "Are you quite sure that you want to qualify for the position?"

"Quite sure," he smiled.

"You see I—I"—somehow or other she found it increasingly difficult to state her carefully prepared explanation to this man who looked at her with eyes so perfectly respectful and yet containing a latent hint of amusement. "I—I write after a fashion—Oh nothing much—just silly little stories about love and romance—and as I seem to be running out of material—I thought I might get some by actual experience. Oh I didn't mean that," she stopped confused and red, at the broad grin that spread over his countenance.

"Please don't think I'm looking for sentiment," she besought in great embarrassment—I'm not. I just want to go to the places and do the things that girls usually do so that I can put a little realism into my stories; and I can't do that without a manly escort and protector." Here Jane smiled a little doubtfully and he answered with another smile, so she went on more boldly. "You see, it's all a business gamble for me—a business gamble in the field of Romance, if you like."

"I think I understand," he said, "and I'm sure that I should like to be engaged as escort immediately."

"Oh but don't you think you had better try it first?" she broke in hurriedly. "You might not like it, you know. I'm afraid I should demand a good deal of you. I think I should want you to give me at least three nights a week—is that too much?" she asked anxiously.

"Not at all," he assured her gravely.

"I shall want you to take me to all sorts of places—I'll tell you more about that later. The salary"—she hesitated and then went on, "will be twenty-five dollars a week and of course I shall give you a check to cover expenses. "No," as he started to protest, "I insist upon that. We can determine the amount later. And now, knowing all the circumstances, if you care to try it for a week I shall be very glad to have you."

"I'm sure I should," he said eagerly. "I've never had anything half so interesting in the line of work offered me before. Can we begin immediately? My car is outside and—"

"Oh no, not yet. Not for at least two days. I—I must have time to get used to the idea first. But after that I shall be ready to receive—invitations!" and she laughed gaily.

As he was speeding home Donald Egerton wondered if he were the biggest fool on earth. It was not like him to plunge impulsively into adventures—his life had always been well-ordered and calm. "Easy" Egerton, his friends called him and certainly the name was well-applied. There had never been anything hard in his life. Wealth, success, everything had naturally drifted his way and there had hardly been a ripple to disturb the calm surface of his existence. And here he was engaged to act as paid escort to an unknown literary female with a thirst for the realism of romance! It was inconceivable—it was unbelievable—but it was nevertheless true. Why had he done it? Certainly the girl was not a paragon of charm and alluring wiles—she was not even pretty—yet the merry twinkle of her clear gray eyes, the modulated charm of her deep, rather husky voice and the slender curves of her trim figure all lingered pleasantly in Egerton's memory.

"Then, too, she must have a delicious sense of humor," he thought; "No girl could do such a thing and not have."

The ensuing two days Jane spent, not in acclimating herself to the idea as she told Egerton, but in a ceaseless round of shopping—of visits to tailor, milliner and hair dresser. And at the end of that time there was a hole in her bank account, but her closet was well-stocked with new clothes, and there were more on the way.

On the afternoon of the third day, Egerton's car stopped before the boarding house and Jane, who had been waiting on the porch, ran down and got in. It was to be their first jaunt together—they were going to drive far out into the country and stop for dinner at a little roadside inn famous as a rendezvous for dinners à deux. It was a glorious October day—the air had a brisk tang in it that sent the blood scurrying into one's cheeks. The country-side was beautiful—an extravagant riot of gold and crimson and warm brown—with hazy purple hills in the distance and the bluest of skies above them. Oh it was good to be alive and flying through the country like this—and the realization of it brought a sparkle to Jane's eyes, and lent an unwonted zest to her conversation. She talked, she laughed, she joked, she astonished herself by her readiness in saying clever things. The man at her side responded to every jest, fell in with every humor—and the time flew by on wings.

Dinner was a gay little affair, and afterwards they lingered long beside the open fire in the quaint living room. The inn was practically deserted on this night, so they had the room to themselves. Before dinner Jane had removed the heavy coat and the close little veiled hat that she had worn in the machine and since then she had often caught Egerton's gaze fixed upon her with an air of puzzled wonder. At last he leaned forward and asked curiously, "What have you done to yourself? Somehow or other you look different from the way you did the other day. Your hair—"

"Oh, my hair"—Jane laughed consciously as she put up her hands.

"That's a wave that has puzzled you. My hair is naturally very stringy and I've never bothered to have it waved before—but behold the wonders a simple curling iron can accomplish. The former refractory hair now falls as it should and—even you have noticed the difference."

There certainly was a change in Jane. She was no longer the utilitarian schoolma'am of tailored shirtwaists and dark skirts and hair drawn smoothly back. The new wave was undeniably becoming, so was the filmy softness about the neck of her clinging gown. Do clothes make the woman? That night it almost seemed as if the old saying were true.

That was the first of a series of delightful good times—good times that opened up to Jane Waters a hitherto unknown world, unknown at least in reality. Together they visited all the theaters; they dined and supped at the restaurants and hotels; there were even several gala nights at the opera; there were long spins into the country in Egerton's car, and last but not least there were the weekly country-club dances.

Egerton had taken Jane to the first of these in some trepidation. At the Club there were sure to be a host of his friends; not that he was ashamed of Jane in any way, but he had no idea of whether she danced well or not, and he had never seen her in formal evening dress. On that last score he need have had no fear; thanks to her own innate taste and the dress-maker's skill Jane's gown was almost perfection; her hair was dressed in a fashion that made the most of the well-shaped curve of her head and she was, if not pretty, at least a nice-looking young woman with an attractive smile and interesting eyes. As for the dancing, of course she was hopelessly behind the times, but she followed readily, and under Egerton's capable leadership, made immeasurable progress. Altogether the evening was a success and thereafter it was tacitly understood that the dance was to be one of their weekly engagements.

Egerton's friends, too, grew to like the gray-eyed girl with the delicious sense of humor. Several of the men called on her, some in company with Egerton, some alone. One of them took her to the theater and another asked her to motor with him. Then there was the growing friendship with Egerton's married sister, Mrs. Freddie Lane, who had taken a great fancy to her. And on one never-to-be-forgotten occasion, Mrs. Freddie had asked Egerton to bring Jane out to spend Sunday in her pretty suburban home.

It was Jane's first glimpse of real home life and she enjoyed every minute of her day. To her, Mrs. Freddie seemed the luckiest of women with her pretty house, her two fat and canning babies and especially the adoration of her big quiet husband. Jane was very silent on the long drive back to the city—so much so that Egerton turned to her several times on the point of twitting her about it but refrained on account of the preoccupied look in her eyes.

"Tired, lady?" he finally ventured to ask as they slowed down before Jane's boarding house. She came out of her abstraction with a start.

"I'm afraid I've been mighty poor company," she said contritely, "but I guess that I am—well, rather tired."

She did not go to bed as soon as she reached her room however. Slowly she undressed, and then in her dressing-gown, sat down at her desk, propped her face on her hands and stared straight ahead of her for a long, long time. There was in her face that fixed immobility that a gambler assumes as a mask when he is contemplating staking his all on one last throw of the dice. At last with an exclamation she rose, turned out the light and went to bed.

At the dance that week there was a new man who had come with one of Egerton's friends. Jane did not happen to meet him, but the following week Egerton came to her and said, "Do you remember the man whom Kemp had with him last week? He's here again to-night and he has asked to be presented to you. His name is Wilkins and he seems to think that he knew you years ago. Would you care to meet him?"

"Why yes," agreed Miss Waters, "although I'm sure he must be mistaken about knowing me. I've never met anyone by the name of Wilkins I'm sure."

"Of course I couldn't expect you to remember me, Miss Waters," said Mr. Wilkins when the introduction had been made, "because I have never really met you. But years ago down at Champaign we were in the same Ethics division. I was taking it over for the third time and still knew nothing, so I used to look with wonder upon you as you seemed to know everything. When I first saw you last week I thought there was something oddly familiar in your face, and then when I heard your name, I knew you must be the same Miss Waters of ethics fame. But I knew you wouldn't recall me as I don't think you ever knew that any of the rest of us poor devils in that class existed."

Jane blushed. "I was very busy with my work just then, Mr. Wilkins, and had little time for anything else."

Mr. Williams smiled gaily.

"I never contracted such bad habits. The motto of my

course was 'Never let your studies interfere with your regular college career' and consequently I never got my diploma. Bad ethics perhaps but good fun. And speaking about bad ethics reminds me of your famous recitation on loaded dice." Jane started. "Do you remember it? No? Well I do—it made a profound impression on me because you defended loaded dice if the stake justified their use."

Jane was patently embarrassed by these recollections.

"Now, Mr. Wilkins," she protested uneasily, "do you think it's very nice to compliment me on being a good ethics student one minute and then accuse me of anything so hopelessly unethical as upholding loaded dice the next? Is that fair?" appealing to Egerton.

"Oh, no offence I assure you" soothed Mr. Wilkins, "you've probably changed your views now anyhow. Have you?"

But Jane had recovered her gaiety.

"I'm not an ethics student any longer so I refuse to discuss it. I'm not interested in loaded dice or anything else at this minute except dancing. Oh, a hesitation," as the music began again. "Quick, Donald, don't let's miss a minute of it," and she swung off in Egerton's arms.

Apparently Mr. Wilkins was pleased with the discovery of his old class mate. He danced with her four times and at last obtained permission to call upon her. And after that first call his attentions increased until they were soon vying with those of the devoted Mr. Egerton. Indeed between the two, Miss Waters was engaged every night. One afternoon she called up Egerton and asked him to postpone his visit for that evening.

"You see," she explained, "the alumni chapter of Mr. Wilkins' fraternity is to give a dance this evening and I'm sure to see some of the people I used to know in college so of course I'm anxious to go. You understand, don't you? Besides I thought you might like to have a vacation for once."

"Of course, I understand," he assented stiffly and then she rang off. Strangely enough he was irritated. Suddenly he realized that that had been his constant state for the past week or two, although he had never acknowledged it to himself. And all because of the growing intimacy between that

infernal upstart Wilkins and the girl who employed him as paid escort! Ah, there was the rub. Paid escort! After all, who could blame her for breaking an engagement with him when she had a voluntary escort instead? Fool that he was to have undertaken the job!

As for Miss Waters, she was having "the time of her life." The experience was so novel that she revelled in every moment of it. Encouraged by her first attempt, she ventured to break two or three other engagements with Egerton in order to sup or dance with the lively Mr. Wilkins. The jolly comradeship existing between herself and Egerton seemed in danger of a nervous breakdown; he was sarcastically talkative and moodily quiet by turns; there were long strained silences between them. At last matters came to an open break over the question of the Thanksgiving dance at the Club. He had taken it for granted that she would go with him and he was enraged when she announced that she was going with Wilkins. There were hot words, he lost his temper, and finally Jane's patience was exhausted.

"After all," she said pointedly, "I can't exactly see what right you have to object to my actions or to question them."

Egerton whitened.

"You are perfectly right," he said quickly. "I beg your pardon for presuming to forget for an instant that I am only your—paid escort," bitterly, "you have reminded me most opportunely. I will relieve you of the necessity of having anything more to do with me by resigning my position at once. There seems to be no further need of me. And before I leave," taking an envelope from his pocket, "allow me to return this to you. It belongs to you, I think." He laid the envelope in her lap, and before she could answer, he was gone.

Wonderingly she opened the envelope; a sheaf of checks fell out—all her salary checks to him—uncancelled, and then J. A. Waters, Gambler, put her head down on her lap and cried in a very womanish fashion.

She did not see Egerton again until Thanksgiving night. He was not at the dance and she missed him. Somehow or other she was not enjoying herself very much. At last she invented a headache and begged Wilkins to take her home early.

On their way out they passed the card room. Egerton was standing in the doorway and he nodded frigidly to her and then stared straight ahead. The cold salutation brought the color to her cheeks. She felt a sudden unreasoning anger against him, against herself, Wilkins, everybody in fact. She had sent the checks to him the day after their break and they had come back immediately with no word or explanation. The episode was apparently closed as far as he was concerned.

The days passed and Jane plunged deep into her editorial work. She tried to write, too, but somehow not even her recent experiences could furnish her with inspiration. She would throw her pen down and gaze moodily into space, a thousand conflicting thoughts whirling around in her head, and in all this chaos there was not one from which she might shape a story. Wilkins continued to call but she seldom went out with him now and usually sent him home early with the plea of fatigue. She absolutely refused to go to the Country Club again. To the friends whom she had made there she gave the excuse of too much work.

"We're awfully busy just now," she would say over the 'phone when they inquired where she had been keeping herself, "and I'm always so tired at night that I've almost stopped going out. After the holidays there'll be a lull and then I'll turn over a new leaf."

Only to Mrs. Freddie Lane did she tell anything more. Mrs. Freddie had called for her at the office one afternoon and whisked her away to tea. They chatted for a while about impersonal things and then Mrs. Freddie leaned across the table and took Jane's hand in hers.

"There's no use trying to deny it to me, Janie dear," she said, "I know that you and that precious brother of mine have had a fuss. No, he hasn't told me, but I could guess from the increased grouchiness of his soul and your complete disappearance from our set. 'Easy' is the worst person in the world to get along with; he's always been so spoiled and petted that he's cross when he can't have his own way; Now what was the trouble anyhow? Did he get jealous of Mr. Wilkins?"

Jane colored; then on a sudden impulse she resolved to tell Mrs. Freddie the true story of the relationship between Eger-

ton and herself. She told it stammeringly, keeping her eyes fixed upon her plate in uneasy embarrassment. What would his sister think of her? And at the end of it all, much to her surprise, Mrs. Freddie burst into a peal of laughter.

"How perfectly delicious!" she cried, wiping her eyes into which the laughing tears had come, "I think it's the funniest joke I've ever heard. You funny, funny girl!" and she laughed again.

But Jane could see no reason for her hilarity. She liked Egerton's sister however and was glad that the truth had made no difference to her. Mrs. Freddie carried Jane home to spend the night with her and the babies and somehow after this, matters looked a little brighter and at last she was even able to write part of a serial story that her magazine had ordered.

It was dusk the next afternoon when she left the office. She had stayed later than usual in order to typewrite the installment she had written the night before. As she left the building, she saw Egerton walking towards her. She nodded quickly and would have hurried by but he stepped in front of her, effectually blocking her progress.

"Jane," he said steadily, "I've been a fool and I want to tell you so. Will you come to dinner with me so that I can explain?"

She caught her breath.

"I—I can't," she stammered. "I—I'm going to dinner with Mr. Wilkins and I'm late now and"—but she broke down in the midst of her hastily fabricated lie.

Egerton flushed.

"I don't care," he said quietly, but there was a hint of mastery in his voice, "I want you to come with me. I think I have the right to ask it now." She blushed and looked away. "And if you refuse I think I shall be forced to carry you to the car," he threatened with a suspicion of laughter about his mouth.

Then suddenly her mood changed.

"All right," she assented gaily, "I bet I can beat you to the car," and she ran to the curbstone.

When Miss Waters awoke the next morning the first sensation she felt was one of happiness. It was inexplicable at first

and then she remembered. Slowly with a happy little sigh she drew her left hand from under the coverlet and watched the sunbeams dance and play on the many facets of her new ring. Then a sudden thought struck her and she sprang out of bed and went to the telephone.

"Hello, Mr. Wilkins?" she asked when she had been given her number, "this is Jane Waters. I want to see you very soon—this morning if possible. Can't you stop in on your way down town? Yes, all right, in an hour then."

She was waiting in the parlor when he came.

"I won't keep you a minute, Mr. Wilkins," she said briskly. "I just want to tell you that I'm going to give up gambling in romance. I've got all the realism I needed and now I'm going to begin to use it." She smiled curiously. "You've been a lovely escort and if you ever want a recommendation I'll give you one gladly. Now let's see—I owe you this week's salary—here it is and thank you so much."

"Thank you," replied Mr. Wilkins as he folded the check and put it in his pocket. "I've never enjoyed anything so much in my life. Perhaps you'll let me come and see you sometime? I've quite fallen into the habit you know."

Jane blushed. "I'm afraid not. You see I'm going to be married—quite soon—so it wouldn't be possible."

"Ah!" he smiled. "Let me congratulate you. It's Egerton of course? He's one of the finest fellows I know. Your last throw has turned up double sixes all right." She was scarlet now. "And you know you said yourself," he went on teasingly, "that the stake justified the use of loaded dice!"

A GARDEN ENCHANTED

GRACE ANGELA RICHMOND

Yes, I remember—when the winds blow cool,
And trickling waters murmur, and the leaves
Rustle, and cherry blossoms float upon the pool
Where once you leaned, and kissed their sweetness with your finger tips.
You said the place was haunted. So the spell it weaves
Of dreams and ecstasy and perfect pain
Is memory of you. The swallow dips
In lazy flight as yesterday; the sun shines still,
And flowers bloom as always—and I thrill
To feel your presence, though you will not win again.

N'EST-CE PAS?

DOROTHY ADAMS HAMILTON

"Good night, Dick," whispered Peggy, "I've had a *wonderful* time, and—and— well, you know!"

She closed the door gently, bolted it, and snapping off the hall lights crept softly up the stairs, hoping not to disturb her mother. But, at the top, as usual, a sleepy voice called out,

"That you, Margaret? You're pretty late."

"It's just a little after one, Mother. The dance was splendid and you ought to have—"

"Sh! Margaret, you'll wake the whole house. Go to bed, and tell me all about it in the morning—dear—" The last as two arms were thrown around her neck and an impulsive kiss was planted somewhere in the vicinity of her left eye-brow.

In her own room, Peggy stood before the mirror for a long moment apparently contemplating her flushed features. But her thoughts were not upon them. Suddenly she raised her right arm and slowly enclosed a tightly clenched fist. There, in the palm, lay a small jewelled object. It was a fraternity pin. She drew a long, tremulous ecstatic sigh. A fraternity pin, and hers. And she wasn't engaged! Oh! great achievement! What more would one ask of life? (at seventeen!)

Oh! the romance and the glory of the fraternity pin! Connected indissolubly with youth and laughter, the glamour of college social life: football games and, best of all, fraternity dances, during which occur those wonderful intermissions when the sons of the Greek alphabet draw close together in the center of the room, and lifting their voices in song, assure you with great gusto that, "You won't go to heaven when you die unless you're a Beta Theta Pi;" or that, "We are, we are, we are we are, we are the Alpha Tans"—as the case may be. You sitting in your best dress, at the side of the room, and listening to those strong masculine voices, feel your heart swell within you. You think it must be wonderful to be a man if you could belong to a fraternity. However you realize that you would have to be a pretty fine man to have such a privilege—and you

look at George or Tom or Charlie with a new respect, when he returns from his brethren to claim you for the following extra. Still, fraternity men are at their glory collectively—it is then that they inspire oh! how many rapid heart-beats in the erst-while frozen bosoms of their lady-loves—and were it not for one thing, as individuals, I fear they would remain merely George or Tom or Charlie. But they have the talisman that sets them ever a little apart from the common herd—*that pin!*

It is the pride of their neophyte days: it is ever a blessing in times of financial embarrassment, (being welcome at the pawn shop) and it is always admired and coveted by the youthful “female of the species!” On them, however, it cannot be bestowed. For, what would you? Have they not sworn that only their wives shall wear it? They are men now—no longer in high school—and a pin means something. To be sure, occasionally a man will be seen without his pin, but to the excited inquiries of his brothers is sure to reply with studied nonchalance, “What! isn’t it on? I must have left it on my other suit!” (providing, of course, he *has* another suit—still there are always pajamas.) As for the girls—but how we have digressed! Let the tale tell.

Peggy had achieved that pinnacle of fame, that height of freedom, wherein one has a fraternity pin and still is unattached! How had she done it? Who knows? He had asked her to wear it—and she had refused, saying she could not be bound to anyone yet. He had replied that she need not be, but wouldn’t she please wear it? Just as a sign that she cared for him a little and might some day care more? He insisted upon it! And of course if a man insists—what could a girl do? She just couldn’t bear to hurt him—one does hate hurting people so when one is seventeen—and has never worn a fraternity pin!

Peggy’s life was full of excitement for the next few days. Hilda, her chum, must know of the secret, but of course the pin had to be kept secret from the world—the prying would ever look out for a chance to point the finger and cry, “You’re engaged—you’ve got a fraternity pin!” And then Peggy’s mother had to be told, and reassured repeatedly about the significance of the little Greek emblem, for *she had married a*

fraternity man. But Peggy managed this so well, that from her tale of Dick's utter disinterestedness one would quite have believed that he was merely a benevolent young man who gave all his friends jeweled fraternity pins as a seal of his "kind feelings" for them.

And then Dick came to call. Peggy went down stairs, fastening the pin as she went, into the lace at her throat with fingers that trembled slightly—you see this was the first time she had seen Dick since "that night."

They talked for a while, about the weather, the next game and so forth, and then there was a pause. Peggy found herself unconsciously unclasping the pin, and pricking it in and out of the green velour arm of her chair. Dick followed the movements of her hand. Then he said in a strange voice,

"What's that you've got?"

"A pin," said Peggy dimpling, supposing he was trying to tease her.

"What kind?"

"Why, what difference does that make?" said Peggy coquettishly.

"Peg! I want to know what kind of a pin that is!" was the harsh reply, and jumping up, Dick strode to the window.

"Why Dick!" exclaimed Peggy looking up wide-eyed with surprise. One glance at his belligerent back was enough, and she sat up very straight and put on a haughty air.

"Well, she said coldly, "I suppose if you *must* know, it's a fraternity pin!"

"What!" cried Dick, turning abruptly.

"Yes," she repeated, "And I don't see why you should be so huffy about it."

"But Peggy," said Dick, in a pained way, "You have *mine*."

"I know it, but that wouldn't prevent me from having some one else's would it? You *said* I should be perfectly free. Didn't you? Didn't you?"

"Oh! Lord," groaned Dick miserably. "But I didn't think you'd ever—*who is this fellow?*"

"Oh! I don't think I care to tell you."

"Do I know him?"

"Oh! yes."

"Does he know you have my pin?"

"Yes indeed!" (with an injured air.)

"And he is still willing that you should have his?"

"Why—I *think* so. He was a little while ago."

"A little while ago! Do you mean to say *he* has been here this afternoon too?"

"Uh huh," (calmly.)

"Well he must be a cad! To let you have his pin when he knows—look here, Peg, let me *see* the pin."

"No, sir! His name is on the back," drawled Peggy tantalizing.

"Well, I won't look at the back! Just let me see what fraternity it is."

"No, sir," repeated Peggy with that maddening upward inflection.

Dick looked at her angrily, and picked up his cap.

"Oh! Well," said Peggy, "If you are going to act like that *look* at the pin." She handed it to him and then leaned back and laughed.

Dick turned all the colors of the rainbow. He thrust his hands into his pockets and took a turn up and down the room, feeling as foolish as the proverbial parlor must have felt when the pig walked into it.

"I didn't tell a single untruth" laughed Peggy. Then, as an after thought—"But of course I can't wear the pin any more."

"You can't!" exclaimed Dick. "Well, I'd just like to know why not!"

"Well," said Peggy "You see how you acted when you thought I had some other chap's pin. Not exactly—disinterested—"

"No, but Peg, I didn't think you would—"

"Well, why shouldn't you? Anyway we shan't argue. Here it is. Take it."

"Oh Peggy—"

"No, I insist, I'm not angry, and of course we'll always be friends—"

Dick looked at Peggy closely. There were no signs of relenting in her steady gray eyes, so with the best grace possible he accepted the pin, picked up his cap and left. It is too bad that he did not look back, or else that he was not better versed

in the love of womanhood—for Peggy was only in earnest as long as he let her be. But poor Dick did not know this, and went forth dejected.

He wandered aimlessly around the campus of his Alma Mater for a while, meditating sadly on the mysterious ways of women—and none too complementarily. He sat down by an artificial pool where the water was so clear that he could see the bottom.

"Well," he thought, "This is the last I shall have to do with women. They are all alike and if they don't trick you one way they do another!" He took out the pin, gazed upon it, and hated it in his soul. "Darn you," he soliloquized, "You're the cause of all this trouble. Well, if Peg won't wear you, at least no other ever shall." So saying, he rose dramatically, and cast it into the pool. He watched it falling, falling—when the ripples had run away, he could see it—a little dark object on the cement bottom.

"Hey Dick! what's eatin' you? Lost your last friend?"

"Oh! hello Bud, what d'you want?"

"Well, you old grouch! Think you have an option on this place? Come on cheer up. Six of us are going to town for dinner and the theater—Elsie Janis—"

"Huray!" cried Dick. Suddenly he remembered his grief—with a guilty wonder that anything at such a time could prove attractive. "Well, damn women anyway," he reflected. This was *very* strong. He felt better. "All right, Bud," he said with a quiet recklessness, most suited to tragedy he thought, "We'll go the limit."

"That's the talk. S'long."

Dick remained behind for a few moments, but somehow the peaceful melancholy of the spot had lost its charm. Still, he stared steadily into the pool, whistling between his teeth very, very softly. Suddenly he took off his coat, and rolled up his sleeves. Surely our hero is not contemplating suicide in so shallow a pool and in his shirt sleeves! His right arm shot forward—down—ah! he has the little dark object. The tragic climax is over—"Richard is himself again!"

And so, the following Friday night at a small fraternity dance, Dick saw Peggy not without some embarrassment but

certainly with no misgivings—for had she not said they would always be friends? Therefore he was much surprised to have her receive him quite coldly. During their dance, she seemed not at all inclined to talk. Dick tried all the conventional topics of floor, weather and decoration without success, and finally quite nonplussed, he said,

"Well, Peggy, what have I done now to offend you? You said you'd always be my friend."

"Well, I am your friend," was the answer in a small voice.

"The deuce you are! What makes you act so then?"

"Act how?"

"Don't quibble." Dick stopped dancing and taking her arm, led her into the living room and seated her on the sofa, and himself beside her.

"Now, tell me." Dick said this quietly, and yet forcefully. He felt she needed a master, gentle but firm—someone like himself.

"Well Dick" said Peg of vermilion cheeks and twisted handkerchief, "I don't see why you ask, for you certainly don't want me for a friend!"

"What?" shouted Dick.

"Sh!" warningly, "No, you don't. If you did, you wouldn't have wanted your pin back."

"I *wanted* my pin back! You made me take it!"

"No, I didn't, for if you hadn't wanted it, nothing could have induced you to take it. I know you too well to believe that!"

Oh! artful maiden! Is it any wonder mere men cannot make them out?

"But Peggy, you said you couldn't wear it now."

"Well, you know perfectly well that I was only fooling to see if you really wanted me to have it or not."

"You *were*? Oh Peg, I'm glad! But you must promise me this time that you won't wear any other fellow's pin!"

"Oh! no, I can't promise *that*" said Peg, "But why should I Dick, when you *know* I won't."

SKETCHES

THROUGH MIDYEARS

MARY COGGESHALL BAKER

"Mary," said my room mate in her most caressing tone of voice.

I braced my feet against the radiator and prepared for trouble. Not for nothing does Bog adopt such honey-sweet tones in addressing me. "Yes?" I responded.

"What are you doing?"

"Er—meditating."

"*What?*"

"Meditating. You see, Professor Wood says we are 'way behind the Hindoos in that respect. They are trained to it from infancy. They meditate for hours at a time until finally they completely lose themselves in Brahma. When they achieve that state they haven't a single thought in their minds. It's really quite wonderful."

"You are not very far behind the Hindoos, Mary, and I think it's remarkable the number of people you can bump into when you go mooning around the campus. I have watched you sometimes."

I said nothing.

"Having learned what your past occupation has been, we will now discuss the course of action you are to pursue in the future," continued Bog. "Didn't I hear you say that your Latin examination was going to be very hard?"

"Yes, terrible—just fiendish. We've got to learn by heart, word for word, all the things Julius Cæsar and Augustus ever said. In Latin, too."

"You would expect them to talk in Latin, wouldn't you, Mary? And, as I remember it, they talked a lot at various stages of their careers."

"Suetonius is full of quotations."

"Have you done very much about learning the quotations?"

"M,—no, not very much."

"Have you done anything at all?"

"No-o."

"When do you expect to make a beginning?" asked Bog, ever so sweetly.

I wriggled uncomfortably. "I had thought of not beginning at all," I confessed with some hesitation. "You see I could not possibly learn them all and I have five exams the first three days."

"Therefore," said Bog, throwing aside her mask and becoming suddenly stern, "You sit and *meditate*. Aren't you ashamed!" Before I could reply, she continued, "Last summer, Mary, after your report card arrived in July, I promised your mother that I would try to prevent a repetition of anything of that sort. She felt it quite keenly. I don't see how your mother ever happened to have such a lazy daughter as you."

"Why," said I, "that is exactly what Athena said to Nausicaa when she was trying to get her started toward the river near which the much enduring, godlike Odysseus was lying asleep. You see—"

"The Greek exam. does not come until a week from Monday, so we'll let Odysseus rest a little longer," interrupted Bog. "Just now, you may begin learning 'veni, vidi, vici', 'the die is cast,' and all the others. Hop to it, my son."

I sighed. "I wish you would not be so brutally insistent, Bog dear. Do you know, I saw the cutest little powder puff and box to keep your powder in, downtown, yesterday. You would love it, and I was thinking of getting it for you. You have wanted one for such a long time."

Bog bit her lip in ill concealed desire. She *did* want those little toilet accessories very much, but she could not get them for herself because her mother thought they fostered vanity and extravagance. Of course, though, if someone should give

them to her, her mother could have nothing to say. That would not be Bog's fault. And, for the sake of politeness, if for nothing else, she would have to use up the first batch of powder which I should supply. Besides, both she and her mother are thrifty and they would not believe in wasting even powder. So Bog hesitated a fraction of a minute. But she is a product of the stony soil of New Hampshire. She is afflicted with a hard head and that malady which is commonly known as the New England conscience.

"Don't attempt to bribe me, Mary," she said, sternly. "I know my duty when I see it. Take your Suetonius, child, and go to work. Don't be sulky. Remember, it is for your own good and I am trying to help you."

For my own good! That is what they always say when they impose disagreeable tasks upon me. All my life people have been making me do things for my own good. I had hoped when I came away to college that it would be different. I carefully concealed from my new acquaintances all vestiges of my former dependence on others. I would be polite, accommodating, and open to suggestion, but in the last analysis, I would follow the dictates of my own sweet will. Alas for my noble resolutions! In that grand opening lottery, in which the entering freshman stakes herself and draws anything from a deuce to a queen for a room mate, I drew Bog. Within twenty-four hours her keen eyes had penetrated the thin veneer of my pretensions, and I was obeying her as abjectly as I had obeyed my family, relatives, friends, acquaintances, and the cats at home. For two years and a half I continued to do so. Now, suddenly, I felt indignant and rebellious.

"Bog," I said firmly, raising myself to my full height of five feet one and a half, "you have ordered me around long enough, and I am tired of it. Hereafter, you will kindly refrain. When you want me to do anything, preface your request with 'please.' Do not attempt to help me. I am old enough now to take care of myself. I was twenty-one years old last month. You are still only twenty, and a minor in the eyes of the law. If you will agree to the new basis of relationship, well and good. If not, I shall take a single room next year. I hope we can continue to be room mates. You own

the tea kettle and the bookcase. I own the tea table and the books. It would be too bad to break up the set. But, if necessary, it can be done and it shall be done."

I paused for lack of breath and further ideas. Bog, who had at first looked as if she were inclined to squelch me for impudence, changed her mind. "I'm glad you have explained your attitude, Mary," she said, quietly, "I did not know how you felt. I hope we can continue to room together. I am sure we can." She turned away abruptly, took a sheet of note paper from a box and rapidly wrote a few lines. "There," she said, addressing an envelope and putting the note inside, "I have written to your mother asking her to release me from my promise. I shall mail the letter this evening."

"And I need not learn the quotations?" I asked, joyfully.

"Please consult your own wishes, Mary." Bog turned away to her desk and opened her Spanish book. The silence which followed was broken only by the musical phrases of *Gil Blas*. Bog studies in an undertone. I sat down again—free to meditate. But the desire to meditate was gone.

"I wish I had something to read," I ventured, after an uncomfortable interval. No answer. I cleared my throat. "Bog," I said, quite loudly, "have you any entertaining literature there?"

Bog stopped concentrating long enough to pass me two magazines. "There are the 'Ladies' Home Journal' and the 'Atlantic Monthly.' They are both fair this month." She buried her nose in her book again.

I opened the "Atlantic Monthly." I would show that I was worthy, in every way, of freedom. But none of the articles looked interesting and I back-slid to the "Ladies' Home Journal." That was flat, not even sensational. Perhaps I should feel better if I took a walk. "It's awfully stuffy in here," I said, by way of leading up to a revelation of my plan. This time Bog heard me at once. She got up and opened the window.

"I think it's pretty cold, myself," she said, pleasantly, "but I'll go in Aphrodite's room." She went out with her books, and I was left in full possession of the field. I remained there about two minutes, hanging over the radiator in a vain effort to keep warm, but I nearly froze. Then I got into my coat

and put on my hat and Bog's fur-lined gloves. I wear them a great deal. I use Bog's clothes a lot anyway and she is very generous about lending me things. It would be most inconvenient if we did not live together next year. But why worry—we were going to. Bog said so.

When I got outside the door, I thought a minute and then I started slowly up the street. I would call on my favorite faculty. She is my favorite faculty for a great many reasons. One of her most lovable qualities is her sympathy and helpfulness when one is in distress. I have often wished that I had a trouble to go to her about, that I might be sympathized with as some of my more fortunate friends have been. Now, suddenly, my wish was fulfilled. I should tell her how blue I was and she would make me happy again. Then another thought struck me and dashed my hopes to the ground. Doubtless she would wish to know the cause of my sorrow in order that she might be intelligently sympathetic. I should have to tell her that I did not wish to learn those prosy old quotations from Suetonius. And then she would be anything but sympathetic. For my faculty is a thorough scholar. She is trying to make a thorough scholar of me too. In her courses I have to consume whole loaves of the bread and butter of solid facts and information between my nibbles of dessert in the shape of poetry, pictures, flowers and moonlight, which we both enjoy so much. True, she always requires that the dessert be sampled but her written lessons cannot be passed unless one knows the bread from crust to crust, inclusive. She would be even sterner than Bog had been. She would point the finger of scorn at me and say, "Shirk! Aren't you ashamed of yourself!" I should be unhappier than ever. That would never do. I must keep as far away from her as possible.

I changed my direction and went to see Jean. Jean is the weakest willed of all my friends. She even minds me sometimes, and I always feel that I am on an equal footing with her. I climbed four flights of stairs and knocked on the door. "Come in," cried two voices in unison. Oh, rats! Ruth was at home too. I went in. Ruth and Jean were studying hard. They did not even look up. "Come on out to walk, Jean," I said, "You need the air."

Jean raised her head a little. "Perhaps it would do me good," she murmured, with a sidelong glance at Ruth.

"Jean has too much to do to go walking," broke in Ruth decidedly, "and judging from your recitations in Logic, you ought to be studying right now yourself. At any rate, I'll thank you not to disturb *our* modest efforts to meet our academic obligations. Please go away."

Jean bent over her book again and I knew it was useless to urge her. She would not dare to come with me. Sore at my rebuff, I closed the door with a slam and went down the stairs. I hate Ruth. I am glad I do not room with her. Bog is always polite to outsiders at least.

Then I did a rather despicable thing. I went to see the one freshman of the five I had written to who had turned out to be congenial. Freshmen are proverbially waxy and easy to work. They are always afraid to refuse an upperclassman's invitation for fear of offending her. So I could not help feeling mean when I went past Dorothy's "Busy" sign into her room. "Come on down to Kingsley's with me, Dorothy," I said, in my most hot-chocolatey tone. But things had happened to Dorothy since our last encounter. Her best beloved senior had proved unworthy of the devotion lavished upon her. Moreover, Dorothy had been one of that pathetic group which crowded the registrar's office and overflowed into the corridor shortly after the last "meeting of the teachers of the first class." Official warnings sometimes develop backbones even in the weakest of us. There was danger that Dorothy might not be even a freshman much longer. She explained. "I'm sorry, Mary, but from now on I shall have to study night and day for a while, I am afraid."

"I am sorry, too, Dorothy," I said, generously, "but don't worry. People who stick it out till after Christmas always stay. And after Midyears we'll have a lovely bat."

I went downtown alone to a drugstore unfrequented by college people. I had a solitary hot chocolate. It was not very good. "Your cream has begun to turn," I said to the clerk, after I had finished drinking it, "but I'll pay just the same." I put down my money and walked out. Main Street was almost deserted. The few people I met were citizens. There

were no college girls in sight. "It is too cold for them to be out," I said to myself, shivering, "or else—they're studying for Mideyears."

Studying for Mideyears. Ruth and Jean and Dorothy and even my brilliant and clever Bog were all studying for Mideyears. So were sixteen hundred other girls. But in spite of their studying some of them were sure to move down a peg in the catalogue. Others would develop trouble with their eyes and we should see them no more about the campus. To be sure, the large majority would maintain their equilibrium and their present standing. But what would become of me? Should I be one of the happy majority or one of the submerged tenth? Suppose I should become a member of that horrid '17 class! I should have to unlearn all the Even songs and sing unmelodious Odd ditties across the gymnasium right in the faces of my old pals. But—horrible thought! Perhaps even that would not be left to me. Sometimes stray juniors accompanied freshman failures in the sad post-Mideyears exodus. Dorothy and Mary might be seatmates on their way to New York and academic oblivion. The Office might forcibly separate me from Bog, regardless of our furniture. Bog—*dear* Bog, whose fur-lined gloves were keeping my hands warm that very minute. Bog, who had shared my joys, my sorrows and my boxes from home for two and a half years. Bog, who had refused to eat the night that they thought I had become despondent and jumped off Hadley Bridge. I could not *bear* to go away from Bog. I ought to be *willing* to do as she said. She never let other people pick on me, and her own commands were wise and sensible. A few blocks away, Bog was studying industriously what she already knew pretty well. Here was I, standing on a street corner, refusing to study what I did not know. She was warm and comfortable and happy. The wind was blowing icy blasts through every part of me excepting my hands which were protected by Bog's gloves. I was unhappy.

I walked up the street faster than I had come down. I reached the house. Our windows were dark and still open. Thank Heaven, Bog was not in. I did not wish to see her just then. I went up quietly and closed the windows. I fumbled around through the litter which always covers my desk. Final-

ly, I had to light a match to find what I was looking for. If you had been there before the match flickered and went out you might have seen what it was, a little brown book entitled, "Suetonius' Lives of the Caesars." Quietly I sneaked out and steered my course toward the Library and the grind room.

The next day was Sunday. I studied unobtrusively in other girls' rooms. Bog continued to be polite and affable, but impersonal. I continued to be unhappy so I went to church. Sometimes religion helps. But the well known words, "We have done those things that we ought not to have done and left undone those things that we ought to have done," took a new and direful meaning. I came away not much benefited.

I studied and studied. Midyears came and went. The college settled back and drew its collective breath in relief. Only in our room, the 'old order had changed, yielding place to new.' No longer did Bog lay her wise and beneficent commands upon me. She did not say as formerly, "Mary, take me down to Kingsley's." Instead, she would ask me in the gentlest of tones if I would please come down to Kingsley's and be treated. In the old days, I should have gone in a minute. Conscious now that I alone was responsible for my actions and their consequences, I usually felt it necessary to refuse with a "Thank you, no, Bog. I've got to study." Many pleasures slipped by me thus. Mother had written that she was glad that I was developing a will of my own. But I was sad. I had no sense to direct the will. I was a ship, helplessly wandering over the bounding billows of college life, bereft of rudder and pilot. I could not go on thus forever. Something must be done.

Valentine's Day came and with it the official valentines. The post man had hardly time to throw them down before the girls crowded around the table and opened theirs with mingled cries of disappointment or satisfaction. I picked out mine from the bottom of the pile and went up to my room where there would be no witnesses. With trembling fingers, I mutilated the envelope and drew out the card. I breathed a sigh of relief. Bog came in. "How is it, Mary?" she asked, "All right, I hope." I was thrilled at the anxious note in her voice. She did love me a little, still.

"Yes. I passed my Latin, Bog—and all the other things."

"I'm so glad," said Bog heartily, as she sat down at her desk and began to gloat over her own card. I took an admiring peek at it and then I got a package out of my drawer. "Bog," said I, timidly coming up in back of her, "the season for Christmas gifts is past and your birthday is not till next September. But will you take this little thing as a valentine from me?"

She opened the package in surprised silence and then gave a cry of delight. "Mary! you *nice* thing!" she said, with the first genuine feeling she had exhibited for a month. The valentine was a box of powder and a powder puff.

"And, Bog dear, I do not want to be independent any longer. I am incapable of intelligent self government. Will you please order me around again?"

"Sure," said my obliging room mate, cheerfully, as she moved over toward the looking-glass. "Turn on the steam, Mary. Did you think this was a cold storage plant?"

Joyfully, I jumped to obey. The dove of domestic peace settled down once more over our happy and reunited household.

ON SPARROWS

MARIE EMILIE GILCHRIST

Do sparrows bathe in puddles cold
Because it makes them warm and tinglish?
Ah no! 'Tis instinct, ages old,—
They bathe because they're English!
Do birds stay single when they fail
To suit another's whim?
Do spinster birds live "on the branch",
And do they call it "limb"?

MOTLEY'S THE ONLY WEAR

DOROTHY HOMANS

I have always envied Melancholy Jacques, for he met "a fool in the forest." What better company could you have than a forest and a fool? Of course, to know the charm of these two friends, you must be something of a philosopher, something of a devotée of the Comic Muse and something of an idler. Because a fool knows well the value of taking his time or skipping ahead of it. As for the forest, it takes strides a century long.

To my thinking, if you really love the forest, it is better to enter those "enchanted woods" alone, unless you may have your best friend with you or meet a Fool. Because to walk with one whose spirit as well as whose pace is out-of-step, as Frank Stockton says, "spoils everything like a raw oyster in a cup of tea."

To care for the woods, you must be quick and idle, dreamy and curious. A Fool has these qualities. He scrambles up the bank and has plucked the "rather primrose," long before lazy you or I have seen the pale gold cups; with equal goodwill he flings himself under an oak, and pelts the darting squirrels with acorns; or he may sit cross-legged on a bank of moss with the sunlight falling in golden splashes through the leaves and think of nothing in particular, unless it be that this is a pleasant world; again he may wander among the alders and scrub willows, watching the still stream

"That swemyn fal of smale fisches lighte
With fynmys rede and skies syloger bryghte";

he leaves the woods,

"When the bubble moon is going
Roun' the sources of the breeze
Like a yellow lantern hung
In the tops of blackened trees."

He touches lightly the strings of his lute. The man in the moon, winking at the fool, says,

"It's time for bed, Sir Fool."

"Yes, and soon it will be time for dying. But I intend to set up all night. Can you stop me?" And the Fool dances down the road, his cox's comb and flapping jacket making mad shadows on the hedge rows.

The way a Fool grasps life is to my mind a fine and brave one. Some peoplesay that great sorrows have befallen fools, so, to cover hurt hearts, they jest. Perhaps. That is courageous. But best of all, I like to look upon fools as those who are always "having the time of their lives." They like to peer about the world, but what they see does not make them pull long faces, where other people would make a great bother and moan,

"If only this were that; and that were this; how much better the world would be, my dear." A Fool would see as clearly as they, the unpleasantness of things, for he is no fool, but he has got one of the really magic things in this world, a sense of humor, so he says

"If cats were only kittens
And rats were only mice
And elder berries younger berries,
Now wouldn't that be nice?"

I like a Fool's dress as well as I like his temper. Yes, "motley's the only wear." How I should enjoy myself, in more senses than one, if conventions and fashion plates permitted me to wear violet and silver motley, or scarlet and flame gold, or any of the sunset colors. I should be a sunset all to myself, and save a large amount of time usually spent in running to the western window. But best of all, I should have the silver bells which would bob up and down and twinkle as I skipped or cut capers in the meadow. For one of the Fool's greatest privileges is that he may cut capers and pass unrebuked.

Fools make good pictures. Gordon Craig draws excellent Fools; so does Maxfield Parrish, but the best pictures of Fools I have run across are W. Heath Robinson's in the Christmas edition of "Twelfth Night," especially the one illustrating

"When that I was and a tiny little boy
Heigh ho the wind and the rain!"

It shows a rosy-checked little boy in blue and brown motley, curled up on a stone wall; behind him are brown hedges and the arms of a windmill dark against an orange and scarlet sky. Another picture shows Feste when he has come to "man's estate": he walks bravely across bleak plains; a gale is blowing, which drives sombre clouds across the sky; down in a hollow shows the light from a cottage window, but "'gainst thieves and knaves men shut their gates" so the Fool must foot it gaily into the dusk.

I think it is a great pity that jesters have become a part of the "once upon a time there lived" people. Their places have been taken by those who bear the worst things in the world as bravely as the jesters, I grant that. But what I hold against them is that they do act grimly and with clenched teeth. The better way would be to take all things gaily and never forget,

"They say that at the core of it,
That life is all regret,
But we've scarce learned the lore of it
We're only youngsters yet.
We only ask some more of it, some more of it, some more of it,
We only ask some more of it, the less we're like to get.

Though ill may be the close of it
It's fair enough at morn
And the manner to dispose of it
Is just to pluck the rose of it
When first the rose is born,
Is just to pluck the rose of it
And the devil may take the thorn."

ABOUT COLLEGE

THE HOUSE MEETING

ELSIE GREEN

It was after seven o'clock in the evening. The Houses had assembled rather cozily about the campus for a House meeting. The House of the President, standing beside College Hall, spoke.

"Will the meeting please come to order?" Not a House stirred from its original position.

"May I say just a word," continued the House of the President, "about things in general? It seems to me there are several matters concerning which we need to be extremely considerate in these uncertain times. The first item to be considered is the condition of our campus. We have been very careless about this matter all winter."

The Houses were silent as they looked at each other guiltily. Each stole a quick glance at the St. John's Church, the one always in the midst of things, yet never taking part. Had she been calmly watching the disfigurement of the campus and complaining about it? That was the trouble with the St. John's Church. She was not one of them. She expected them to be too good and the Houses could not do it.

"And then," said the House of the President, "There is the matter of punging. You are expected not to pung below the drinking fountain."

This seemed to affect nobody but Baldwin and Albright whose very nature was to slide down hill. They groaned.

"Also our lack of punctuality" went on the voice of the House of the President. "We are getting careless about punctuality at meals, at chapel and at classes."

Everyone looked at Biological. She was a stout well-built Freshman, who succeeded in taking up most of the room behind Libe.

"I can't help it," she said. "I tell you I can't. I haven't any clock and if I went by the four that Libe has, I'd be in perpetual agony, because they don't agree."

But here Libe turned. "Well, if you weren't always moping around wishing you could go skating or being so much taken up with bones and buds and bugs you wouldn't always be behind time."

"You'll have to settle that for yourself, Biological," said the House of the President with dignity. "We have forgotten you thus far in your college career." Biological subsided rather grumpily, but Students' Building, a fat, homely Junior, much given to dancing and clubs, and well liked by all, leaned over and whispered,

"Never mind, the House of the President and College Hall like to think they can run things. Its easier to let them think so." But even as she said it she flashed a smile hooved Students' Building to keep on good terms with the dignitaries and she knew it.

By this time, John M. Greene Hall was getting noisy. She had been whispering ceaselessly. Others on the campus were also noisy. College Hall was having difficulty with Music Hall in Senior Pew. It was not Music Hall's nature to be quiet.

"Will this meeting please come to order?" said the House of the President. "Libe, if you can't be quiet, you'll have a public opinion written about you. Also, what we need most is an isolated Music Hall." But Music Hall did not stir.

"The question of having a night watchman or not has been brought up again. It has been found that you are not observing study hours and you are not putting out your lights at ten. The present system seems to have failed. Some of you want an honor system. You may discuss it now.

"Madame President," came the voice of Tyler House, a good natured Junior. "I should like to speak for the honor system. I find it extremely hard to suit the night watchman. He always looks to see if I am keeping the ten o'clock rule before he does any of the rest of you."

"That's so," said Morris House. "But it is such fun to tease a night watchman," she whispered to Lawrence House.

Then up spoke Hatfield House, who had a faculty for argument.

"Madame President," she said, "In the first place, we really have a sense of honor which it is possible to develop. In the second place, we are no longer children who must be watched. In the third place—"

But the noise drowned her out. When Music Hall had been reprimanded again and John M. Greene Hall had stopped whispering, Lawrence House had the floor.

"I think," said she, "that we must each one do her share, whichever way it is decided. We cannot pull in different directions. We must coöperate."

"I agree," said Tenney House.

"Please keep this matter in mind, and talk it over among yourselves," said the House of the President.

"All of which means that College Hall will draw up a plan and next time we will vote on it," remarked Wallace House spitefully to Dewey House.

"Oh have a heart. She's so executive, she can't help it," answered Dewey House.

"There's another thing," said the House of the President. "I should like these meetings to be better attended. We need more Houses present."

"The others are coming," said Northrop and Gillett, the inseparable Freshmen. "It was just chance and personal influence that we got here ourselves."

"Well, I'm sure I hope so," said the House of the President.

Then the Observatory spoke. She was a silent person, who by some accident or other had lost all her hair. She never took active part in affairs but just sat around and gazed imperturbably at the world and the heavens and brooded over the mysteries of life.

Punging seems so unconsequential," she murmured.

"Nobody home," said Chapin House. "Come back, little one. We dropped that subject an hour ago. Prom is under discussion now."

"Prom?" asked the Observatory in mild surprise. "Why, it's far too early for Prom."

"How about dancing at Prom?" asked Chapin House. "Is there to be dancing in the afternoon? We discussed it last time, you know."

"We'll vote now," said the House of the President. "All in favor of afternoon dances—Now those opposed. It is carried."

"I object," said Seelye Hall. "There is not a quorum present. It is not in accordance with parliamentary procedure—"

"Oh, Madame President," spoke up Chemistry Hall. "That matter of the night watchman,—Do you really think we break the ten o'clock rule so much? I have never noticed any lights on after ten to any alarming extent."

"Good reason why," snapped Libe. "You're never awake at ten."

"We certainly do break the rule, though," said College Hall. "To me, that ten o'clock rule means that the college rest begin at ten o'clock."

"Yes," said the House of the President, "I think it means a horizontal position between the sheets at ten o'clock."

"Oh-h-h," said Seelye, in surprise. "I thought it began ten minutes after the hour just like any other class."

"I move we adjourn," said Libe. "I have to cram for a written."

"We don't seem to have accomplished much this time," sighed the House of the President.

"Leave it all till next time," called the Boat House from the edge of the campus. "Let's take things easy. 'Tis a jolly life we lead."

RULES GOVERNING TRAFFIC

BARBARA CHENEY

It has been hinted more than once that we have enough rules in college, that, in fact we have too many, but this is not true. We need a new and complete set of regulations dealing with traffic. To approach the note room, one might say is simple enough, but there are various methods and the difference between them is great. The proper one is this: As you go down the last part of the stairs, read all the signs on the bulletin board opposite. If the stairs are crowded, so much the better. A good idea is to descend one step for every sign read. This will encourage those behind you. You will now have reached that tunnel-like door, the main entrance to the note room. Be very careful how you conduct yourself. Station a friend outside the "Lost and Found Room." Then seize two other friends by the arms and start forward, three abreast. You must all turn your heads back and shout at the "lost-and-found girl." In this position, charge hard through the tunnel. If you collide with anyone, let her apologize. Once inside, the great concourse, run as fast as you can and don't bother to look where you are going. Do not pause until you reach the Board, then stand close before it as long as you can. Never mind if anyone does try to push you aside. You have a perfect right to stay. If possible, knock down a few notes and walk on them till they become illegible.

At nine minutes past the hour, start toward the library. This time you need not hurry, let everyone else do that. On your trip through the tunnel stop and read the signs pinned to the wood work whether marked Honolulu Club or Fire Captains. When you reach the vestibule, if someone behind you is trying to get to a class at the Biological Building, stop and tie your shoe.

The rules for the Library should be less complex. Walk as heavily as you can and drop a book or two whenever possible. If you want to speak to anyone, don't bend down and whisper in her ear. This method is very tame and out of date. Stand

erect, preferably at the end of the table, and, emphasizing all your S's and H's, speak so you can be clearly understood. When you settle down to study, which, by the way, you should not do for at least fifteen minutes, drum on the table, chuckle or groan audibly—Be sure to make a great clatter when you leave so as to encourage those who have an hour or two more to work.

On campus, there are three main principles to observe. If on a bicycle, keep to the sidewalk and ride fast. If walking, stay on the grass. In warm weather, when the windows are open, lest the song of the birds should not be sufficient, shout "Tee-a-wee" and "Kees Papa." You should be particularly careful to observe this rule in study hour when you are near the Library or Seelye Hall.

Those who find these plans too complicated will, perhaps, be able to remember the underlying idea: Make your presence felt wherever you may be.

PSYCHOLOGY AND I

EUNICE BURR STEBBINS

I do not like Psychology. The reason, however, is very plain—Psychology, like the cucumber, does not like me. I have nothing against Psychology herself, in fact I admire her greatly as she stands behind the desk in College Hall, a tall white-clad Athena, but I do object to the veil she wears over her face. Sometimes she peeks around that veil and bestows a gracious smile on one of her favored handmaidens, then occurs what is known as a brilliant recitation; but never has she smiled on me. I clasp her knees and entreat "Psychology, unveil your noble brow to me, don't you see, daughter of Zeus, weaver of wiles in which I am frequently entrapped, that I am on the ragged edge?" But Psychology is as marble.

And not only has Psychology refused to count me among her acquaintances, but she has made me very uncomfortable, she has made my brain squirm hideously at the suggestion of neurones and those long, stringy associative things. Moreover

I used to take pleasure in animals, now when I see a kitten, I can't help thinking—"poor beast you'll never rise above the perceptual level," and I find that instead of watching its play with amusement as of yore, I am observing with knitted brow this process of error and success by which it is learning to adjust itself to its surroundings.

As for me, my process has been all error and no success. It is well for you, Psychology, to keep aloof, I like not to worship from afar, I like to hug. Some day, I shall leap up and clasp you in an enthusiastic embrace, and in the ensuing scuffle, I shall tear off your veil. But in the meantime, I do not like you, Psychology.

A CHILD'S PARDON FOR VERSES

BERNARDINE ALGERT KEISER

Art 20

The friendly Art all oils and paint,
I love with all my soul—
It fills my schedule where it ain't
A philosophic whole.

The Libe is so full of a number of thinks,
I'm sure we should all be as wise as the Sphinx.

The Rain

Official warnings everywhere
They fall like leaves from autumn-tree
Upon Celeb, and on the Team,
But mostly on the boobs like me.

Every night my prayers I say,
I go to Logic every day,
Each recitation I refuse,
Until o'erwhelmed by D's and blues.

There is a girl, not clean or neat,
Who answers smartly from front-seat;
Though I'm a stupid girl I'm sure
I'm cleanly clad and sweetly pure.

REVIEWS

Henry Sydnor Harrison is now known as the author of three books, "Queed," "V. V's Eyes," and "Angela's Business." "Queed" is a novel with a good story well and humorously told; "V. V's Eyes" is a book with a purpose; while Angela's Business," Mr. Harrison's most recent volume, is a book with a problem: that of the new woman. The story deals with the conflicting ideals of two women as seen by Charles King Garrott, Mr. Harrison's hero. Angela is the woman of the past, the girl who, "being told that she must be a wife or nothing is coincidently told that being a wife is a matter a nice girl does well to know nothing about."

Mary Wing, on the other hand, is the New Woman, the incarnation of all that is finest in the modern conception of womanhood. She teaches Charles Garrott, "an ultra-modern with conservative reactions," that a woman can be independent yet maintain the interdependence which holds the world together.

In telling the story, Mr. Harrison identifies himself with his hero and through Angela and Mary Wing arrives at his own decision in regard to the woman question. He does not attempt to force his conclusion on his readers but merely makes his book the story of his own steps toward it. He offers us his opinions to take or leave.

Charles is an advanced writer with a message of freedom, personal liberty, and right to live your own life for all women. But when his particular friend, Mary Wing wins honors for herself solely by her own power, perseverance and ambition, and moreover, when Mary takes her defeats without seeking masculine advice and solace, Charles has what he describes as reactions. At this point, he meets Mary's cousin, Angela, the nice girl, who tells him her preference for the Business of Homemaking and Being a Daughter, thus scientizing for the young writer the immemorial duties of woman and for the time being forming in his eyes a favorable

contrast to Mary and her Career. It takes Charles much time and Mr. Harrison many humorous episodes and bits of biting satire to discover the innate narrowness and selfishness of Angela, the merely feminine woman; to disclose the breadth and nobility of Mary, the Womanly Woman, who is his comrade and equal, competent, fearless and free, yet able to "keep sweet the garden of her womanhood."

In Angela's behalf, it might be said that Mary Wing is an exceptionally favorable exponent of the New Woman whereas Angela herself is hardly a fair representative of the old-fashioned girl. Although she is the personification of the homemaker, she fails in those very duties for which her education has fitted her. She is not true to herself.

The lovers of a story-book novel may not come to love this book as they have "Queed" with its quaintness, its humor, and its originality. Those who want a moral to their tales may prefer "V. V's Eyes" but even these, I think, will find enough of the Harrison they admire to make "Angela's Business" worth their consideration.

"Crack o' Dawn" is a new book of poetry by Fannie Stearns Davis. It should interest us particularly since it is the work of one of our own graduates who in her day walked the ways of English 13 which many of us are now treading.

The general impression the book gives us is one of wistful unrest. It irresistibly reminds us of the work of W. B. Yeats, the Irish poet. There is in it the same strain of Irish melancholy, the same delicacy as in the poetry of that author. Both writers seem to have the gift of creating vivid pictures in a few words; one can take from Miss Davis (Mrs. Gifford) almost at random such expressions as "the light-lipped morn" or the "heavy handed wind." In many cases, it is the romanticism of such phrases that lingers in the mind rather than the memory of the poem itself.

The poems are not uniformly interesting. Many of them are unnecessarily depressing, but such verse as "The Children's Pedlar," "As I Drank Tea To-day," "The Recluse" and "Wings" cannot but delight real lovers of poetry.

M. N. J.

Whether your sympathies are with Germany or the Allies, you cannot fail to find interest in the opinions of Dr. Charles W. Eliot on the causes of the war, America's duty toward the combatants, and the possible future benefits to be derived from the indescribable suffering of the present struggle.

Dr. Eliot, in his recent book, "The Road Toward Peace," finds the deepest roots of the conflict lying in a desire for empire. Germany, belated in the race for foreign possessions by her lack of unity, is straining every nerve to make up for lost time. She believes that national supremacy rests on force, and in pursuance of this conviction, she has built up the most perfect war machine of modern times. Her desire for colonial possessions has brought her into contact with Great Britain, and the result has been distrust and resentment on both sides. Thus the primary cause of the war lies in ambition and in the political philosophy which makes a real good of empire by force instead of by choice of the governed.

Secondary causes appear in the autocratic form of government which allows the forces of a state to be thrown into war without the deliberate consent of a body representative of the people as a whole, and in secret diplomacy out of which grow secret treaties and secret agreements which may be kept or broken according to the dictates of "military necessity."

Dr. Eliot believes that the war should continue until Germany is convinced that her dream of world empire is not only without hope of fruition, but that it is better so. Indeed, one of the results of the war which he most desires is "no world empire for any race or nation." With Germany victorious, he sees Europe committed to militarism. With Germany defeated, but convinced, he has hopes for a Federal Council of the powers of Europe, an international court and an international police force back of the decisions of that court. These are necessary, he declares, before the reduction of armaments can be undertaken with safety.

With the most earnest approval of the present strict official neutrality of the United States, he yet feels that by all our history and political ideals our hopes and sympathies are committed to the side of democracy and freedom.

F. M. H.

EDITORIAL

"To wink," said your mother to you when you were a little girl, "is unladylike. You must never do it." And so, having implicit confidence in your mother's judgment and aspiring to be ladylike, you never did wink—at least not until you came to college. Then—you never quite understood how it all happened—but you suddenly realized that you had contracted a pernicious habit of winking. This was the way of it.

One day during your freshman year when you were down town, you saw coming toward you a girl who was hatless. The Powers-that-Be had decided that everyone was to wear a hat down town, so the girl was patently breaking a rule. But what could you do about it? You were not in the habit of wearing more than one hat yourself, so you could not supply the deficiency. The easiest way was not to notice it at all, so, as she approached, you carefully closed your right eye. You would have been amazed had anyone told you that you had winked. A wink, the dictionary states, is a quick, convulsive closing of the eye. There had been nothing of that about your act; it was one of slow deliberation. Two years later, however, when you came upon a group of unmistakable "batters" about to board a street car one peaceful Sunday morning, you closed your eyes so quickly that it could have been interpreted as nothing less than a wink. Being a logical and psychological junior, you determined to ascertain where and why you, an aspirant for the "ladylike," had learned to wink, and you found this explanation. During your college course, you had closed your eyes to broken rules so frequently and often in such quick succession, that your former deliberate act had become an obvious wink—but automatic.

We are all, to a certain degree, victims of this habit of winking. It is one of the basic faults in our college life. By it we have disclaimed any sense of responsibility in the breaking of rules in which we are not active participants. This ought not to be. As members of student body, we are individually responsible for every broken rule. We see the girl in front of us cheating in a written lesson. We are shocked; our respect for the girl decreases, and perhaps we remember to tell our neighbor in the next class. Or, at the dinner table some night, we hear a story of a girl who took a long, unchaperoned Sunday jaunt. We shrug our shoulders and say, "Of course we wouldn't do such a thing ourselves but if she wants to—" we trail off into expressive silence. By this indifference we are really conniving at breaking rules. The seriousness of the offence is becoming of comparatively little importance. If one's fellow students wink at an overt breach of discipline, why should one not do it again?

For after all it is really public opinion that fashions our moral code. A thing is never wrong until people begin to think it so. Therefore to "bat" with a man on Sunday may be contrary to the social rules and regulations but if the whole student body condones it, the students will hold that it cannot be really wrong and the faculty who fashion the rules must be fanatical dictators. It seems to us that our sense of right and wrong is in grave danger of being perverted. It is our duty as members of the college to keep our eyes open to flagrant disobedience and, by enlisting unfavorable public opinion, force it out; and we can best accomplish this by acting on the early admonition of our mothers "To wink is unladylike. You must never do it."

EDITOR'S TABLE

The results of a recent canvas of college to determine the attitude of the students toward Woman Suffrage shows a marked indifference and apathy that is not flattering to our intelligence. We do not wish to enter into a discussion of the respective arguments for or against the Suffragists or the Anti-Suffragists; we would call attention, however, to the vital nature of this question, and the importance of determining what our attitude toward it is to be.

It concerns every girl and woman with greater or less intensity; and yet many of us, most of us even, rear a wall of indifference between the issues involved and our own consciousness. We cheerfully admit that we have no ideas upon the subject. Surely the value of a cause for which women are going to extremes that alternately thrill and repel us is not so slight that we can afford to ignore it.

Every step in woman's progress toward culture or physical betterment has been made slowly and painfully in the face of determined opposition. And such opposition is not confined to the middle ages or to the early eras of this country. What advances women have made, have been against deep-rooted prejudice and at the expense of the comfort, happiness, even the lives of the pioneers. A significant element in this history of development is that it has not been men exclusively who set themselves against woman's advance; they contributed no more to the opposition than did the sisters of the women who were fighting for fairer conditions. Safely housed, complacently comfortable, these canny-souled women deterred the progress of the movements whose happy results their descendants enjoy, by casting upon the cause the weight of their ignorance and dull inertia.

Yet they, if they live long enough, and we who come after,

casually and nonchalantly take the assured places that the clear vision and fearless heroism of the pioneers have made for women. So much has been gained that the old questions surrounding the education of women are dropped now for the newer question of the suffrage. And true to our hereditary tendency to avoid the issue, to drift with the current or to remain in the back waters as chance dictates, we, who are expected to constitute an intelligent part of educated and cultured communities, confess an utter ignorance of a cause that concerns our lives most closely. There is no excuse for ignorance. There is no excuse for undulating adaptation to every rise and fall of the sea in any creature higher in the scale of life than a jelly-fish. Shall we be jelly-fish and drift with the tide? Shall we clutter the field of earnest endeavor with our ignorance and inertia? Or shall we show ourselves to be thinking individuals who have exercised their mentalities sufficiently to have formulated at least one conviction concerning a question of tremendous import?

K. B.

The Alumnae Department of the "Vassar Miscellany" contains two articles of peculiar interest to students of Smith College. The first of these is the "Washington Speech" of President Henry Noble MacCracken, a candid expression of the dangers attendant upon the development of women's colleges of America. His message is a plea to us to leave the old superstitious and blind worship of the 'Academic Grove' and "devote our hearts and wills to the things that are worth-while."

In the same number of the "Vassar Miscellany," Jean Webster has contributed an exquisite appreciation of the life and poems of Miss Adelaide Crapsey, whose death last year was a great loss to our own college. Among Miss Crapsey's poems the following portray her personality with marvelous delicacy of expression, and in a form which she originated.

"ARBUTUS"

Not spring's, but her's,
Most cool, most virginal,
Hunters', with they faint breath, thy snows
Rose-tinted.

THE SHADOW

A-sway
On red rose
A golden butterfly. . . .
And on my heart a butterfly
Night-wing'd.

Among the somewhat conventional college stories "Justifiable Homicide" in "Williams Literary Monthly" stands out both because of its unusual plot and virile treatment. The situation is sketched with almost Spartan restraint. In a few compact sentences, we see the characters of the slow, brutal cattle-raiser and his companion outlined against the sun-beaten Western background. The cattle-raiser discovers that two of his hogs have been chased to death, by a stray collie, a friendly little pup, and very appealing in his utter confidence in man. How this confidence is betrayed and the effect of the brutality of the cattle-raiser upon his guests is told through the point of real justice for man and beast, typifies the American of today. That "Conlon" revenges humanity for the death of the innocent dog, we know by the final sentence of this very modern story. "Six months later a Montana jury acquitted him on a verdict of justifiable homicide."

Aside from the usual flood of verses on Spring, the college magazines for April contain several poems on the war which for sincerity and strength may be favorably compared with the expressions of more famous poets. The best of these are "Gott Mit Uns," the prizepoem in the "Harvard Advocate" and "War" a sonnet in the "Pharetra" of "Wilson College."

In a gayer mood, is the humorous picture of child life in "The Little Boy Next Door To Me," in "Tipyn o' Bob," the Bryn Mawr magazine. The point of view of the small boy is given in a lively manner, suggesting without exaggeration the feelings of the little neighbors whom fond mothers have antagonised by too fervent praise.

E. G.

AFTER COLLEGE

SENIOR DRAMATICS ROOMS FOR COMMENCEMENT

Applications for Dramatics may be placed on file at the General Secretary's Office, College Hall, Northampton. Alumnae are urged to apply for the Thursday evening performance (June 11) if possible, as Saturday evening is not open to alumnae, and the waiting list is the only opportunity for Friday. Each alumna may apply for only one ticket for Friday evening, but extra tickets may be obtained on a Thursday evening application. The prices of seats will range on Thursday from \$1.50 to \$.75 and on Friday from \$2.00 to \$.75. The desired price of seats should be indicated in the application. A fee of ten cents is charged to all non-members of the Alumnae Association for the filing of the application, and may be sent to the General Secretary at the time of application. Applications are not transferable, and should be canceled at once if not wanted. In May all those who have applied for tickets will receive a request to confirm the applications. Tickets will then be assigned *only* to those who respond to this request. No deposit is required to secure tickets, which may be claimed on arrival in Northampton from the business manager in College Hall. Tickets will be held *only until 5 o'clock* on the day of the performance, unless a request has been received to hold them later at the theater.

As usual, the available rooms in the college houses will be open to the alumnae at commencement. Members of the classes holding reunions should make applications for these rooms through their class secretaries, through whom also payment should be made. Rooms will be assigned to as many of the reuniting classes as possible in the order of their seniority. For the five days or less time the price of board and room will be five dollars. Alumnae to whom assignments are made will be held responsible for the full payment unless notice of withdrawal is sent to the class secretary before June 1. After June 1, notices of withdrawal and requests for rooms should be sent directly to Dean Comstock. At this time any vacancies left by the reuniting classes will be assigned to members of the classes not holding reunions, in the order in which the applications have been received. So far as possible, alumnae who expect to be present for only a day or two should engage places off the campus, reserving the campus rooms for alumnae who remain during the whole or the greater part of the commencement period.

Secretaries of the reuniting classes and members of classes not holding reunions should make applications as early as possible to Dean Ada L. Comstock, College Hall.

ALUMNAE HEADQUARTERS

Each alumna returning for commencement is requested to register as soon as possible in College Hall and obtain tickets for collation, Baccalaureate, and so forth. Registration will open at 9 o'clock on Friday, June 11.

The postmaster asks each alumna to notify her correspondents of the street and number of her Northampton address at commencement, in order to ensure the prompt delivery of mail. Any alumna who is uncertain of a definite address may have her mail sent in care of the General Secretary at College Hall.

The General Secretary will be glad to be of assistance in securing off-campus rooms or supplying information of any kind. Her services are at the disposal of all members of the Alumnae Association.

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be addressed to Eleanor Wild, Dickinson House, Northampton, Massachusetts.

ENGAGEMENTS

- '13. Ruth Johnson to Jessel Stuart Whyte.
Helen McBurnie to Dr. Hermon Carey Bumpus Jr., of Boston.
- '14. Blanche Hixson to Allan H. White of Meriden, Connecticut.
Zella Paul to Baird M. Hughes of Topeka.
- ex-'15. Selma Fist to Alfred A. Granman of Denver, Colorado.

MARRIAGES

- '11. Gladys Z. Burlingame to Henry W. Barlow, March 16, 1915. Address: Sharon, Connecticut.
- '11. Julia B. Chapin to Lewis C. Jamieson, April 11, 1915. Address: 201 4th Avenue, Warren, Pennsylvania.
- '12. Margaret Burling to Ernest Kremers, April 6, 1915. Address: 517 4th Street, Niagara Falls, New York.
- '13. Eunice Hinman to John S. Rodman, April 10, 1915. Address: 2216 Locust Street, Philadelphia.
- ex-'13. Elinor de Remer to Shelley Shamklin.
Ethel Williams to Ralph Wiggins. Address: 519 North 17 Street, Hannibal, Missouri.

'14. Eva Denison to Harold Hubbel, April 17, 1915.

Adine Hall to J. C. Stoltz, October 20, 1914. Address: Ottumwa, Iowa.

Evelyn Thompson to Frank W. Jones, October 17, 1914. Address: "Woodlands," New Hartford, Connecticut.

ex'15. Helene Behrens to Lewis Edmund Sisson, May 8, 1915.

BIRTHS

'09. To Mrs. L. Wyeth Pope (Margaret Headdon), a son, Louis Wyeth Jr., March 1915.

ex'13. To Margaret (Hawley) Ely, a son, Hawley Brooks, January 2, 1915.

To Helen (Snyder) Starr, a son, Benjamin, December 1, 1914.

'14. To Mrs. Samuel Miller Sharkey (Ernestine Robbins), a son, Samuel Miller jr., March 26, 1915.

DECEASED

'81. Mrs. George M. Washburn (Anna M. Hoyt), at her home in Boston, April 8, 1915.

'11. Mrs. Raymond Barrows (Helen Brown), March 2, 1915.

'08. Elizabeth Bliss is secretary of the Girl's Protective League. Address: 19 West 19th Street, New York City.

Josephine Boynton is teaching in Concord, Massachusetts. Address: 87 Main Street.

Mary Louise Chase is teaching in Rockford College, Rockford, Illinois.

Constance Churchyard is teaching History at Rosemary Hall, Greenwich, Connecticut.

'10. Wardell Baker is teacher of English in Washington (Pennsylvania) Seminary.

Dorothy Belden is teacher of History and English in High School of Commerce, Springfield, Massachusetts.

Breta Childs is student in Department of General Science, Simmons College.

Ethel Dugan is Assistant in History, Stanford University.

Margaret Fellows is a graduate student at Smith College.

'11. Marjorie Addis is teaching English and History in the Brewster New York High School and writing for the Brewster Standard.

Maud Alexander is Bacteriologist for one of the leading physicians of Grand Rapids, Michigan.

- '11. Welcome Ayer has gone to Honolulu, where she expects to remain several years. Her father is with the 1st Infantry there. Address: Schofield Barracks.

Ethel Bailey has returned from New Zealand and is now at home acting as secretary and editor for her father.

Eleanor Barrows helped organize the Smith College Club of Northern California and is now President.

Agnes Bowman is an Interior Decorator and is with Louise Putnam '09 at 4 West 40th Street, New York City.

Mrs. Howard Murchie (Marjorie Browning), is raising grapefruit at Santa Barbara, Isle of Pines, West Indies.

Florence Bull is teaching English and History at the High School in Washington, Connecticut.

Ruth Colby is now living in Warren, Massachusetts. She is studying music.

Mary Dickinson is Principal of the Robertson School in New York. Address: 258 West 73 St., New York City.

Ruth Everett is teaching English in the High School, Swampscott, Massachusetts.

Genevieve Fox is Assistant-to-Editor of Silver Burdett and Co., Publishers, Boston.

Paula Haire is teaching piano and harmony in the Schoville School for Girls in New York. Address: 2042 5th Avenue, New York City.

- '11. Mrs. Amos R. Little (Edna Hilburn), has bought a farm at Ox Bow Road, Lincoln, Massachusetts.

- '14. Ruth Cobb is private secretary to her father.

Margaret Koop and Margaret Torrison are in the home-made candy business.

Marguerite Krusen is doing secretarial work for Mrs. Stowell, head of the Guide's office in the John Wanamaker Store, New York City.

Helen Moore has been operated on for appendicitis.

Dorothea Simmons is at home. Address: 912 Jefferson Street, Wilmington, Delaware.

Fannie Simon is at home. 450 Riverside Drive, New York City.

Charlotte Smith is at home. 501 South University Street, Normal, Illinois..

Ethel Smith is an assistant in the English Department of the High School, Freehold, New Jersey.

Ruth Smith is Hall Teacher in Spelman Seminary, Atlanta, Georgia.

Josephine Snapp is at home. 1216 Logan Avenue, Danville, Illinois.

Grace Snow is at home, Hilburn, New York.

- '14. Dorothy Spencer is studying at the School of Journalism, Columbia.
Elizabeth Spicer is teaching English and English History in Miss Glendinning's School, New Haven, Connecticut.
Marjorie Taylor is at home, 29 Vick Park A, Rochester, New York.
Edith Taylor is substituting in Latin in the Barringer High School, Newark, New Jersey.
Elsie Tiebel is at home, 414 E. 3rd Street, Brooklyn, New York.
Mollie Tolman is an assistant in the Girls' Club in John Wanamaker's Store, New York City.
Ruth Tomlinson is studying History at Radcliffe.
Marion Towne is doing graduate work in Education at Radcliffe.
Anne von Harten is studying for an A. M. in English at Washington, University, St. Louis.
Harriet Wakelee is at home, East Palisade Avenue, Englewood, New Jersey.

CALENDAR

- May 8. Group Dance.
12. Junior Promenade.
15. Meetings of Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.
22. Field Day.
24. Decoration Day.

The
Smith College
Monthly

June - 1915

Owned and Published by the Senior Class

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THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

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JUNE, 1915

No. 9

EDITORS:

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HARRIET BOND SKIDMORE

WHAT IS POETRY?

MARION SINCLAIR WALKER

The question "What is poetry?" can best be approached, I think, through a kindred one—namely "Who is the poet?"

Every healthy and spirited person, especially in his youth, perhaps, longs for life in its fullness and abundance. Henry David Thoreau voices that longing in his vigorous, pithy saying—"To live deep; to suck the marrow out of life."

There are those who feel this reaching after life, but are too timid or sluggish to respond. So they fall into the lock-step of every-day existence, and forget, presently, that a part of them is dead. Others feel the desire, and seek, each in his

way, to satisfy it. The young person who throughout all time has gone forth "to seek his fortune" or "to see the world" is moved by this longing for life in its abundance. Another throws himself into his chosen work, with all the fire and energy of his being, hoping to find in it fulness of living. The seekers are many, and there are many ways of seeking, but the object of the quest is one, and perhaps no one ever finds it, in its completeness. To some of the seekers, life comes in a single experience, which they realize to the full, and so reach self-realization. Others attain to a fuller measure of life. And those of them who can reproduce in words the bit of life which they have lived, in such a way as to share it with others, are poets. Those whose fulness of living was in one experience, express it, perhaps, in a single poem, which becomes

"A moment's monument
Memorial from the soul's eternity
Of one dead, deathless hour."

The one whose experience was in some way universal, and who has given it to the world in form that will endure, is, it will probably be agreed, the great poet.

So in our search for the poet we have gone through a gradual narrowing-down process. In the beginning we had as possible poets practically all mankind, when they felt within them the stirring of a longing for life in its abundance. There were eliminated at the outset those who make no response to the call. Then fell out the ones who had "lived deep," but who could not express their experience in words. (I do not like to leave them out of the race. We cannot call them poets, although the Venerable Bede was said to be "a poet in life, rather than in words." But it seems as if such persons should have a beautiful and honored name of their own.) But at last there are left the poets—those who have found life in its fulness, and can express for others what they have found.

This then is the poet. But what is the field upon which he has to work? Where is he to find his subject?

The restrictions which various people have tried to put upon the subject-matter of poetry are many and cumbersome. Tolstoy, if I have understood him rightly in "What is Art?" thinks

that poetry, both in subject-matter and in treatment, should be limited to what "the people"—and by "the people" he implies "the meanest serf," can comprehend. Although I revere Tolstoy in other connections, I think that here he is mistaken. For if the arts are to be brought down to his level, where is the "meanest serf" to look for his ideals, for something toward which he may be reaching upward? Not to mention the person of higher intelligence, who, although much less worthy of attention than "the meanest serf" in Tolstoy's opinion, has still his place in the world, and is humbly desirous of something to look up to.

There are others who say that only the good, the morally uplifting, is rightfully the subject of poetry. At this point I think that something should be said about "purpose" in literature. I feel about this just as I feel about the managing of one's life. A great deal is being said at the present day in regard to one's obligation to be social-minded—to have a "passion for service." Now it seems to me—and I think that I have Plato for authority, that the quickest and most effective way of unravelling some of the world's tangles, is for each individual to find the thing which he can do best, and devote all his energies to doing it well—giving everyone else, of course, an equal chance to do likewise. He is not doing this, however, with the object of unravelling the world's tangles; the service which comes about is not purpose, but result. It is the same in poetry. The poet is not aiming at the good, or even at the beautiful. He is seeking to realize his experience in its fulness; to find through it self-realization, and then to give that realization expression. That moral uplift comes about is not because the poet planned it so; but yet it undoubtedly does come about. The reason for this is, I think, that every experience, ultimately realized, is beautiful. The poet sees the soul of an event shining through its ugly wrappings—he sees to truth, and truth is beauty. I have heard people speak of Ibsen's "Doll's House" as a hideous, revolting play, but it does not seem so to me. For in the end Nora had cleared away the ruins of her Doll's House, and has the plain, firm ground of reality to build upon. In like manner, Mrs. Bacon's "Twilight of the Gods," which has been called appalling, destructive, seems

to me distinctly constructive. After she has stripped away—harshly, perhaps—the trappings of theology, and has dethroned our man-made gods, there are left, sublimely persisting, the Eternal Spirit and the human soul. This is truth, and what could be more beautiful, more ultimately uplifting?

It is useless, I think, to try to restrict the subject matter of poetry. Emerson thought that every object, every experience, was intrinsically poetic. Those which have not been considered so, are merely waiting for their poet to realize them in their fulness. It seems to me that the emphasis is always misplaced when it is said "A great poet, but an unworthy subject." No—if he had been a great poet, he would have realized the experience in its fulness, and then it could not have been unworthy.

I am not entirely convinced that Mr. Watts-Dunton and others are right in placing so much emphasis upon the emotional element in poetry. There seems to be no reason why some excellent poetry could not be written upon purely intellectual subjects. Why could not a sonnet be written to the clear-cut, cameo-like beauty of a mathematical demonstration? The nearest approach to such a poem that occurs to me is Addison's hymn about the music of the spheres, beginning

"The spacious firmament on high
And all the blue ethereal sky."

There is a high intellectual enthusiasm about this, but little emotion. And yet it is real poetry, I think.

With, then, everything in the world, seen and unseen, from which to choose his subject, what is the form in which the poet should express himself?

That is for the poet himself to say. If he has "lived deep," either in one experience or in all of life, and if he has the power to tell the world about that experience, the world—or some of it—will listen, whatever the form into which he chooses to shape his thought. There are some ways,—however, in which he will inevitably express himself. His utterance must be rhythmic, for rhythm, since the first prehistoric bard fitted his measure to the beat of the tribal dance, has always been the link between the poet and his audience. Further metrical restriction, is, I think, non-essential. Walt Whitman

has shown that there can be powerful poetry without rhyme or fixed metrical scheme, if the rhythmic sweep of the verse and of the thought, be in harmony.

Of the words and their combinations, it remains to be said that they must be adequate to the thought, must equal in freshness, vigor and beauty the vividness of the experience, if in Max Eastman's phrase, they are to "surprise us with un-surprise."

So I should define poetry as "the expression in adequate rhythmic language, of any deeply-realized experience."

And yet there is left unaccounted for the touch of inspiration which is an indissociable part of poetry at its best. I think that Tagore, in his "Gitanjali" gives the essence of true poetry, touching upon all three elements—the form, the dependence upon life, and the ultimate inspiration—when he says,

"My song has put off her adornments. She has no pride of dress and decoration.

* * * * *

My poet's vanity dies in shame before thy sight. O master poet, I have sat down at thy feet. Only let me make my life simple and straight, like a flute of reed for thee to fill with music."

I'M TELLIN' YE GUID-BYE, LAD

MARY LOUISE RAMSDELL

I'm tellin' ye guid-bye, lad, because ye want tae go.
I'm keepin' back the tears awhile. Ye'll never see them flow.
I'm no the lass tae hawd a lad that's wantin' tae be free.
—But oh, I canna tell ye the lonely that I be.

There's some said ye was fause, but they leed, they leed, I say!
There's nane of us but's made mistaks. There's nane can answer nay.
Ye had your life to live an' there juist wisna room for me,
—But oh, I canna tell ye the lonely that I be.

Ye're tellin' me guid-bye, lad! The words sound far an' low—
Or was it juist the burn ootside that bickers in its flow?
Your voice! I hear it! Wheesht! Ah, weel, 'twas naught but
rustlin' tree.
Ah lad, ye'll never, never ken the lonely that I be..

THE GIFT

HELEN VIOLETTE TOOKER

"Jepson writes again that he wants me to make the plans for his big house, and also wants me to oversee the work. He hopes I am free to take the job right away." Jim Marvin pushed the letter he had been reading away from his place, and helped himself to cereal. "It would be a good job," he added absently.

Judith set down the coffee-pot hurriedly.

"O, Jim!" she exclaimed reproachfully, "I thought you were going to turn Jepson down."

Marvin looked at her pleadingly. "I was going to," he admitted, "but that's a beautiful site Jepson has there—and—well, I have an idea, and it's really too good to miss. It ought to be the best thing I have ever done. It's a splendid idea." For a moment he gazed dreamily out the window, then suddenly turned to her again.

"You wouldn't mind, dear, would you?" he asked contritely.

Judith laid her hand on his.

"It's not that I mind, Jim," she answered. "I hate to have you miss a big thing like this—especially when you have a good idea—just as much as you do, but Jim, dear, you can't stand it. You haven't had a vacation in so long. You're going on your nerve now, and this house of Jepson's would be a big job. Tell him you can't do it till September. He'll wait for you, if you say so. He won't want any other architect.

Marvin shook his head. "No, he won't wait, I'm afraid. I could rush it through, Judith, and then we could take a vacation together for a month or two." He leaned toward her eagerly, "I know what I'd like to do! I'd like to cut loose from this job, and go back to Laurel Bay for the summer. Forget Chicago soot and get back to Long Island. You would like that, wouldn't you?"

Judith rose and walked to the window where she stood with her back to her husband. But Marvin did not notice. He was gazing into space, a wistful little smile curving his lips.

"It would be good to be back in the Bay," he said dreamily. "I could see the whole village from that office of mine, and the huddle of wharves and boat shops on Water Street, and beyond them the vessels lying at anchor on the bay, and the bowed shore line of the East Side curving out to meet the breakwater at the harbor's mouth. And when the windows were open, I could smell the sea-breeze, salt and damp, and I could hear the noise of the mawls and calkers' irons from the shipyards," He pushed his chair back, impatiently, and rose. "Oh, the sea! the sea!" he exclaimed. "I'm hungry for the sight of it and the smell of it. I'll throw this job overboard, and we'll go back to it together, my Judith." He laid his hands on her shoulders.

For a moment she stood very still.

"Do you call that having a vacation together?" she asked quietly.

"I don't see why not," Marvin answered in a puzzled voice.

"How much will we be together in Laurel Bay?" she demanded. "You'll be around the water all the time. Sea! Sea! Sea! I hate it! Let's go to the mountains, not near the sea."

"The mountains!" Marvin exclaimed, letting his hands drop from her shoulders. "What are mountains? O Judith, Judith, can't you love the sea just a little for my sake?"

"No, I can't," she cried, flashing around at him. "Why should I? My mother feared it and I was taught to fear it, too, and then—you came." For a moment her voice faltered and then came out rough with feeling, "And you loved me—you thought—and you loved the sea—and you chose the sea. So forsooth," she inquired scornfully, "I also should love the sea? Do you think those three years that you were gone, counted for nothing with me? Every night I could hear the bell-buoy off Old Point ringing to wake me. Sometimes, I wished—almost—that it would drown you, your sea. It's hard to bear an insult."

"It was partly your fault that I went, Judith," Marvin answered, "You hadn't given me much encouragement. I was discouraged. Cap'n Ezra offered me the berth and I went on an impulse."

"A pretty long impulse," Judith retorted, "It kept you at sea three years."

"Well, I came back at last."

"Are you sorry? Were you ever sorry you went?" Judith asked, scornfully.

Marvin threw back his head.

"I am not sorry," he answered. "I'm sorry to have hurt you, but those three years at sea, were my right as a Marvin." He drew a finger across the outer corners of his eyes where showed faintly the fine crows-feet that come to a sailor with long years of scanning a far horizon. "As a Marvin, I had to win my spurs. Before I shipped with Cap'n Ezra, I was a boy. When I came back I was a man."

"Yes, and I?" Judith asked, "Man or boy, was that the way to treat me—and all for the sea and a ship?"

"Well, why did you marry me then?" Marvin exclaimed angrily.

"Why? Why?" Judith repeated fiercely. "Because—oh, because I couldn't help it."

"It all seems like a dream," Marvin said, slowly. "I can't ever believe that you don't like the sea. You are so—perfect—dear," he smiled wistfully at her, his sudden anger gone, "that it doesn't seem quite possible that you shouldn't love and understand a thing that means so much to me. It seems as though I must be at fault somewhere. The wife of a Marvin should love the sea." He turned away, wearily, "Well, never mind. It doesn't matter about the vacation. Perhaps we can go to the mountains—sometime."

"You can go to the Bay, if you like," Judith cried. "I won't interfere. I can stay here." With a little sob she brushed by him and ran upstairs.

In a dazed manner, Marvin passed his hand across his forehead, and taking his hat, went slowly and heavily out of the house.

Judith standing forlornly by an upstairs window watched him go down the street. She noticed that his shoulders bent slightly, and that he walked without enthusiasm. A passionate desire to comfort him, a yearning love for him, and regretful anger against herself, rose up within her. She started forward as though to stop him, but he had turned the corner and was out of sight. In utter loneliness of spirit, she dropped

into a chair. He might have come up to say good-bye she told herself, and then she could have told him that she was sorry. She might even have said that she would go back to Laurel Bay. With an exclamation of impatience, she jumped up and began pacing the floor.

It seemed too much to ask that this long delayed vacation should be spent in Laurel Bay where Jim, faithful son of a long line of sea-faring, sea-fighting fathers, slipped mechanically and logically into a world apart, a world where men juggled a strange vernacular and played familiarly with incomprehensible traditions while adventure and death twitted them and scoffed at them from a distance, and disciplined them at closer quarters. Judith, herself, had never been truly a part of Laurel Bay and there was little kindly association to leaven the thoughts of returning to a place which would bring a poignant review of bitter experiences, for her memories of Laurel Bay were not pleasant. The pleasantest times, indeed, had been in the first year of Marvin's courtship of her, after he had come back from his university, full of enthusiasm for his architectural work and hopeful for the future. Even then, she had felt that aloofness in him—a strangeness that was not of the land—and had wondered; but she had never imagined that his passionate love for the sea was more than a holiday amusement, until the morning when discouraged about his work and momentarily piqued at her indifference, he had shipped as mate with Captain Ezra Davis in the *Sarah Evelyn* for a three years' voyage to the West Indies.

A slow blush crept over Judith's face as she recalled again that June morning when Mrs. Johnny Charley Norton, seeing her in the Daton yard had called to her jovially:

"What a sly puss, you are to be sure, not to let a body know that Jimmy Marvin was givin' up the shop and shippin' with Cap'n Ezra." Then as she saw the bewildered look and miserable flush on the girl's face she had wheeled around in a good natured flurry, declaring that it "was probably a mistake, to be sure, just one of William Eli's silly stories."

With torturing distinctness, Judith remembered the rest of that silent, waiting day when she went dumbly about her tasks, vainly hoping for some message or denial. Of the days and

weeks which followed the sailing of the *Sarah Evelyn*, she remembered little except a haunting sense of bereavement, and a childish wonder that she could walk about and attend to everyday things when the world was still unsteady under her feet. Through all those weary months that came after, although the feeling of emptiness passed away little by little, her feeling of almost personal enmity toward the sea grew deeper and deeper. It was a rival whom she had carelessly trusted and it had betrayed her.

Even when three years later Marvin had returned to his work and his courtship with the renewed fervor of a man who has set aside certain hampering things, Judith had not had a sense of complete victory, and so it was with passionate joy that she had welcomed, soon after their marriage, the news of an opening for Marvin in Chicago. He, himself, had not been so enthusiastic, for he disliked moving so far from home, and felt that there should be as good opportunities in the East; but the position was undeniably advantageous. He had accepted, and for ten years Judith had been happy in peaceful security.

So happy had she been that the prospect of a return was intolerable. She was afraid of the consequences, but though she called herself "coward" and "quitter" she could not drive away her fears. She did not dare to play an open game with the sea, at least not yet. A fagged and tired man instinctively seeks the tranquility of old comforts and pleasures, and Marvin was certainly tired.

However, the summer was the only time when a visit to Laurel Bay would be practicable. Judith knew that if Marvin accepted the Jepson work he would not be able to get away until September or October and the trip would be put off for a year at least.

With swift visualization she saw again that stooped figure going down the street. The Jepson house would be a hard job. Judith hesitated, wondering whether or not Jim would be able to pull the thing through, and still have strength to live on.

All day long she mulled that question in her mind, and when in the late afternoon, she came to dress for dinner, she felt

light-headed and strange. She stared vaguely at the big pupilled eyes that burned so dully in the mirror, and then in a paroxysm of terror struck her hands tightly together.

"He shall not go. He shall not go," she whispered. "He must take the Jepson work, and I'll love him through the summer. He shan't even dream how tired he is."

Swiftly, with cold hands that trembled and fumbled, she dressed herself and went down to the garden to wait for Marvin. As he opened the gate she waved, and walked to meet him as he came slowly up the path.

"See," she called, holding up a yellow rose, and smiling gaily lest he should see too much of the love that blurred her eyes: "the first *Gloire de Dijon* is out." Marvin's stooped figure straightened and his eyes brightened as he put his arm tightly around her waist.

"There ought to be some beautiful flowers on that bush this summer, sweetheart," he said, softly.

Marvin agreed to do the work for Jepson, and in a short time the plans had been accepted and the building was begun. Nothing more was said about Laurel Bay or about a vacation, although Marvin was plainly worn out. Judith realized this and tortured her soul with fiercely triumphant regrets. Her days she spent planning small treats and comforts for his evenings, and in the evening she strove stupendously to draw him into her passionate love. For the most part, he responded bravely, and found both physical and spiritual rest in her charmingly protective attitude; as she sang to him in the evenings or chattered in such a delightfully foolish manner that he found himself, despite his heaviness, laughing and joking with her.

But it was not always so. Once in the garden while they were tying some crimson ramblers to their lattices, Marvin straightened up and took a long breath.

"It smells almost like salt air, to-night," he said, "It's a beautiful evening. It's like the last night I was in New London. Father had the Amelia Julietta then and we had been lying in the harbor getting on our cargo. I can hear the clank of the windlass now, and the men's voices shouting"—

"Look, dear," Judith was examining a leaf closely. "This bush is covered with aphids. Isn't there anything we can do for it?"

For the time Marvin's attention was diverted, but although he did not again mention the sea or ships except in the most casual way, Judith knew that often in his dreamings he was listening to the thundering rush of the wind in the rigging, or watching the swift rise and fall of the deck, and the bellying of great sails.

For herself, the strain was beginning to drag at her nerves. During the day, she could let herself down, but as night came on, she was whipped into line by her love and the fear that with her loosened hold Marvin's nerve would give way also.

It was a slow, slow summer for both of them. Many mornings, Judith at a window waved good-bye to Marvin and watched his heavy progress down the street, and then dropped sobbing into a chair, helpless before the crowding demons of doubt and fear. But each time she wrung out the same answer, "I cannot let him go. My love must be his health."

So June and July passed in gaiety and pain and August came. Early one afternoon, Judith heard the front door slam and slow steps in the hall below. She went to the landing and waited anxiously as Marvin came heavily up the stairs.

"You're home early," she said. "What's the matter? Don't you feel well?"

"I guess I'm a bit tired," Marvin answered as he kissed her. "I—my head feels a little queer. I'll be all right. Don't look so worried dear."

Nevertheless, Judith did worry, for Marvin was very ill. The doctor said, "Overwork" and frowned at her.

"You ought to have stopped him, Mrs. Marvin," he said.

Judith, stunned at her defeat, repeated stupidly, "I ought to have stopped him." Then with a tremendous effort she dragged herself together and faced the doctor with clear eyes. "That can't be helped. What is to be done now?"

"We must fight for it. He is so tired that he doesn't care. You'll have to keep up his interest in living. You'll have to be his will and keep him going."

Judith's eyelids flickered, "Yes, I must keep him going," she said.

"You're looking rather fagged yourself. Be careful. You mustn't break down."

She nodded, "Oh, I'm all right, I'll last."

She was as good as her word, and despite teasing nights of worry was always fresh and gay when near Marvin, but Marvin himself did not improve. One afternoon the doctor called Judith to account.

"You've done your best," he declared, "but he needs something more. You ought to know what it is. I can't. Anyhow we must have something to interest him. Must, you know," and he left her.

Judith went upstairs very slowly, and into Marvin's room. She motioned to the nurse that she would take her place. The nurse nodded.

"He is delirious, a little," she murmured as she went out.

Judith sat down by the foot of the bed and leaned her head on her hands. The doctor's words had been a clear judgment of her value in this matter, a value which she could no longer fiercely ignore. She was not sufficient. Her love could not be health for two people.

"It seems as though it ought to be enough," she thought, "There's so very much of it." She heard again the doctor's words, "You ought to know what it is—must, you know."

"Oh, I know, I know." She flung in a whisper, "But I can't."

Disturbed by her voice, Marvin stirred and his lips moved.

"Not too close, not too close, Mr. Baines. Let her easy, let the others"—He was silent a moment staring at the ceiling with wide-open eyes.

"Well the cross-jack yard! Pull the main top-gallant yard. Well the mizzen topsail yard!—Haul taut to windward—Go below the watch!" His eyes never moved from the ceiling. "Bad night, Father! Guess there's some dirty weather knocking about here—The stay sails are shaking—She'll carry something away before morning if this keeps up— There's a red light on the starboard now, Sir. His voice grew husky and he smiled at the ceiling. "There's nothing in the world

like salt air and a reeling deck—Lord! that was a wave, Sir! Stung my face like a cat's claws." He laughed aloud and blinked at the ceiling. "You're a precious cat, you know, you old sea, but you can't make me mad."

Judith caught her breath. Then suddenly, incompetent, leaned forward and caught his hand.

"Jim, Jim, am I not enough?"

He turned his head on the pillow and stared at her with a pleasant smile.

"Hard up the helm—Ste-a-dy!"

Judith dropped on the floor beside the bed. For a long time she was very still. Jim was winking again at the ceiling.

"Give her a little sheet. Right—O.— What ship is that pray?"

"If I love him really," Judith murmured, "I ought to be willing"—her voice trailed off. She shuddered and sat up.

"I will, I will," she gasped. She clambered to her feet and stood looking down at Marvin. He was dozing. She left the room and hurried down the hall to the telephone.

"If I tell the doctor," she said aloud, "I can't back out." She unhooked the receiver. "Harington 280—Harington 280? Is Dr. Remsen in? No? Thank you." She walked slowly back to Marvin's room.

He opened his eyes as she came to the bedside and smiled wanly at her. Slowly a flush crept over her face. She gave a happy little sob and leaned over the bed.

"I see, dear. I see. I shan't need the doctor to back me up. We are going back to Laurel Bay and then we'll ship for the West Indies together, for a sea voyage. It makes all the difference in the world, dear, if I send you."

"AH, LIFE IS FULL—"

ADELAIDE HEILBRON

Ah, life is full—to live and dream
My sweet, of you.
When perfumed lilac-clusters gleam
In crystal dew:
When fair May-blossoms, fragrant, white
Fill all the senses with delight
And star-set hours in their soft flight
Seem all too few.

Yes, life is full—and oh so fair
When you are near—
And I know neither thought nor care
Save you, my dear.
And the whole glad spring-time, gay
With starry daisies, seems a way
Of sheerest loveliness to say
That you are here.

Yet sweetest beauty, Heaven knows, is
Fraught with pain:
And the loveliness of roses
After rain—
Brings a pleasure, poignant, true
Yet a hint of yearning too
Till eyes, tear-touched with gleaming dew,
Grow soft again.

So, when I'm with you, sometimes, fears
Unbidden start
And I know that there are tears
Deep in my heart—
For Oh I love you so you see
That all of Loveliness to me
Is you—and where will Beauty be
The time we part?

IN AURORA

HELEN BARBARA GREENWOOD

When one has been away from home for six months, one goes back prepared to find that the streets have changed their course, or the buildings their architecture, or at least that the citizens have suffered in prosperity because of one's absence. And then one's self-conceit receives a severe blow. One finds that the country has not altered its geography and that there has been no slump in business,—in short, that the town has not known one was gone at all.

But the case was a little different with me. I had been away for fifteen years, and I naturally, and rather justifiably, expected to find changes upon returning. I was surprised, therefore, when I looked about me. It was hot weather, and I had been glad to leave the dusty red-plush seat in the chair-car and alight at Aurora. Twice the Roman-nosed conductor had pushed the car-door open viciously, thrust the nose around the door's edge, snapped "Aurory" in a raucous voice, withdrawn the nose, and yanked the door shut—all in the brief fraction of a second. So when the train jerkily and squeakily stopped, I alighted—with a suit-case in my hand, and a Southern Pacific time-table, protruding its red-paper cover, in my coat-pocket.

To be sure, Aurora had never been progressive. It had still harbored a communistic form of society while the rest of the world was developing corporations and wage-scales for the laborer. It had still talked German—when I was last there—because the Aurora-ites had learned German first and found it too much trouble to twist their tongues to English j-s and v-s. But even non-progressive German towns are apt to change in fifteen years. Not so with Aurora! One glance from where I stood on the station platform, and I knew that Aurora was as it had been. My train chugged away up the track, and left me dazed, not quite sure whether I was a woman of to-day or a girl of fifteen years ago.

Yes—there was the station—still buff with brown door-sills and window-ledges. I was glad of this, for there are other

color combinations so much worse. And there was the station bench that the color scheme had ever decreed should be brown with buff legs. It still leaned against the station-wall, under the "*Aurora*. Salem 22.5 miles; Portland 25.4 miles" sign. And yes—the bench still had its loafers. German loafers look lazier than other loafers. They have red noses and are fat,—and it's beer that makes red noses and beer that makes fat, and drinking beer is a lazy occupation. There they were—*Aurora's* gentlemen of leisure—eyeing me through drowsy lids over red noses. Their plump selves had slid down on the bench until they sat upon their back bones, and their overalled legs stuck forth in different lengths of crossed comfort. There were corn-cob pipes shooting upward from the right corners of some mouths and downward from the left corners of others—at any rate shooting in some direction from every mouth. Instinctively, I looked at the platform around my feet. No,—*Aurora* loafers had not changed their habits. The boards were spotted with brown stains,—part fresh and juicy, part dry and absorbed into the grain of the wood,—and I knew that chewing-tobacco held its own. Could it possibly be, I wondered, that Gottlieb Schneider is still here!

So I walked along the boards that squeaked on loose nails and crossed the worn threshold of the waiting-room door. I smelled the smell of babies, for *Aurora's* relatives come a-visiting with their children; a dozen warm infants perspiring in a dozen woolen blankets would have been no surprise. But there was not a soul to be seen. The baggage-clerk and the telegraph operator and the janitor and the station-master were embodied in one official, and he was not there. I waited a minute—then turned to ask the loafers for Gottlieb Schneider. But they—poor red-nosed souls—had gone back to their dozing and I had not the heart to disturb their snores. So back to the waiting-room I went, to play with the stove and wait. I remembered that stove from long ago. It was a round, fat, squatty stove, with "Little Gem" encircled by an iron laurel wreath, on its front door. When the fire was lighted, the stove smoked—that is, it smoked fifteen years ago, and I doubted if it were better now. It was caked with rust, but no more so than it had always been. I remembered that I used

to kick its leg with my toe, for I liked the red dust particles that tumbled to the zinc sheeting beneath. So I kicked the leg now—once, twice, three times. A sprinkling of red flakes dropped on my toes and rolled off to join the peanut shells on the floor. The stove had not changed, and I was glad.

And then—could I believe my eyes—Gottlieb Schneider shuffled in; dear, red-nosed, corpulent Gottlieb, with the looks of a loafer and the soul of a station-master. He was biting huge chunks from the end of a banana, and stripping the peeling down with his teeth as it retreated within its yellow skin. He chewed audibly, and visibly; I wondered which side of his mouth was reserved for banana, and which for Bull Durham. Perhaps he was mingling the two—horrible thought!

Of course Gottlieb didn't know me,—fifteen years ago I had been long-legged and pig-tailed; now—well, there was no denying that I looked "at least thirty," to quote those connoisseurs of age who number years by gray hairs and crow's-feet. He looked at me, Gottlieb, for a moment curiously,—then resumed his onward shuffle toward the baggage-room. Now was my time. "Mr. Schneider," I called after him. He shuffled around. "You don't know me, but I know you. I'm Mary Krause that used to live here—you remember."

In a moment he did. Gottlieb's mouth snapped open, and my worst fears for the banana and Bull Durham were verified. "Lizbet Krause's kleine Mary,—that with her used to live"

I nodded.

"Der Teufel," said Gottlieb, and I remembered that this was his worst. Then, and I shall always think out of respect to my gray hairs, Gottlieb opened the laurel-wreathed door and thrust his banana to the ashes. "Since last time I saw you, you've changed some—" biff! and he shut the door.

"You haven't, Gottlieb—you're exactly the same." I couldn't have helped noticing that Gottlieb's trousers had grease spots spotting their front and bagginess bagging their rear. This was à la old times. And Gottlieb's big hands still had calloused palms, and his cheeks still had tiny reddish-purplish veins running every which way over their hard skin. And yes—if you will believe it—his coat sleeves still had ravelled edges and I think perhaps it was the same coat he

wore fifteen years ago. "Not one bit, Gottlieb—you're just exactly the same."

"Not quite so—I'm getting old"—but Gottlieb wasn't complaining. "You are stopping where? Your Aunt Lizbet's?" I nodded. "I will up with you walk, and your suit-case for you carry."

So up Aurora's hilly Main Street, panted Gottlieb and I, for Aunt Lizbet lives at the top of the hill. The boards of Aurora's side-walk still toppled teeter-totter-like, if you stepped too near their edges, so we walked carefully on their middles. We passed the printing office. "Aurora Borealis—Published Weekly"—on the window in gold letters. I wondered at the English, for the sign I had known read—"Der Deutsche Zeitung." We came to Uncle Jake's house—white, with green shutters and a picket fence in front. "Where's Uncle Jake?" I asked. "He died—Ja."

So Uncle Jake was dead!

And now we were by the Giesy girl's house. It stood so close to the street that the funny little apple-green porch stuck out over the side-walk, and we had to sidle around its front steps to get past. "Christine and Margaret and Katrine—how are they?" I asked. "Also they died." "Died! all of them! Katrine, too"—I gasped. "Ja, she died two years ago it will be this winter."

Aurora without Uncle Jake and the Giesy girls—could it be!

I was half afraid to ask about old Henry Bessinger when we passed his Cobbler-Shop. Well I remembered that shop. There were huge needles, long enough and pointed enough to kill giants, threaded with greasy leather strings that smelled castor-oily and made your fingers black when you played with them. There were rows and rows—and rows, of long white boxes with mysterious black symbols of size written on the square ends. And there was Henry, wearing a shiny leather apron, sitting on a low stool, and jabbing the sole of a shoe with an awl so sharp that it would stick straight up in the floor if it fell point down.

That was fifteen years ago. Now the windows were boarded up. "Henry Bessinger—he isn't—"I hesitated.

"Gone! Ja."

And then I knew. No, Aurora's station hadn't changed—it was still buff and brown. And the station-bench and Gottlieb hadn't changed. And the stove was still rusty. But the loafers that loafed on the bench weren't the friends I had known fifteen years ago—they were merely a new relay that chewed tobacco. And some day soon, Gottlieb would drop off and a new station-master with a new-styled cap would stuff pine-sticks through the laurel-wreathed door. To be sure, the side-walks still see-sawed, but the dear old-fashioned souls that I had known walked on them no more, and before long they would be replaced by cement. The German had given way to the American—"Aurora Borealis—Published Weekly"—told me that. No Uncle Jake,—no Giesy girls,—no Cobbler Henry—I could have wept. But I didn't. I went up to Aunt Lizbet's and wrote this story for the fun of remembering.

ATHENIANS!

(Translation of a modern Greek popular ballad).

ELLEN VERONICA McLOUGHLIN

Thy city is lovely Athena, at the hour the sun is king,
And lovely is thy temple, as thy pure handmaidens bring
Fresh blossoms, purple, blue and pink, and crown thy wreathed brow—
And all thy subjects cry "Athena!" Athens hails thee now!"

Thy flowers are but the clouds that sail across the sky, 'tis said—
Soft-colored by the sunset; and the glory round thy head
Is only sunlight on a ruined wall; yet still we cry—
"Athena! Athens hails thee! Goddess—thou didst never die!"

SLEEP AND DEATH

KATHARINE ELIZABETH GREENE

One knoweth not what cometh—whether it be
A dream or a forgetting
One knoweth only this—
A day has past—forever.

One knoweth not what cometh—whether it be
A dream or a forgetting
One knoweth only this—
A life has past—forever.

BEFORE AND AFTER

KATHARINE BOUTELLE

A cold harsh wind was blowing
It almost felt like snowing
Yet it was Spring
The birds should sing
And everything be growing.

I looked about, and then I spied
Where crocuses and snowdrops hide
Hyacinths blue
Daffodils, too,
And tulips, in their crimson pride.

It was a soft breeze blowing
It never could be snowing
For it was Spring
The birds *did* sing
And everything was growing.

SKETCHES

BILL THE LIZARD

BARBARA CHENEY

Everyone who has any intelligence has read "Alice in Wonderland," but I think few give sufficient attention to one who has a character so noble and so pathetic that he is far from deserving this neglect. I refer to Bill the Lizard. From his first appearance we can see that he is unusual—the White Rabbit is in trouble, an "arrum" has appeared in his window where it has no right to be, and much larger than it has any right to be. He calls for assistance. When the relief party arrives, the first question is "Where is the other ladder?" and the answer comes promptly:

"Bill's got the other. Bill! fetch it here, lad." These phrases are enough to show us the character of Bill. One ladder is brought in a cart by a "good many" people, but the second ladder, which is just as important as the first, is dragged to the house by Bill alone and so unobtrusively that the others do not know where it is. Just as it is needed he is there. We see at once that he is steady and reliable, but very quiet and unassuming.

He plays an important part in the preliminary arrangements of the relief party.

"Here, Bill, catch hold of the rope!" and he does, (at least no mention is made of the fact that he does not.) Then comes the dangerous incident of the loose slate which crashes down from the roof on the crowd below. "Now who did that?" is the angry cry. Some one promptly answers, "I fancy it was Bill." Now I doubt very much if it was Bill, but at any rate

there is no protest from him. He is either unwilling to lay the blame on another or is too much occupied with his task to heed the remark.

The relief party is safely on the roof and the question arises as to who will go down the chimney. Two are asked and decline. Then Bill is told without even a chance of refusing that he has "got to go down," that the master says he must. Bill descends without a protest. Moreover, he sets about his task in no half-hearted way. Alice hears him "scratching and scrambling about," a phrase very suggestive of energy.

Here I am sorry to say I must criticize Alice. In her other relations she seems to be a nice little girl, but I cannot help feeling that she is most unkind to Bill. She understands him, too. "Why, they seem to put everything upon Bill," she says. And yet she is more cruel than all the rest. She draws her foot and gives him a sharp kick which sends him flying through the air in a flight the mere consideration of which makes us shudder.

"There goes Bill!" Yes, there he goes, poor thing. They catch him by the hedge more dead than alive. Yet even in this crisis Bill shows the nobility of his character. Almost his first remark is to refuse the brandy.

"No more, thank you," he says, a very polite speech showing not only gratitude but temperance. Although he is only half conscious and certainly needs a stimulant, he refuses to drink. Then he tries to explain what has happened to him, and while he says he is "a deal too flustered to tell," his explanation is very clear.

"All I know is something comes at me like a Jack-in-the-box and up I goes like a sky rocket." What could be more graphic than these two phrases? What could give a more vivid picture of his sudden ascent? If Bill can say such things when he is a deal too flustered, we must add another virtue to his list,—he evidently has a keen, quick mind and a ready wit. Our first meeting with Bill the Lizard ends here. Alice, as she runs away, sees him in the midst of a crowd of animals and birds being supported by two guinea pigs. We are glad to note that he has friends who are devoted even though they do make him play the hardest part in what is done.

We next see Bill at the trial of the Knave of Hearts. The way in which the fame of this case has spread shows us that it was an important one. It must have created a great stir, and, just as we might have expected, Bill is quietly serving his country by aiding justice. His pencil is squeaky. We need not be surprised at this. If there was one squeaky pencil in the box given to the jury, the others would be sure to pass it on to Bill and he would take it uncomplainingly. Here again I must criticize Alice. She seizes the pencil "so quickly that the poor little juror can not make out at all what has become of it." Conscientiously he hunts about for it. He is evidently a careful creature, not at all wasteful. I should think Alice would be moved to pity by this bewildered search, but she offers no assistance, and Bill shows his patience by writing with his finger. The fact that it leaves no mark makes this action all the more noble. He quietly makes the best of what he has, even though that best is very bad.

I would rather pass over the incident of the overturning of the jury box. It is only another illustration of the pathos of Bill's life and of Alice's indifference to his comfort. It is sufficient to note that although while head downwards, "the poor little thing was waving his tail in a melancholy way, being quite unable to move" and although after he was sighted he "seemed too much overcome to do anything but sit with his mouth open, gazing up into the roof of the court," he makes no protest.

The last situation in which we see him is perhaps the saddest of all.

"You never have fits, my dear, I think?" says the King to the Queen.

"Never!" says the Queen, furiously, throwing an inkstand at the Lizard as she speaks. Poor, unoffending Bill! He has made no remark during the whole ill conducted trial and yet he is the first to suffer for the Queen's anger. The way in which he takes this insult is the supreme example of his nobility of character.

"The unfortunate little Bill had left off writing on his slate with one finger, as he found it made no mark, but he now hastily began again, using the ink that was trickling down his face

as long as it lasted." What could be more patient, noble or resourceful?

We must all agree, I think, that though Bill the Lizard is given very little attention and no consideration, he is one of the most interesting and admirable characters in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland."

ETERNITY

MARION SINCLAIR WALKER

Sheer from a stretch of gently-rolling plain
A simple mountain rises, rough with crags
And giant wind-tossed pines.
Clouds rest upon the slope, but far above
Clear in the golden sunlight—still, serene,
Towers the snow-clad height. Eternity
Is in that mountain, lonely in its strength,
Yet one with all the world.

Not far beyond the shadow of the height
Half-hidden in dense clouds of factory-smoke
There lies a city. Through its thickened air
Are seen the unlovely dwellings of the poor.
Unrest is in that city, and despair
Of myriad souls, whose mockery of life
Is but the ceaseless turning of a wheel.

Yet far above
Towers the snow-clad peak. The toiling throngs
Have but to raise their eyes to know its calm
And feel its quiet strength. Infinite peace
Summons their weary struggling souls to rest
In changeless verities of life and death.

EXTRACTS FROM A WAR-TIME JOURNAL

ELKA SAUL LEWI

Lucerne, August 6—Here we are, marooned in Switzerland with several thousand compatriots, waiting for the United States Government (we think it now with a capital letter) to do something to get us home. War is all around us. Austria is fighting Serbia; Germany is fighting Russia and France; and England, Belgium, and Holland are fighting Germany, or at least that is what we make out of the little news we get. Of course there are no mails and the local newspapers evidently have no war-correspondents. We *hear* a great deal, but as someone said, "Ninety per cent of what you hear is rumor, and the other ten per cent isn't true."

August 17.—Shall we ever get out of here? I doubt it. There are about fifteen Smith alumnae and undergraduates here, and we are already planning a Smith College Club of Lucerne. But to tell the truth, I have little time for future plans, for I am over my head in work. One of the above Smith people and I are getting up an entertainment for the benefit of the Swiss Red Cross. It is going to be a vaudeville show, consisting of all-American talent, except for one little French lady who has volunteered her services. She is a wonderful yodler, and her performance will add much to the program. Our star left yesterday for London via Paris, without much hope of ever getting there. His family felt that they would rather go anywhere than stay in Lucerne any longer.

The Hague, August 25.—So much has happened since I wrote the last entry that I hardly know where to begin. However, I guess the logical place is the *bst*. I shall start with our trip up here from Lucerne. Through the exertions of Mr. H., who is booked, just as we are, to sail for home on the "Rotterdam" on Saturday, the Swiss, Austrian, German, and Dutch governments gave their honorable and august permissions for a through train to be run over their sacred territory. There was a hitch in the proceedings at first because the German gov-

ernment would not guarantee to return the Swiss rolling-stock, but everything was arranged finally, and "The American Special" left Lucerne at one o'clock on the morning of Friday, August 21.

The train consisted of eight sleepers, four day-coaches and two baggage cars—a really luxurious outfit, considering the conditions and the experiences that we have heard since. All old or sick people and most of the women and children had berths. The rest slept across seats, in the aisles and corridors or even sitting-up.

We awoke Friday morning to find ourselves still in Switzerland and it was noon before we reached Lindau. We had been warned that there would be no diner on the train, and so had taken with us an entire commissary department. We breakfasted daintily on ham, bread, and Thermos-bottle coffee. At Lindau our baggage was examined in the train and then we all had to get out while the officials made sure that there were no French and English spies under the seats. While they were amusing themselves in this fashion we lunched at the station.

Considering the conditions under which the trip was made, it was very uneventful. Everywhere we were treated courteously and in some towns the entire population turned out to cheer us on our way.

At Frankfort there was a great deal of excitement, for the authorities were preparing to receive five thousand French prisoners who had been sent on from Metz, so we were told by a very pompous soldier. There were Red Cross tents and emergency operating-tables and nurses and doctors scattered all over the station platforms. Below the elevated structure on which the railroad is built, yellow brick prisons were being rushed to completion.

We reached Rotterdam early Sunday morning, after having taken two and a half days to make a journey that is usually over in eighteen hours. Rotterdam was filled with Americans, all trying to get accommodations on the "Rotterdam," and nine tenths of them failing. We heard the tale of woe of one wealthy lady who had come over in the imperial suite of the

"Vaterland," and was much distressed at being obliged to return in a corner of the hold of the "Potsdam."

Opposite the hotel there is a park in which the "raw recruits" are drilled every morning. They "right dress," "left face," "column left," and "form fours" just as we used to do in gymnasium. But those preliminaries over, they practice aiming their guns while standing, kneeling, sitting, and lying down. Then they get up and begin all over again.

After sight-seeing to quiet our consciences—for it was raining, and the Museum was really all that I had come to see—we ended up with a grand orgy of shopping. I bought a ducky pair of wooden shoes that look like young canal boats. I don't suppose that a person with my size foot really has any right to get wooden shoes, but I have always pined for them. Aunt Elsa says I will have to carry them on board the steamer, but that does not worry me at all. I could even sail home to America in them, although it would be lonesome.

Northampton, October 2.—This diary was in the trunk that was left by mistake on the pier in Rotterdam. Consequently I must write it up to date.

The steamer, to put it mildly, was crowded. To express the idea more accurately, it was jammed. The ship is built to accommodate five hundred first cabin passengers, and on this trip she carried thirteen hundred and sixty-eight. Dinner was served at five-thirty, six-thirty, and seven-thirty, and luncheon at twelve, one and two-thirty o'clock. We were fortunate in being assigned to the first sitting, and so had clean linen, rested stewards, hot food, and a variety of dishes. Also, we had the best hours of the day on deck, that is from 6 to 8. They cut up the hold into so-called cabins, but they were really rat-holes. The people who owned them slept on deck, in the smoking-rooms, or even in the halls.

There were many rumors afloat, one of which was to the effect that Holland had declared war on England, and that we would not be allowed to sail at all. Another report was that we would have a Dutch torpedo-boat for convoy. If we did, it was invisible. At Dover we received directions for avoiding the mines in the Channel. At this point I was sure that we were never going to get home. I got out my wooden shoes to us as life-boats in case of emergency.

The next morning we reached Plymouth. Two men o'war came out to greet us and a third steamed up from the direction of France. They surrounded us and the captain of one wanted to know why we did not do as we were told? Our captain shouted back some half Dutch, half English reply, to which the other responded by ordering a boat lowered. As the sailors rowed over with their choppy strokes, our ship was as silent as the grave, and the jackies on the warship were as excited as discipline would permit. The man o'war's boat drew up beside us and the officer and his orderly came on board. Then someone threw cigarettes to the sailors, a man's voice started singing "It's a long way to Tipperary" and the tension was broken, but it was not until the boarding crew had withdrawn and our engines had recommenced their rhythmic throbbing that we felt thoroughly at ease.

Aside from some roughish weather, the rest of the trip was uneventful, save for the gorgeous sunsets and moon-risings to which we were treated nightly. We arrived at New York harbor on time, but just too late to be inspected that night. We lay in the Narrows until morning, and with the advent of the mail and newspapers, the discussion turned for the first time from the invasion of Belgium to the baseball championship. The United States at last!

SPRING FANCIES

KATHERINE BUELL NYE

I am alone in this great world of spring time
I follow every wandering, whispering breeze,
Hoping to find you just beyond the hill-top
Beneath the drooping trees.

Through winding paths high walled with leafy verdure
And scented heavily with earthy air
I wander, trusting in each luring vista
To find you there.

The glancing rays of sunlight on the river
The flush of blossoms 'gainst the Heaven's blue
The stirring winds in slender graceful branches—
These now are you.

ADVENTURE

MARY LOUISE RAMSDELL

Come, throw back your shoulders,—come, lift up your head,
The south wind is calling, the grey dawn has fled.
The east hill's a-glitter with gold. Come away!
'Twill buy you adventure! 'Twill buy you today!

What, seem the days fustian? What, drab monotone?
Ah, there's that a-foot which was never yet known,—
From the ends of the earth it is racing to borrow
A madcap adventure for you—'tis tomorrow!

See, down from the hilltops,—look, in from the sea
Wind the oncoming years full of strange mystery,
Full of undreamed-of marvels; and then in a breath
Comes that wonderful, greatest adventure of Death.

LITTLE GREY LADIES WHO KNIT

MARY HYDE WATERS

The train was creeping up the mountain, seeming not to move. Outside was a world enveloped in gray fog. Inside everyone was dozing, everyone, that is, except the passenger in the chair next to mine. I was making myself as miserable as possible, dwelling on the joys of home and the miseries before me, the horrors of mid year examinations. How one does enjoy feeling sorry for one's self! And the more cheerful those around one look the more miserable one thinks one's lot and the more hostile one feels towards them.

That's just how I felt towards the little, gray, old lady in the chair next to mine. She looked entirely too happy and altogether too much absorbed in her knitting. Why does one always have to be confronted with gray mufflers in the process of being made, I wondered. And just then the little old lady in gray looked up. I glanced hastily out of the window. I was sure she was going to speak to me. She was probably interested in girls reformatories or "Why girls go wrong" and would try to take me under her protecting wing, I thought.

Have you ever had elderly ladies speak to you when you were traveling, and felt resentful towards their queries? "How far are you traveling, my dear?" "All alone?" "Will anyone meet you when you get there?" Those are the usual questions, and if you were young and conceited you swelled up visibly with your own importance and answered freezingly, "I always travel alone, I enjoy it."

But that's just what this "gray lady" did not do. And so after a time, more or less disappointed at losing an opportunity to be disagreeable, I stole another glance at this unusual little person. She was knitting away, needles flying. Again she glanced up and caught my eye. This time she smiled and asked, "Do you knit?"

"I once tried to," I admitted and smiled sheepishly. One can't be so disagreeable after all, when one's caught staring, can one?

"Didn't you enjoy it?" she asked.

"Not so very much," I replied. "Mine was for a Belgian soldier and it was mostly holes." She laughed, not a prim little smirking laugh, but a hearty human one.

"I'm making mine for a soldier too," she said, "but not for a Belgian. I almost wish he were a Belgian, I believe he would have a better chance. Unfortunately he is fighting in a foreign regiment in France. You know what that means."

"Yes," I answered, "it means if he is taken prisoner, he will most likely be shot instead of exchanged."

The little gray lady sighed. "We mustn't get gloomy about it though, maybe the war will stop before either one of those things happen. He is fighting for his fathers' country, although he would rather be an American citizen than anything else. It's fine to be able to fight for something one loves isn't it? Much better than knitting."

What does one answer to a question like that? I didn't know, not being in the least quick witted and not wishing to get into a discussion on the "privileges of womanhood" or a kindred topic, so kept silent. But the little gray lady had perhaps only intended it for a rhetorical question, for she continued.

"You really ought to learn to like to knit, though, my dear, you will be very thankful some day if you do. My grand-

mother told me that very same thing just before I got married. She said married life was spent chiefly in waiting, and knitting was the best safety valve she knew of. I found it true, every word."

"Don't you think married life is to be looked forward to with any great degree of pleasure then?" I asked.

"O my, yes!" replied the little gray lady, emphatically and sitting bolt upright on the edge of her seat. "I never meant to imply that, dearie, no indeed! There's nothing better in this life, but take my advice and learn to knit. Won't you have some candy?" she asked, producing a large box of Maillard's from her bag. "I always have candy, another one of my safety valves. Read 'Life,' that's another one. But best of all try to keep happy and interested, interested in everything and—learn to knit. Why, when my son George was wounded in the Cuban War and they said he never would recover, I fell back on knitting and—well, the doctor said it kept me sane."

"But what if knitting is a hardship for you, almost?" I asked. "Suppose it made you so disagreeable to count stitches and fix up dropped ones that your disposition grew steadily worse?"

"Don't worry about your disposition, my dear. Keep busy and it will take care of itself. If you had been knitting, you wouldn't have looked so much as though you wanted to bite me this afternoon."

"Oh," I exclaimed—"well I'm sorry, I didn't mean to really. I had quite a lot on my mind, vacation's over and mid-year's coming and all you know"—I stopped, rather shamefacedly, thank fortune. "Perhaps you are knitting because you are leaving home for a while or something"—I blundered tactlessly.

"I? Oh no."—The little gray lady smiled. "I'm knitting mufflers for a man in a foreign regiment—he happens to be my son, my only one now."

Have you ever longed to have the floor open jaws and swallow you? That's how I felt only much worse. Mid years! Piffle! the troubles of a girl fortunate enough to be sent away to college! They are weighty world affairs, aren't they! Enough to warrant being disagreeable, I used to think, but now—Thank heaven for little gray ladies who knit.

FIRELIGHT PICTURES

ALICE LILIAN PETERS

A shining castle, girt with golden light,
With ruddy pillars, radiant glowing walls
And bright magnificence,
A moment trembles, vanishes
And where it stood a band of brilliant knights
Ride down a flaming precipice
And disappear without a backward glance,
Leaving a sullen, yellow emptiness
Which soon lights up into a smiling noon-tide field
Where yellow barley ripens in the sun
And waves in happy nonchalance,

A sudden metamorphosis, and in the place
Of all that field of bursting golden grain,
A troop of merry red and amber imps
Are dancing in mad frolic, as a log
With sudden snap dividing, drops a shower
Of vivid sparks where quiet embers lay
Watching their vagrant play, at length my eyes
Drooped, and I slept beside my glowing hearth,
Weaving my firelight pictures into dreams.

THE WHIFF OF A ROSE

HELEN VIOLETTE TOOKER

Only the whiff of a red, Jack rose,
Blown on the rain born air.
But I followed the ways of yesterdays
To you in the garden there.
Where the singing thrush on the laurel stirred
And only the laughter of life was heard,
Where the elm's long shadows caressed the grass
Kissing the ground where your feet might pass.

The idling rains pooled a hollow space
Where vagrant rose-leaves had fluttered down,
And a robin darting across the place
Thought the crimson petal mirrored his gown.
Through dewy thickets a wind blows
And scatters the ghosts of pearls in your hair,
While the lingering breath of a red Jack rose
Floats along on the rain born air.

ABOUT COLLEGE

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF SAMUELLA PEPYS

Wednesday, May 12. Up between five and six o'clock in the morning and to the laundress with a white skirt which the wench must of necessity have for me against the garden fête, and so home and working like a horse until breakfast at the making of a collar for my new velvet coat—very handsome but plain. To breakfast where I did find by my plate a letter, come by special post, and breaking to me the indeed doleful tidings that Master Rob Jenkins, my chosen gallant, had, poor fellow, been stricken with the mumps. In a fine pet, as was Mistress Anne Smith whose gown has not yet arrived and Mistress Dolly Green upon whose chiffon bonnet the spaniel—a small dog and one exceeding affectionate—had passed the night. So withal a melancholy posture of affairs, everyone snarling one at the other and all things put together looking ominously. Happily, I soon bethought me of Master Jim Jackson, who though a student of theology in the neighboring town of Cambridge, is as merry a chap as one would wish to meet and, being a cousin of my aunt's, in no position to refuse withal. The matter arranged by wire and so to my classes of which I heard not one but bethought me of my lack of shoes against the fête, I having counted on rain to permit of my wearing my old ones. So no luncheon, but called at Bicknell's, my shoemaker, where bespoke and obtained shoes—white and of extreme highness of heel and costing me dear. What to my horror did met Jim as I did come home upon my velocipede. However, on by and pray God he did not see me. Dressed with

great speed and did joy to him upon myself orchids and valley lilies and to sally forth with Master Jackson to the fête where the girls of my own class were pretty merry and very fine with their new clothes, and where I should indeed have thought our president would have forbidden the ogling of the other three classes. A fine dinner and it did hurt me inwardly (and the more that I thought of my purse) that we rose before half-dined and thence to the Students' Building, where all was very gay indeed and where Jim did a little make a fool of himself by staring at one Mistress Gray of our class whom he judged a sprightly wench not knowing, as did I, that she was most devilishly painted. Did sharpen my wit however and counter-act the effect of the hussy's blandishments by my behavior, witty discourse and most especially by my sprightlytreading of the fox trot, so that when home and to bed I was discoursing God to give me grace to make good use of what I have and continue my care and diligence to gain more.

Thursday, May 13. Up and into my blue homespun which did make me appear so fat that I did change into my linen gown and new calotte. Troubled at the distaste of my roommate for a leghorn bonnet which I had borrowed for the festivities, in short so vexed that I did putter and delay them who waited below. The motors were ready and the chauffeur did start to crank our car which would not run. Master Jackson did offer assistance—he knowing the make well—whereupon the chauffeur did start and swear that he knew his business as easily as crack a nut and easier. Whereat his manner did vex Master Jackson so to the blood, that he did give him a good cuff or two and seeing the man did not oppose him, Jim did give another and did run the car himself. No extraordinary discourse, everyone being intent on the scenery but we did sing and Jim did sing a song called “Love à la Mode” which I thought a silly thing. In the evening more dancing and so well pleased were Jim and I withal that we withdrew to the fountain and did agree to write often—each to the other—and did roundly curse theology which did force Jim to leave that night. And so, blessed be God, the day ended with great mutual peace and content.

Friday, May 14. Lay long in the morning till I heard

people knock at my dor and so I rose and ranted at my roommate and the maid and swore I could find it in my heart to kick them down stairs which the maid humbled at mightily. Up, in some pain of the head, and dressed in no gay spirit at the result and further adorned myself with my orchids and valley lillies—the same being now a brownish yellow and withal smaller in appearance than upon arrival. To my class on Shakespeare and troubled in my heart to see how things are ordered there without consideration or understanding for, of a truth, I was the very first to be called on, this notwithstanding the fact that my head hurt more than before, which was very much, so that I was at a loss to say (and i' faith I doubt me much who knows save Mr. Shakespeare and mayhap not he) as to whether Hamlet the Dane hath or hath not his sanity. Home to luncheon and could eat not a whit so depressed was I as to spirits but did brighten at a letter by special post and of great import from Master Jackson. In the afternoon to Hadley with this Mistress Anne and found her unusual dull for though she chattereth much she sayeth little, and I did wish moreover to tell her somewhat concerning Jim, which at length I found opportunity to do while we waited on dinner—a couple of large chickens and a good mess of cream which anon we had with great content. Home where, for to be ever courteous is my hope, I did make reply (and of a truth in but reasonable time!) to Jim. Then, of necessity, to my accounts and to my great joy and with great thanks to Almighty God I do find myself after that I have paid for all my Prom and that of Jim, most clearly with one dollar and thirteen cents which is the height of all that ever I have for a long time pretended to.

THE NOCTURNAL HABITS AND HABITATS OF LABORATORY SPECIMENS

ETHEL MCHARDY

"The Nocturnal Habits and Habitats of Laboratory Specimens"—an account based upon the investigations of a Smith College student temporarily afflicted with nervous prostration and hallucination caused by ardent devotion to the ideal of perfect technique and by frequent and protracted observations of highly colored charts in her leisure moments: (pronounced by the members of the so-illogical department of the above-mentioned institution to be the most accurate and scholarly account of its kind ever unpublished).

The skinless woman and the gray slate man assumed their positions one on either side of the elevator-shaft in the basement. Through the open door of the store-room the Unscientific Spirit could be seen seated at a table twirling a pencil with a nonchalant air, his feet comfortably planted on the broad top and his chair tipped back. It was only a moment before a rumbling noise was heard and the elevator appeared filled with a sickly and motley crowd of beasts in various stages of dissection and preservation. Out they trooped, guinea pigs, rabbits, mud puppies, ducks, salamanders, turtles and cod-fishes, all sadly mutilated, all under the influence of alcohol, mere wrecks of their former selves, victims of circumstance, consigned for months to the little red tubs of spirituous liquors. They entered the store-room and grouped themselves as disgracefully as possible about the bell-jars, glass tubes, bottles and other ornaments which were arranged neatly in compartments around the walls. An air of abandon pervaded the place.

As soon as the skinless woman and the gray slate man had closed and locked the doors, the Unscientific Spirit stopped twirling his pencil, removed his feet from the table, placed the chair solidly on its four legs, cleared his throat and arose.

"In view of the fact" he said "that the Scientific Spirit and the Scientific Attitude have gone on a week-end vacation, I, as president of the well-known "Society for the Promotion of Un-scientific Research" decided that it was wise to call a meeting to consider the progress we have made in the last few weeks and to initiate new members. The initiation will take place first. Will the candidates please come forward?"

A splash, a dash and a blinking bull-frog leaped out of the black stone sink into the middle of the floor.

"Monsieur Rana Ranidae," the president continued, "do you know what the constitution of this society is supposed to be?"

"Yes, sir," croaked the bull-frog.

"Repeat it, then."

"I have done those things which I ought not to have done and I have left undone those things which I ought to have done and there is no help for me but to repeat the course next year."

"Draw it on the board" quacked a saucy duck, balancing himself on the edge of a case by the one posterior appendage which fate or a student had left him.

"Draw what on the board?" the frog queried.

"The course, of course" replied the duck, impatiently.

The bull-frog gazed around blankly for a moment and then started to draw.

"Tut, tut!" the duck screamed, "that will never do. Always label before you draw, is the first rule of this society."

Monsieur Ranidae was saved from an embarrassing situation by an interruption on the part of the president. "Before you label we wish you to give an account of your qualifications for membership. Please name in illogical order the things you ought not to have done and follow this by a detailed description of the things you have left undone."

The frog's face beamed, for he realized that he was admirably qualified. "I dissected the toes when I should have left them attached; I destroyed the anatomical relationship of the nervous system and the appendicular muscles; in a fit of absent-mindedness I threw away the only specimen of its kind extant in the western hemisphere; I used the myotome knife for a razor; I mistook the heart for the liver; I poured haemotoxin into absolute alcohol and then reversed the operation."

"Enough of that" the president said. "Now what have you left undone?"

The frog drew a deep breath and proceeded. "I have never worked out the muscles of the human body nor read the twelve volumes of Keibel in the original German. I have not made a careful study of sensory nerve endings nor discovered the ventricles of the brain. My knowledge of what becomes of the hypomeres in the head region is still scanty and I am not sure what the ventral outpushing in the floor of the pharynx may be but—"

The gray slate man lowered his uplifted right arm and smote the anterior dorsal portion of the bull-frog squarely between the two scapulae.

"An excellent member" he cried, "an excellent member. Little friends, congratulate him."

As they pressed forward to shake hands the Unscientific Spirit rapped vigorously on the table. "Wait until the report of the treasurer and the secretary are read" he demanded.

The noise subsided and a solemn looking turtle stepped forth to give an account of the funds of the society. As he read he wept copiously.

"The title of my report," he whispered in a scarcely audible voice, "is as follows. 'From Lilly Pond to Laboratory, the Derivation, Dissection and Death of *Chelonia Testudinata* More Uncommonly Known as the Snapping Turtle.

Once I was an honest tortoise,
Of good family,
Swimming in the muddy water,
Where I ought to be.
Now my carapace has vanished;
Plastian has gone;
Nerves are shattered, muscles battered;
Lungs collapsed and torn.
In the pond they called me sluggish,
Awkward, ugly, crude;
Here in Lab I'm thought a beauty,
Though I am quite nude.
Moral excellent and ancient
This would seem to prove
'Beneath ectoderm lies beauty'
Lodged beneath the neural groove."

"Has anyone any objection to the way in which the money has been expended this month?" asked the president. "If not, we will have the secretary's report."

This time a shy little salamander of the *spelerpes bilineatus* variety wriggled into view.

"If I were a specimen *in Toto* instead of a Series of Slides" it lisped,

"Were I a specimen *in toto*
And stained a carmen hue,
I would not feel so cut up,
I would not feel so blue.
For life in serial sections
Is such a lottery
That had I aught to say of it
I'd lay me down and die."

"Quick" called the Unscientific Spirit "I hear the scientific spirit returning with his wife. Back to the pickling jars!"

TO THE VACILLATING VIRGINS. TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME

(With apologies to Robert Herrick)

ADA BAIRD McDANIEL

Gather your note-books while you may,
Spring term is still a-flying:
And this same maid who bats to-day
At Finals will be sighing.

The glorious king of clocks, Big Ben,
The longer time you want, all
The sooner will he tick out "Ten,"
Or, "Posture horizontal."

The night's the time to work—you tear
Through studies scientific,—
And while you waste a light cut, swear
The gas is soporific.

Then be not dumb, but delve, my dear,
And while you may, seek knowledge;
For having lost class stand a year
You'll see no more of college.

SOME SENIOR TRIALS

MARY LOUISE RAMSDELL

Nine sturdy pairs of legs had stood within
The vasty hall, before that fearsome line.
Nine valiant lungs had bitterly declared
Verona's peace to be on the decline,
Nine Tybalts come and gone—but only nine.

Upon a bed of pain Tenth Tybalt lay,
A towel wrapped about his fevered brow.
"I must away! I must away!" he raved,
"I'm sure that they have reached the Tybalts now.
Have at thee, coward! Scurvy minion! Wow!"

A ministering angel murmured "Shush!"
But Tybalt fixed her with a glazing eye,
"The boy stood on the burning deck" he cried,
"Whence all but him had fled,—and shall not I?
Life's real! Life's earnest! Let me do and die!

Call up the city's taxi! Hang expense!
My trembling twigs will never bear me there.
They'll wait till nine. Where are my stockings, ho!
No, not the cotton one, you bonehead! Where
Are those pestiferous bloomers? Darn my hair!"

At last Tenth Tybalt's waiting in the hall.
It's quarter of—it's ten of—five,—alas!
Where is the city's taxi? Call them up!"
(Tenth Tybalt's nose is pressed against the glass.)
"The taxi's gone to the wrong house! The ass!

Send him to Stubie,—if he ever comes,—
He can at least bear back my lifeless ay,
But if I've not been seen by ten o'clock
Send out the St. Bernards. I must away."
Tenth Tybalt leaps into the snowy spray.

At last his tottering footsteps reach their goal.
At last he stands in Stubie's vasty hall.
Great heavens! And can it be? 'Tis empty still—
And darkness lies upon it as a pall.
Tyb stands whence all but him have fled,—all, all!

Back labors Tybalt through the frosty night,
(Where is the city's taxi? Where, oh where?)
While floods of tears suffuse his purple cheeks
And gusty sobs disturb the frosty air.
Tail between legs comes Tyb, the Debonnair.

They comfort him with cow-crackers and milk,
Fresh pocket handkerchiefs enshroud his nose,
They lay him horizontal 'twixt the sheets
And wreathe hot water bags about his toes.
"*Sic transit gloria mundi*"—and its woes.

REVIEWS

VICTORY—BY JOSEPH CONRAD

(Published by Doubleday, Page and Company)

The public, newly prodded into a state of alertness concerning Conrad and his work, is not to be allowed forgetfulness, for he has recently published a new book called "Victory."

Like his others, this book does not deal with a skin-deep plot, a clothes line on which to hang flapping clothes. It is rather a book of principles and characters and psychology. It tells the story of Axel Heyst, a man who has been tempered in the fire of his father's philosophy, a philosophy rejecting life as a delusion, and holding that the best office for man is that of spectator. With this mistrust of life in his mind and heart Heyst determines to drift, to withhold himself from action. He goes to the East Indian Islands and is pushed hither and yon by varying circumstances. Only twice does he voluntarily throw off his philosophy and act. Each time he is impelled by the kindness of his nature, and each time he involves himself in difficulties.

The first time he aids Morrison, an English trading captain. The grateful man attaches himself to his benefactor, and soon after, in loyalty to Morrison's friendship Heyst becomes part of a scheme for establishing a tropical coal company. The company is organized, but fails, and Heyst, more than ever discouraged, remains alone on the island Samburan hoping in future to maintain absolute aloofness and so cheat life of it's joke.

A few years later, he is forced to go to Sourabaya and settle his money affairs. While there he stays at the inn of a man named Schomberg, who has for some reason conceived a lively

hatred for him. Zangiacomo's Ladies Orchestra is also staying at this place, and in order to save one of the girls from the innkeeper's attentions, Heyst runs off with her and takes her to his island. Schomberg is, of course, infuriated, but he does not follow them, being fat and a coward. He does, however, set two bandits on the trail, firing them with tales of treasure which he believes Heyst has stored there. They go, planning to murder Heyst and to take the money. Heyst is worried at their appearance, but having involved himself in these difficulties, sinks into his former state of quiescence. The girl, on the other hand, does her best to save him, and succeeds, although killed by a shot which Mr. Jones, the leader of the two bandits, intended for his subordinate.

Conrad tells the story in a manner all his own. It seems almost as though there were two separate tales here, but when the book is finished the close interrelations are obvious. Conrad has apparently something of the card player in his nature, which enables him to shuffle scenes and places with an amazing dexterity. We are listening to the steamship captain's tale, then presto, we hear the still unreported talk of the actors of his story, and then back again, to the Captain. So it continues, shift, shift, shift. It is a method which would shock those anxious rhetorics of high school classes with their stickling insistence on a fixed view point, and it might easily prove a dangerous practise, but in Conrad's hands it acquires the peculiar effectiveness of consummate technique.

This same tendency toward independence is present in his use of words and sentences. It is a mingling of Polish and English traditions, great dignity and great pliancy of mind. He is never stiff, never too familiar, always capable of brilliant effects.

But, after all, the important things in this book are the characters. They are psychological and philosophical. The strongest of them are the two bandits and the alligator hunter, their servant. The leader is "plain Mr. Jones," a clever, plundering gambler and an unscrupulous adventurer, but also a gentleman. The strength of his gentlemanly qualities is perceivable in the impression that he makes on those with whom he comes into contact, and especially on his henchman,

Martin Ricardo, who usually refers to him as "my gentleman."

Martin Ricardo himself is a rascal, but not a gentleman, and he depends less on brains, although he is no fool, and more on brute force. He is the product of a lower class than is the "plain Mr. Jones," and serves that gentleman in the capacity of a humble and gladly adoring henchman. The third number of this infamous group is Pedro, an allegator hunter, a hairy, horrible creature, more animal than man. The three taken together are the epitome of scandalism in its highest and lowest forms.

Almost stronger, in a sense, than these rascals is the girl "to whom after several experimental essays in combining detached letters and loose syllables, he (Heyst) had given the name of Lena." She is a mystery, an enchanting mystery to Heyst, as well as to the reader. In station she is only the member of a traveling orchestra, but somewhere she has picked up something very fine. At any rate, she loves Heyst, passionately, hopefully, but not as other heroines love. There is more of the unknown, and yet more of the familiar in her, a combination which baffles and allures. She is delightful, natural, unexpected. It is an odd love-story, the love-story of these two. The girl is fearful of herself, fearful of Heyst lest she should never win his love completely. And Heyst, grooved by long years of emotional inertia is fascinated, but distrustful and reserved, and scarcely knows himself whether or not he loves her. The truth is that he does not know how to give himself completely.

Yet it is a real love-story, charming and delicate. There is more real pathos and stirred emotion in this reversed tale where man and girl, loving and incomprehending, view each other from widely differentiated standpoints, than in many more harshly and obviously told tales. The love scenes are idyllic and unique. The lovers talk as never lovers talked before, but as these lovers must.

The girl is not slightly drawn, but despite her extreme importance in the book, Heyst is theoretically and actually the leading character. He is drawn magnificently. Being, as he is, a representative of a principle, psychology, and philosophy

incarnate, he never betrays his purpose, even for a moment. Conrad has given us an achievement in sustained power.

Power is not only in the characterization of Heyst, but it is evidenced on every page of the book, and it has a volcanic breath-taking quality which can not leave one undisturbed, but which is far from depressing. To a sentimentalist only, could such an expression of stern straightforward truth be an excuse for weeping. It is rather cause for joy that there is such a clear flame burning away the murkiness of modern sentimentality.

H. V. T.

EDITORIAL

The year 1914-1915 has been epoch making in that it witnessed the beginning of the great world war. This is the first time that we have been really confronted with war; we have in general only a confused remembrance of the Russian-Japanese war and our own Spanish-American war is to most of us a mere name. Hence the intimate knowledge of the present conflict, which we are daily acquiring, falls upon us with a doubly crushing weight. We had been accustomed to thinking of war as a myth; as something that existed only in history books and in final examination questions. Even the horrible details of battles left us curiously unmoved; they were not as important as the date and results so we slipped over them hastily. But now we cannot escape the details; we are living almost in the midst of them. Those of us who read the newspapers find we are fascinated by them. The grim tragedy and romance of war hold us enthralled and leave us terror-stricken. We find ourselves constantly asking "What if war should come to us?"

This may not be so improbable as it sounds. Of course we all believe that the troubling issues now at hand will never come to that; but which of us would have believed, a year ago, that all Europe would be embroiled in a conflict today? Already our country is beginning to feel the pinch of war-times, in the smallest of ways of course, but enough to bring us constantly face to face with the fact the world is different than it was twelve months ago. We at college, leading the comparatively secluded life that we do, have not fully realized this. Our lives here are so sheltered, so infinitely well protected that we take but little thought for the anxieties of the outside world. Per-

haps our parents have urged us to be more careful about money matters; we look at our check, a trifle smaller than usual, murmur "What a nuisance the war is" and then go out and cash it with a light heart.

There is another side of the war which reacts curiously upon us. Our friends in the "Squadron" or the "Seventh" write us enthusiastically of impending fighting; they are constantly ready to be called out. Their letters are full of the optimistic chauvinism of youth; war is a great, a wonderfully exciting adventure waiting for them; they are eager to fight. Their exuberance affects us; our enthusiasm mounts with theirs and we too are almost anxious for war. We will go to the front as a Red-cross nurse or an ambulance chaffeuse.

It is this unthinking chauvinism, this falsely-emphasized patriotism that it is our duty and privilege to try to avert. We are going out into the world carrying with us keen understandings, trained to an intelligent comprehension of affairs. Why should we not bring these to bear up the whole dreadful question of war, trying ourselves to realize and helping others to realize the terrible necessity for peace? The recent international peace movement, represented to us by Miss Jane Addams and destined to be far-reaching in its effects, numbers women almost entirely among its supporters. If women cannot fight in war we can at least insist upon peace.

EDITOR'S TABLE

Morituri Salutamus! As the last days of the last year approach, those are the words that express our state of mind. We shudder a little at the inevitable and natural sequence of events which carries us along, out of the college world, into a world we have somewhat neglected for four years. Old, outworn, sadly drooping, we hear in our ears the firmly gentle words "move on." Can it be we to whom they are addressed? Ah! yes. How hard it is to realize that we are really a part of a process that goes on from year to year.

We must quit our familiar posts; but for what? Unless Life has come forward with a welcoming smile we are nervously conscious of "not belonging." We are no longer in college; nor are we of the world. Within us quickens a sudden sympathy for the tadpole who retains his tail when his state of developed frog-hood demands no tail.

Yet trusting still that "there's a divinity that shapes our ends," we feel inclined to smile and speed to meet whatever that divinity has apportioned out to us. Ivy songs and long-stemmed roses help us to believe in a beneficent divinity; and so we can turn bright faces to you, Alma Mater, even as we part. Those of us who are given to philosophizing see in the conflict of emotions, the beginning of a life which will prove always a blending of tragedy and comedy. They believe that the combination will be more apparent than we have found it here, although College has not been without its struggles. For those whose timid souls shrank from adventure and experiment, found the beaten path good travelling; such of us had fewer conflicts of the soul than those who wandered off on cross-roads.

Now we are going out to find new roads. They will not be so plainly marked or smoothly graded as the pleasant ways of College. But we shall find our own; some, the highways, some, the narrow climbing ways and some the upward paths that pursue the rainbow. Whatever course we take—whether it leads to the simple, necessary work of life or to the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow—we shall follow it always as daughter of our Alma Mater. And what we do shall be for her and for her coming daughters; what we find of good and true we shall bring back to her. No good-byes, then; no gloomy classic quotations! We are about to live, not to die, in the thriving family, the larger family of Alma Mater's daughters. In this assurance we can be content even while we watch our long-stemmed roses fade.

KATHLEEN BYAM 1915.

The much talked of isolation of the "College World" seems but a myth when one finds with what faithfulness every literary impulse of our times is reflected in the magazines of American Colleges. This month "the play's the thing," and the drama holds an important place in the table of contents.

The themes of these playlets (for they are mostly one-act sketches) range from the historical picture, sensuously beautiful but slight in plot, to the college comedy and mock—"Morality." Among the historical plays the best is "Messalina" in the Nassau Literary Monthly. The intense, heavy atmosphere is given as well by silences as by the rich, almost over-laden phrases. Interwoven with the well-known picture of Claudius' reckless Empress is an episode of the hopeless love and sudden jealousy of an humble Roman maiden. This secondary plot adds interest and a feeling of reality to the entire play.

"The Bema" of Dartmouth College prints a one-act drama entitled "'When You Were Twenty-One,' A Comedy." If the incidents and general atmosphere are true and possible then the play is a tragedy, very real and the more gripping because the author is an unconscious actor in his own play; but if the incident and atmosphere are mere fiction then the author's flip-pant attitude shows very poor literary and moral taste and the so-called comedy has no reason to exist.

In the "North Country and the Law" in the University of Texas Monthly, the interest stimulated by the somewhat original plot is dulled by poor structure and very awkward dialogue. Yet the underlying question of the value of a "higher law" than the statute book, is presented very forcibly and emphasized by the tragic ending suggested in the last laconic word: "Guilty." On the whole, although the majority of these plays lack depth, and originality and finish, yet, as reflecting a sincere interest in modern drama, they are worth reading.

The poetry this month, is almost without exception mediocre. Certain poems imitative of great writers, like the exaggerated nonsense cut up into eleven lines of verse and called "To Browning," in the University of Texas Monthly seem to have no purpose save to fill an empty page.

In the same magazine, "The Son that Might Have Been" is an excellent story. The character of the successful but lonely old maid is painted with real sympathy. While producing the same effect of regret for the Golden Age of the Past, "Rejected Mileage" in the Yale Literary Monthly is at once less sentimental and more unusual. The vain revolt of the business man from his very success is told in a vivid style, the unreal reality of which reminds one of Alice in Wonderland, or, striking nearer chords of association, of Kipling's "Swept and Garnished."

E. G.

AFTER COLLEGE

ALUMNAE HEADQUARTERS

Each alumna returning for commencement is requested to register as soon as possible in College Hall and obtain tickets for collation, Baccalaureate, and so forth. Registration will open at 9 o'clock on Friday, June 11.

The postmaster asks each alumna to notify her correspondents of the street and number of her Northampton address at commencement, in order to ensure the prompt delivery of mail. Any alumna who is uncertain of a definite address may have her mail sent in care of the General Secretary at College Hall.

The General Secretary will be glad to be of assistance in securing off-campus rooms or supplying information of any kind. Her services are at the disposal of all members of the Alumnae Association.

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be addressed to Eleanor Wild, Dickinson House, Northampton, Massachusetts.

(LETTER FROM DELIA LEAVENS TO SMITH STUDENTS.)

Tungchow, Peking, China.
March 1, 1915.

DEAR SMITH GIRLS:—

Everybody has to have problems, nowadays, as you may have noticed. We used to get on without them very comfortably, or, if we had them we called them by some milder name, made up our individual minds on their solution, and thought no more about them, unless something went wrong. Another thing we must have is a policy which we must be working toward, and must at any time be able to report progress when called upon by a committee. In fact we must not do anything without first consulting a committee. The times have changed, even in China!

Mission work used to be carried on on individualistic lines. Missionaries were widely separated and very few in number and had neither time nor

opportunity to find out much about methods employed or results obtained in other places. With improved means of transportation and the growth of the conference idea at home missionaries in China began to get together and learn from each other and before the end of the last century had held one general conference. Another larger one was held in 1907, just one hundred years after the first missionary landed, and ever since then there has been a strong trend in the direction of united effort and greater efficiency. New methods have been adopted sooner in some places than in others. This year has been one of reorganization for our mission, and a most interesting year it has been, and is. We are not through yet.

Heretofore the voting power for deciding all questions has been in the hands of the foreigners who had passed two years language examination. At the annual meeting last June all this was changed and a Chinese and foreign organization formed. The Mission is divided into these districts and these again into stations, where most of the work is done,—large questions being referred to the larger bodies.

We have had a most entertaining time working out our station organization. I must confess that it has all been so novel to me that I feel most of the time as if we were playing a game or acting a play. I am not used to doing serious business in Chinese and I have to sit with a dictionary in one hand and a Chinese woman at my side to help me out when I am overwhelmed by new phrases, such as one meets in constitutions and by-laws. When there is voting to be done I have to discover beforehand who the candidates are likely to be and practice writing their honorable names or else I must needs vote only for those named Li or Wang, childishly easy characters.

Our station association consists of all foreigners with proper language qualifications, Chinese who have had theological training and others, both men and women elected by the churches in our field. There are about thirty of us in all, and a more ignorant body of people never got together the first time. With the exception of a few of the foreign men, we had only hazy ideas of what we were to do. The intelligent, however, tactfully steered us through, and by the time we had adopted a constitution, after many explanations and much discussion, the light had broken in upon us, and we were all agog to elect our committees and get things going. The principal committees are Evangelistic, Medical, and Educational, with Executive and Business committees made from members of these.

From my connection with the girls' school I naturally was elected to the Educational Committee. The other members are Mr. and Mrs. Porter (friends of President Burton), who have charge of the boys' school and the day schools, two Chinese men from the college faculty and one well educated woman. Since we were elected in December we have met often and I have learned much. The Chinese members knew very little about the way our schools were run and our first business was to make

simple reports. The poor things were decidedly confused by all we poured into their heads that first evening, so we suggested a tour of the schools that they might see for themselves a little bit of the conditions. They were a little reluctant at first, fearing they might seem to be prying, but when one of the men suggested badges, to make us seem official they felt better. Accordingly the teacher wrote some gold characters, the name of our committee, on beautiful purple ribbon (the product of my first box from Smith two years ago). Very proud we felt as we fared forth to inspect the education of the young from the kindergarten to the Academy. The children were much impressed and the teachers a bit scared, I fancy, and very glad we did not stay to hear recitations. At the boarding school we not only visited the recitation rooms, but the dormitories, play ground, kitchen and dining room—with comments on what we saw. Only three of the five day schools and one kindergarten were near enough for us to visit, but the others are not very different.

Since this first spectacular burst we have had many conferences, notably on the finances of the schools. I have been feeling for some time that we ought to raise tuition in the girls' school in order to cover expenses and said as much to the committee at the beginning of the meeting on budgets. There was a general cry of impossible from the Chinese members, and I said no more, only read my figures. When they had digested these and realized that there was a discrepancy on the wrong side, one of the men himself suggested a graded rise in tuition, and the others approved, even a father whose pocket-book would have to fill it. Moreover they went higher than I had dared to suggest and it was much easier to make the announcement to the school backed by the committee, than it would have been on my own initiative. That is one of the benefits of this committee, it is a court of appeal, and a wise one for the Chinese understand the people with whom we are dealing better than we ever can. Their advice is generally very good. Then too, it is very well for them to know, and others through them, of some of the difficulties we have to meet, the expenditure of money, and the "why" of things that has seemed strange to them. Another advantage is the effect on those of us who are trying to manage the schools. Much power is still in our hands but from the fact that we are responsible to the committee we have an incentive to clearer planning. I am trying to keep accounts properly, as my books must be open to inspection at any time. I used to think that if they were intelligible to me it was all that was necessary, and they were not always that. It remains to be seen whether I shall attain anything more. Mrs. Porter is doing her best to teach me. Besides accounts there are courses of study and methods of teaching that have to be brought to the light and discussed, and improved. We are trying to put behind us that dread word "precedent" and make our policies in view of what seems best for the present. We want to make our school system here just as good as we possibly can, so good that it may serve as a model for other places just starting. We are a long way from

that ideal now and at present are getting all the help we can from other places here in China and we should welcome suggestions from America, if any of you care to send them to us.

I used to think that pioneer work was the most interesting kind but I am sure it could not be more interesting than the formative stage when people are fairly hunting for what is new and ready to try what one has to offer. One feels sure that every bit of capital invested now, of money or time or thought or prayer is going to bring big dividends later on. Please invest the last one anyway and so many of the others as you can, and help your work in China and

Your Missionary,

DELIA LEAVENS.

ENGAGEMENTS

- '12. Mabel Beaver to Raymond Ziesmer.
Mildred Carey to Whiton Vermema, of Passaic, New Jersey.
Helen Forbes to Preston B. Orwig.
- '13. Alice W. Cone to Stephen Kingsbury Perry, Dartmouth 1913.
Ellen Irwin to Arthur Dudley Whitman, Harvard 1906.
Mildred E. Tilden to Burton Wolcott Cary.
- '14. Lois Cleveland Gould to Philip Weeks Robinson, of Ware, Massachusetts.

MARRIAGES

- '05. Beatrice Flather to Guy E. Flagg, January 20, 1915. Address:
269 Main Street, Nashua, New Hampshire.
- '06. Helen Fellows to Alfred Hastings, January 19, 1915. Address:
Anaconda, Montana.
- '12. Eleanor Taylor to Albedt Beebee Houghton, April 20, 1915. Address: Hotel Stewart, San Francisco.
- '13. Eleanor Cory to Henry Smith Leiper, May 15, 1915.
- ex-'13. Cecile Vail to Merrill Follansbee, May 8, 1915.

BIRTHS.

- '12. To Esther Cook Betts, a daughter, Helen Elizabeth, on January 10, 1915.
To Susan Phelps Zimmerman, a daughter, Elizabeth, on March 31, 1915.
- ex-'13. To Mrs. Clarence U. Durant, (Katharine Sedgwick), a daughter, Alice Popham, born March 24, 1915.

'14. Narka Ward is teaching French in the High School, Ithaca, New York.

Zoe Ward is teaching French, Mathematics and Physics in the High School at Elizabethtown, New York.

Hildegard Ware is at home. 4424 Orexel Boulevard, Chicago.

Janet Weil is at home. Goldsboro, North Carolina.

Grace Wells is teaching English and Latin in the High School, South Royalton, Vermont.

Beatrice Wentworth is teaching dancing and doing private secretary work.

Ruth Whitney is teaching Domestic Science and Art in Drew Seminary, Carmel, New York.

Mary Willard is doing volunteer settlement work.

Mira Wilson is teaching English and History in the Curtis-Peabody School, Boston.

Katherine Wood is Secretary in a real estate and insurance office.

Jeanne Woods is at home. Thornedale, Pennsylvania.

Helen Worstell is a Teacher-in-Training in History in the Wadleigh High School, New York City and is doing work in History at Columbia.

CALENDAR

June 9. Meetings of Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.

10-11-12. Senior Dramatics.

13. Baccalaureate Sunday.

14. Ivy Day.

15. Commencement.

